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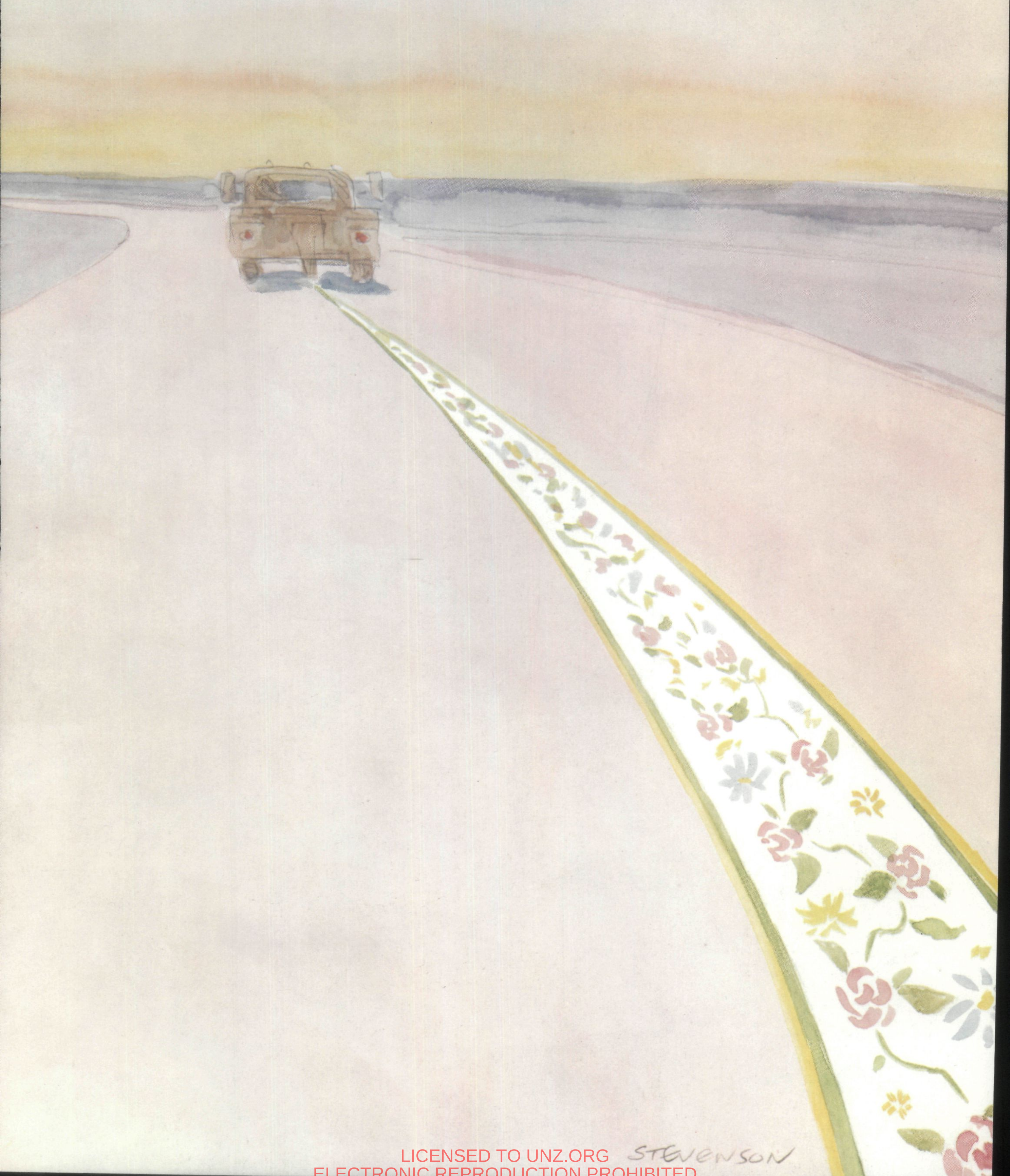

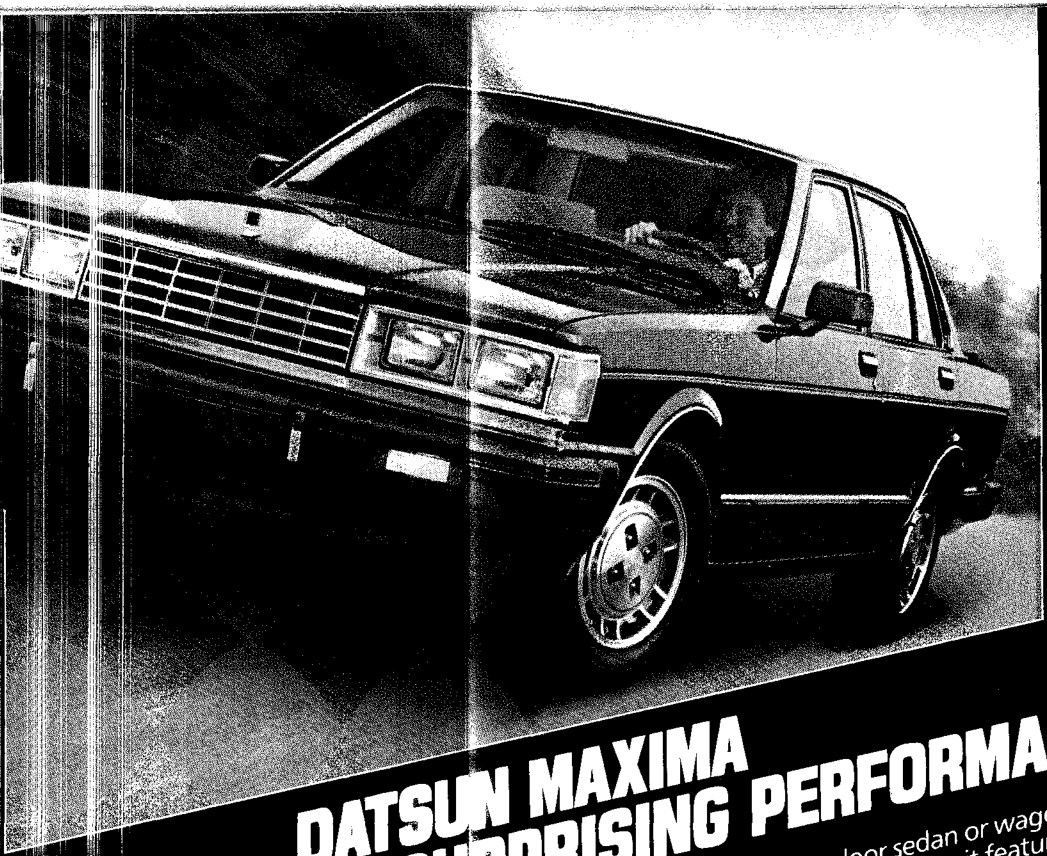

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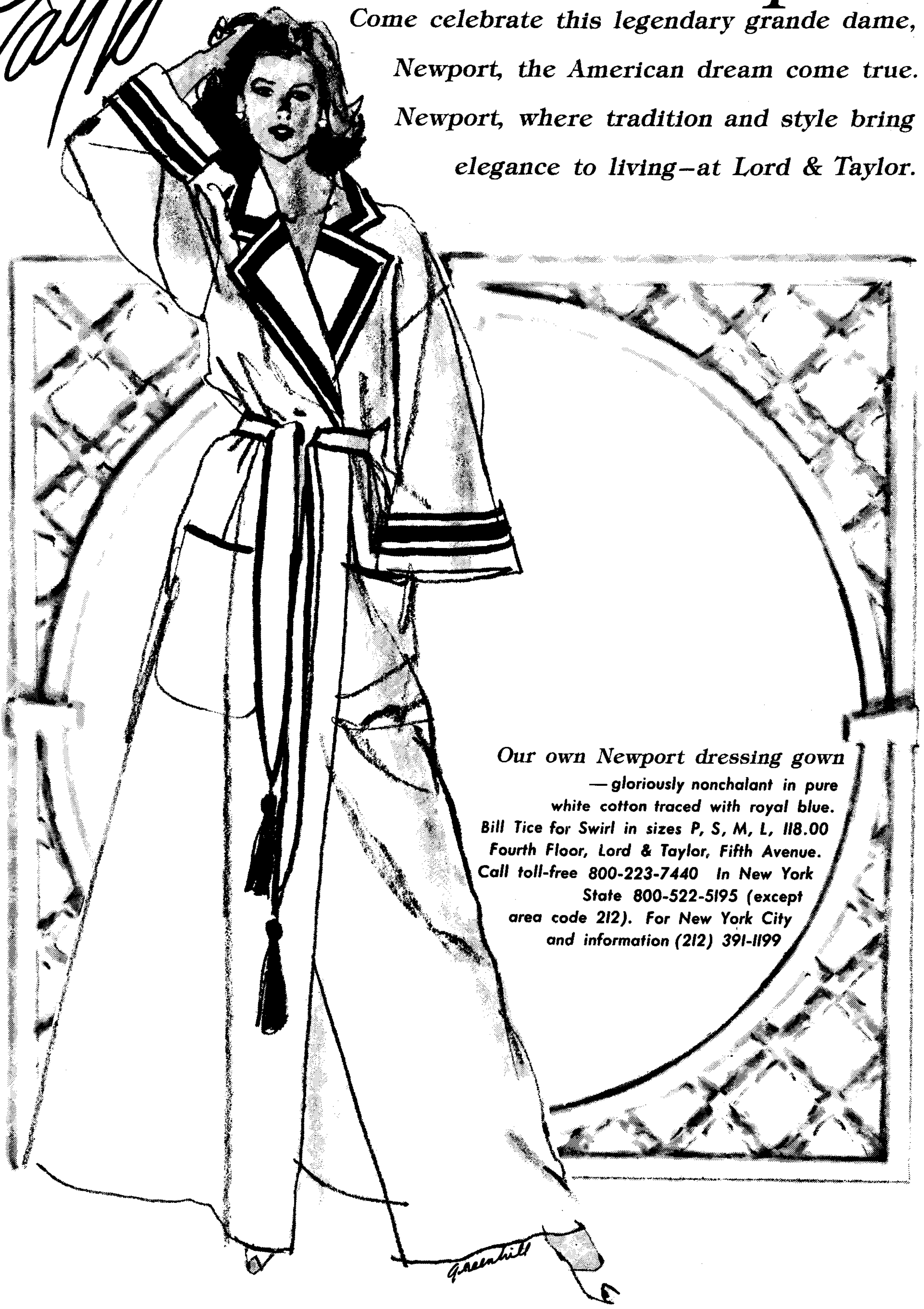

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**—A new Neil Simon comedy, featuring Matthew Broderick, Elizabeth Franz, and Joyce Van Patten, among others. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews through Saturday, March 26. Opens officially on Sunday, March 27. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A Bundle of Nerves**—A revue with music by Brian Lasser and lyrics by Geoff Leon and Edward Dunn. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cats**—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/82.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Champeeen!**—A musical about Bessie Smith by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

**Charles Aznavour**—For decades now, this small, chunky, sad-voiced man has been singing songs about the glory and misery of falling in and out of love. Life is hard, but his songs are tender. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, April 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—An unconvincing play entitled **DOMESTIC ISSUES**, about a terrorist who returns from the underground to his family in Chicago, is the fourth in this season's series. (3/21/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

**Cold Harbor**—Ulysses S. Grant is the subject of this play by Dale Worsley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—This cheerful, nimble revival of the Frank Loesser musical **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** is entertaining even without Ray Bolger. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Extremities**—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. Starting Tuesday, March 29, Karen Allen will replace Miss Sarandon. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, March 30, at 3.)

**Foxfire**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are at the top of their form in this rather ramshackle little play about life in the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. The authors of the play are Susan Cooper and Mr. Cronyn. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Greater Tuna**—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**The House of Ramon Iglesia**—A play by José Rivera. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

**K2**—Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson in a play by Patrick Meyers. Terry Schreiber directed. Previews through Wednesday matinée, March 30, and opens officially that evening. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, April 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Shop of Horrors**—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Marcel Marceau**—The mime, an old favorite here, returns with a welcomely familiar bag of tricks. Don't put it past him to imitate the bag. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Merlin**—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Middle Ages**—A comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Jack Gilpin, André Gregory, Jo Henderson, and Ann McDonough. Opens Wednesday, March 23. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Misanthrope**—Molière's masterpiece, in the

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

superb translation by Richard Wilbur. With Stephen McHattie, Mary Beth Hurt, and Carole Shelley. (2/14/83) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

**The Mother of Us All**—The Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson musical. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 582-1978. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, April 9.)

**'Night, Mother**—Anne Pitoniak and Kathy Bates in a two-character play by Marsha Norman, originally produced at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Staged by Tom Moore. Previews through Wednesday, March 30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 31. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**On Your Toes**—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-five, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Plenty**—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

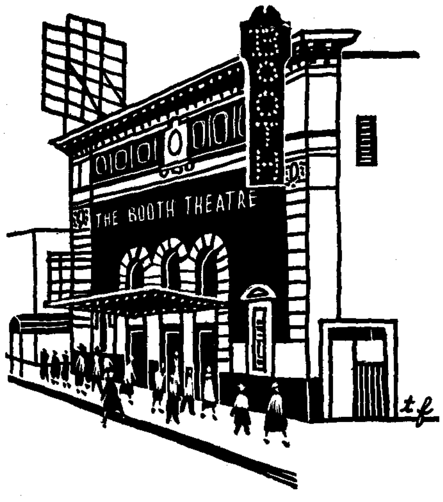
**Poppie Nongena**—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Quartermaine's Terms**—The title character of Simon Gray's very funny yet sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Red Rover, Red Rover**—Helen Gallagher and Phyllis Newman in a play by Oliver Hailey. (Park Royal, 23 W. 73rd St. 736-9099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Slab Boys**—High jinks among the lower orders—in this case, working-class lads in a factory near Paisley, in Scotland. The members of the cast shout their lines with abandon, in accents that come and go. The author, a former slab boy himself, is John Byrne. (3/14/83) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 586-7670. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Snoopy**—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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**The Tooth of Crime**—A revival of Sam Shepard's strong and stunning play about (among many other things) a contest for supremacy between an older man who is trying to hang on and a young punk on his way up. The large band at times drowns out much of the dialogue, and most of the comedy goes by the board as well. Even so, what remains is riveting. The acting is only so-so, but Ray Wise and Jodi Long do quite well. (3/7/83) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

**Top Girls**—A spirited revival, after a brief hiatus, with a fresh company. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Lise Hilboldt, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie**—Benno, an enormously fat man who is literally "eating himself to death," reviews the events of his life. This revival, with Peter Evans in the title role, is worthy of Albert Innaurato's strong, fantastic, tragic comedy. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Playwrights Horizons Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

**True West**—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**A View from the Bridge**—Arthur Miller's well-known play about family troubles on the Brooklyn waterfront. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio head a superb cast. The director is Arvin Brown, of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, where this production was first put on. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Whodunnit**—A graceless and laborious parody of an old-fashioned Agatha Christie English-country-house murder mystery. Only the setting, by Andrew Jackness, is worthy of praise. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AGNES OF GOD:** Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Dukes plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Pankow plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. With Veronica Castang. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,528 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musica comedy wrenched with little intellectua finesse from the classic movie "8½." Rau Julia is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 22 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sun days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur days at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection o short sketches that purport to give us a re

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freshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, March 30, at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—Back in town with their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. Opens Tuesday, March 29, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, March 30-April 1, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 2, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30.)

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'**—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursday, March 24, at 8; Fridays and Thursday, March 31, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

**Hasty Pudding Show**—A musical, "Of Mines and Men," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday, March 25, at 8; Saturday, March 26, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, March 27, at 5. For tickets, call 944-1011.)

**Blue Hill Troupe**—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, at 8; Thursday and Friday, March 31-April 1, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 2, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 316-1549, Mondays through Fridays between 10 and 3.)

## DANCE

**Merce Cunningham Dance Company**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 23, at 8: "Rune," "10's with Shoes," "Duets," and "Gallopade." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Event 2." . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 8, and Saturday, March 26, at 2: "Coast Zone," "Channels/Inserts," and "Duets." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8, and Sunday, March 27, at 2: "Trails," "Quartet," and "Locale." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**Hamburg Ballet**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 23, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, March 24-25, at 8: "Mahler's Third Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 2 and 8: "Legend of Joseph" (with guest artist Judith Jamison), "Vaslav," and "Bach Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 27, at 2: "Saint Matthew Passion." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

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**May O'Donnell Dance Company**—Final performances, all with guest artist Ben Vereen. Program I: Thursday, March 24, and Saturday, March 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Wednesday, March 23, and Friday, March 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Sunday, March 27, at 2. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**Pilar Rioja**—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 17. Program I: Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, at 8; Saturday, March 26, at 3; Sunday, March 27, at 3 and 7; and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Tuesday, March 29, at 7, and Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

**Riverside Dance Festival**—Performances by two companies. **DANNY BURACZESKI/JAZZDANCE:** Thursday, March 24, at 8; Saturday, March 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 27, at 8. . . . **ART OF ISADORA:** Tuesday through Thursday, March 29-31, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

**Maria Cheng**—A full-length solo work, "Antecedents." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

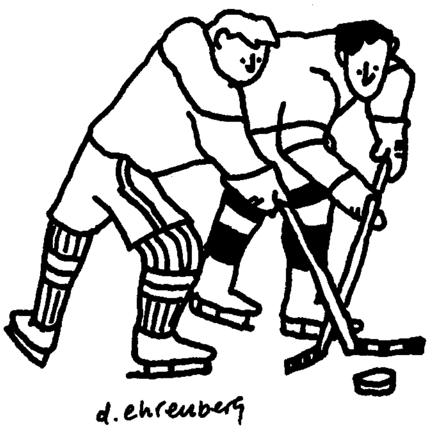
## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A cozy, convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. **JAKI BYARD,** who is equally at home conducting a big band or playing piano with a bassist, will do the latter on this tiny, four-foot-high bandstand Friday and Saturday, March 25-26; on the following Friday and Saturday (April 1-2), the **HAL GALPER** trio will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**ABBEY LINCOLN** is singing here with her backing trio through Sunday, March 27; on Monday, March 28, the Angel Rangelov-Jimmy Madison big band will take off; and starting Tuesday, March 29, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his labor-of-love nonet, **DAMERONIA,** will play gorgeous and shamefully little-known (outside the jazz world) compositions by Tadd Dameron—"Soultrane," "Fountainbleau," an upbeat "On a Misty Night," and others—and will feature **FRANK WESS** on flute and saxophone, **CECIL PAYNE** on fluent, fluid baritone sax, and the all-smiles pianist, **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, **STUFF,** the sublime R. & B. sextet; Friday, March 25, Doug & the Slugs; Saturday and Sunday, March 26-27, Paul Barrere; Wednesday, March 30, Scottish folkie Robin Williamson and the Battlefield Band; and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, bluesy folkie **TAJ MAHAL** and the Drifters. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. **RICHIE BEIRACH** is the current pianist, supported by a succession of better bassists—**BUSTER WILLIAMS,** through Thursday, March 24, **EDDIE GOMEZ,** on Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, and **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sunday, March 27. On Monday, March 28, **STENLEY COWELL** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** will take on the piano-bass-duet responsibilities. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine until two, singer and pianist **BOB DOROUGH,** who is not quite as citified as Mr. Lyon—you can still hear Arkansas in his voice—mans the keyboard. Dining.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BARBARA COOK'S** wonderfully clear, ringing soprano voice can be heard in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who in the past has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, March 23, Latamonks, Painted Water, the Abstracts, and Buddy Love; Thursday, March 24, **ARTO LINDSAY'S** new band, the Ambitious Lovers, along with Glenn Phillips and Rubber Rodeo; Friday, March 25, the Lenny Kaye Connection; Saturday, March 26, Johnny Thunders and the Corpsicles; and Tuesday, March 29, the Gift, the Abductors, and the End. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**OSCAR BRAND,** a veteran performer of mainstream, seagoing, and "bawdy" folksongs, sings and strums Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **CARRIE SMITH,** a more-than-creditable Bessie Smith interpreter, also sings some gospel, jazz, and vaudeville tunes. Shows at nine and eleven fifteen. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, March 23, Zenska Pesna; Thursday, March 24, Leo Kretzner and Ken Pearlman; Saturday, March 26, the Critton Hollow String Band; Wednesday, March 30, Nancy Crutcher & Ron Duncan; Thursday, March 31, Dave & Kay Gordon; Saturday, April 2, Malcolm Dalglish, Grey Larsen, and Pete Sutherland. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays at eight-fifteen, and Saturdays at nine.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two; soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** leads his hot-jazz group, the Bechet Legacy, on Mondays from eight-thirty. On Sunday, March 27, Lennie Tristano disciples pianist **CONNIE CROTHERS** and tenor saxophonist **LENNY POPKIN** will co-pilot a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Bill and George Simon's quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Brazilian jazz-rock singer **FLORA PURIM** is here through Sunday, March 27, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw will trade solos. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**FOLK CITY,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, March 24, Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, singer-bassist **RICK DANKO** and singer-drummer-actor-impressive energy source **LEVON HELM** and their band; Tuesday, March 29, the Dav Larkin band; and Saturday, April 2, the great blues singer and blues-harp wizard **PAUL BUTTERFIELD.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

**GREENE STREET,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** through Thursday, March 24; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; Sunday and Monday, March 27-28, Tiberio; Tuesday through Thursday, March 29-31, Rod Williams; and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, singer Val Eley. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

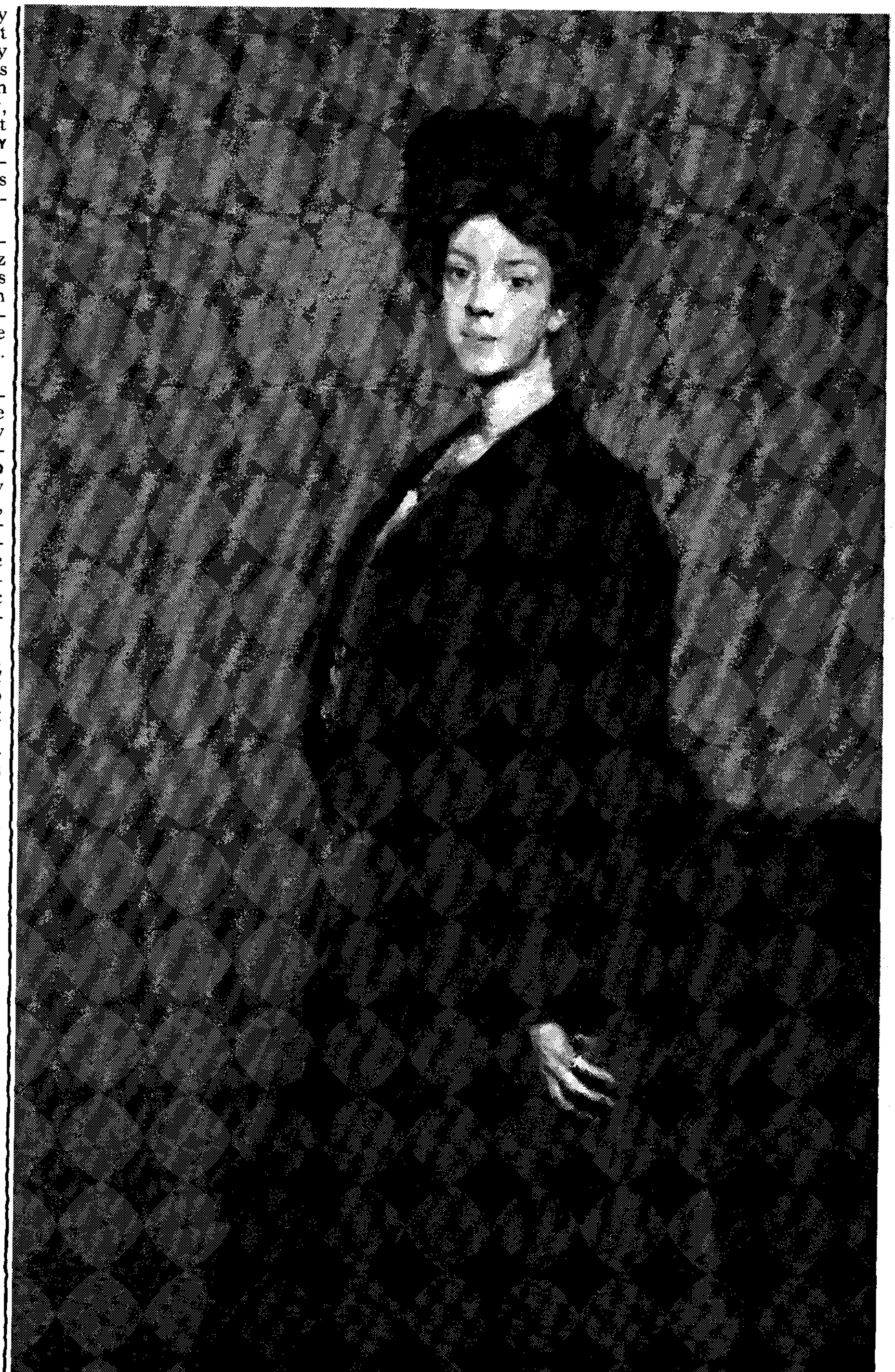
**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays, **JANET LAWSON** sings bebop solos with her trio; Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up his trio. Wednesday through Sunday, March 23-27, will be claimed by guitarist Fred Fried; and Wednesday through Sunday, March 30-April 3, will belong to the very fine **ATTILA ZOLLER** on guitar, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER.** All these groups play from ten. On Sunday, March 27, as well as Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten.

**GRIFF'S,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—An open-air terrace wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. The piano-bass teams: **PHIL MARKOWITZ** and Joe Locke through Saturday, March 26, and **ARMEN DONELIAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** beginning Tuesday, March 29. Sets start at nine. Sundays and Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven until eleven.

**HANRATTY'S,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. Trumpeter and jazz critic **DICK SUDHALTER,** aided by pianist **MIKE ABENE,** works here through Saturday, March 26; on Sunday and Monday, March 27-28, Terry Waldo is at the piano; and on Tuesday, March 29, **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will arrive to play stride piano and ragtime stuff. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. The piano-bass roster: **FRED HERSCH** and **RATSO HARRIS** through Saturday, March 26; **ROLAND HANNA** and **REGGIE JOHNSON** beginning Tuesday, March 29; and the Sunday-and-



FRANCIS LUIS MORA 1874–1940
**Mrs. F. Luis Mora** (Sophia Brown Compton); oil; 84 x 41½ inches

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Detail

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Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for ex-patriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, March 23, **JOHN HERALD** and **RIDERS IN THE SKY**; Thursday, March 24, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT** and the Screamin' Honkers; Sunday, March 27, the Kingpins and the Why-Os; Monday, March 28, **COMMANDER CODY** and John Eddie & the *Front Street Runners*; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, singer **MARIA MULDAUR**, New Orleans pianist and singer **DR. JOHN**, and the Freelance Vandals; and Thursday, March 31, the Pousette-Dart Band. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE**, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** heads a sextet on Wednesday, March 23; percussionist **RAY MANTILLA'S** Latin-jazz outfit **SPACE STATION** will be present Thursday through Sunday, March 27; and on Wednesday, March 30, tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will arrive with his bluesy quintet. *Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.*

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, March 23, Connie James; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **STUFF**; Monday, March 28, Lynn Welshman; and Tuesday, March 29, Purse, featuring Clarice Taylor. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, blues singer and guitarist **BROWNIE MC GHEE**; Friday, March 25, Bill Chinnock and Carolyn Mas; Saturday, March 26, Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist **TANIA MARIA**; and Sunday, March 27, gospel singer Lonzine Wright. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**BOB JANUARY'S** swing band and singer **BARBARA LEA** provide the music here in Art Deco-land. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RED BLAZER TOO**, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**RITZ**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, March 23, belongs to a great English pop-dance-political octet, the **ENGLISH BEAT**; their compositions take odd melodic directions and sound like nobody else's, their skillful, infectious rhythms are mostly based on bouncing pre-reggae, Jamaican ska music, and one of their oldest and best tunes is entitled "Stand Down Margaret." The rest of the schedule: Thursday, March 24, Dépêche Mode; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, Wall of Voodoo; Monday, March 28, Standing Waves; and Tuesday, March 29, Rogue. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER**; Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **DAVE VALENTIN**, a robust, lyrical Latin-jazz flutist; and Sunday, March 27, Robert Kraft. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

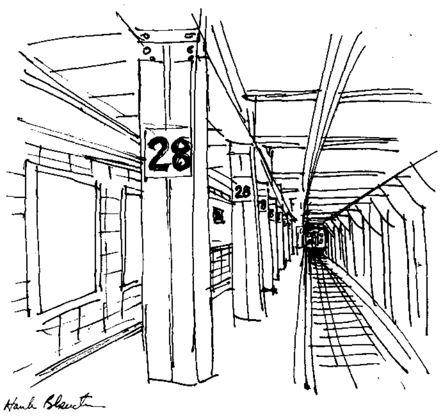
**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL**, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, March 23, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** with a Brazilian-jazz ensemble; on Thursdays and on Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Sunday, March 27, Clarice Taylor; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29-30, flutist **LLOYD MC NEIL**; and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**STAR AND GARTER**, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room. Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, singer Laura Theadore and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and drummer **BILLY HART**. Music from ten. Dining.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Some musicians—mostly pianists, guitarists, and bassists—play acoustic and electric versions of their instruments. Alto saxophonist and composer **ARTHUR BLYTHE** doesn't *utilize electronic attachments* to his horn; instead, he leads two different bands—an acoustic quartet known as In the Tradition (alto, piano, bass, and drums) and an electric quintet (alto, cello, guitar, tuba, and drums, with the electric guitar of **KELVYN BELL** accounting for most of the group's electricness). Mr. Blythe leads his engagingly instrumented quintet—rounded out by cellist **ABDUL WADUD**, **BOB STEWART** on tuba, and **BOBBY BATTLE** on drums—through Saturday, March 26, and his wonderfully full-but-not-too-filling rich tone on his saxophone—which predominates both groups—simply must be heard in a live performance. Sunday and Monday, March 27-28, will belong to saxophonist **JOSEPH JARMAN** and drummer **DON MOYE**; and on Tuesday, March 29, baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** will bring in his swinging, out-there quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**TRAMPS**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN**, the personable as all get out, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. On Irish Sundays, Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform from seven-thirty to midnight.

**TRAX**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, March 23, Erin Dickins and Mr. Lucky; Thursday, March 24, Untold Glory and Baracuda; Friday, March 25, Easy Money and Uptown; Saturday, March 26, **LESTER CHAMBERS** and the Loners; and Tuesday, March 29, Johnny Sing & Stinger. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.



**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday night is salsa night in the big downstairs room; on March 28, the great **MACHITO** and his big band and **ORQUESTA HARLOW** will be present along with guest jazz soloist trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF**. Music from about nine. And out on the Terrace on Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Saxophonist, flutist, singer, and wag **JAMES MOODY** guides his quartet through Sunday, March 27; on Tuesday, March 29, **WYNTON MARSALIS**, the hot young trumpeter of the decade (so far), will bring in his quintet. Mondays are back in the thirty-six hands of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his big band. Music from ten.

**VILLAGE WEST**, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Those oh-so-smooth singers **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** wind up their stay on Sunday, March 27; on Tuesday, March 29, **ZOOT SIMS** will move in to play dancing tenor-sax solos. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, *114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St.* (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Carl Burelli is at the keyboard; Kuni Mikami performs Thursdays through Sundays. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Haywood Henry through Saturday, March 26; Sunday, March 27, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**; Monday through Thursday, March 28-31, saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD**; and Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**. Music from about nine.

**ZINNO**, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively, compelling mixture of jazz, classical, and rock—together for years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work are as astounding as ever. Through Saturday, March 26. On Monday, March 28, pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** will come in for a week. The Sunday regulars are **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**ROBERT KLEIN**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, March 24, at 8.

**PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 25, at 8.

**ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA**—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 26, at 8.

**JAMES JABBO WARE & THE ME WE & THEM ORCHESTRA**—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

**STYX**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Sunday, March 31-April 3, at 8.

**DIONNE WARWICK**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.

**RETURN TO FOREVER**—With Chick Corea, Stanley

# WINE & FOOD

## Cabernet Sauvignon

Cabernet Sauvignon is the unrivaled King of California wine grapes.

The distinction is well deserved for it was this magnificent varietal that first put California on the world map of wine. A native of Bordeaux, the wines produced of this grape have, for centuries, been among the world's finest and most enduring.

### WINE

As with all heartier red wines, Cabernet Sauvignon must be properly aged to be at its best. When fully mature, a deep aromatic bouquet typically is followed by round, full flavors suggesting berries and herbs, warm earthy flavors, rich in varietal character. Velvety smooth in texture, it is a gentle giant of a wine.

Recognized for its excellence, our gold medal winning 1977 Proprietor's Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon

is classic in its composition and sufficiently aged to be entirely enjoyable now.

### FOOD

Traditionally, a wine as full bodied and flavorful as Cabernet Sauvignon is served with dishes of beef or venison, hearty stews, cheeses and rich pastas.

In our home we enjoy Cabernet with a wide variety of foods. One I'm especially fond of is our own *Eagle Ranch Roast,* a wine country dish developed by my wife Vicki. Generously seasoned with olive oil, garlic and rosemary, this complex layering of flavors would overpower a wine of lesser body and character.

If you would enjoy sampling some of Vicki's recipes and learning more about wine, please write to the address below for your free brochure, "Wine and Food: Cabernet Sauvignon" a collection of family favorites uniquely compatible with this King of California Wines.

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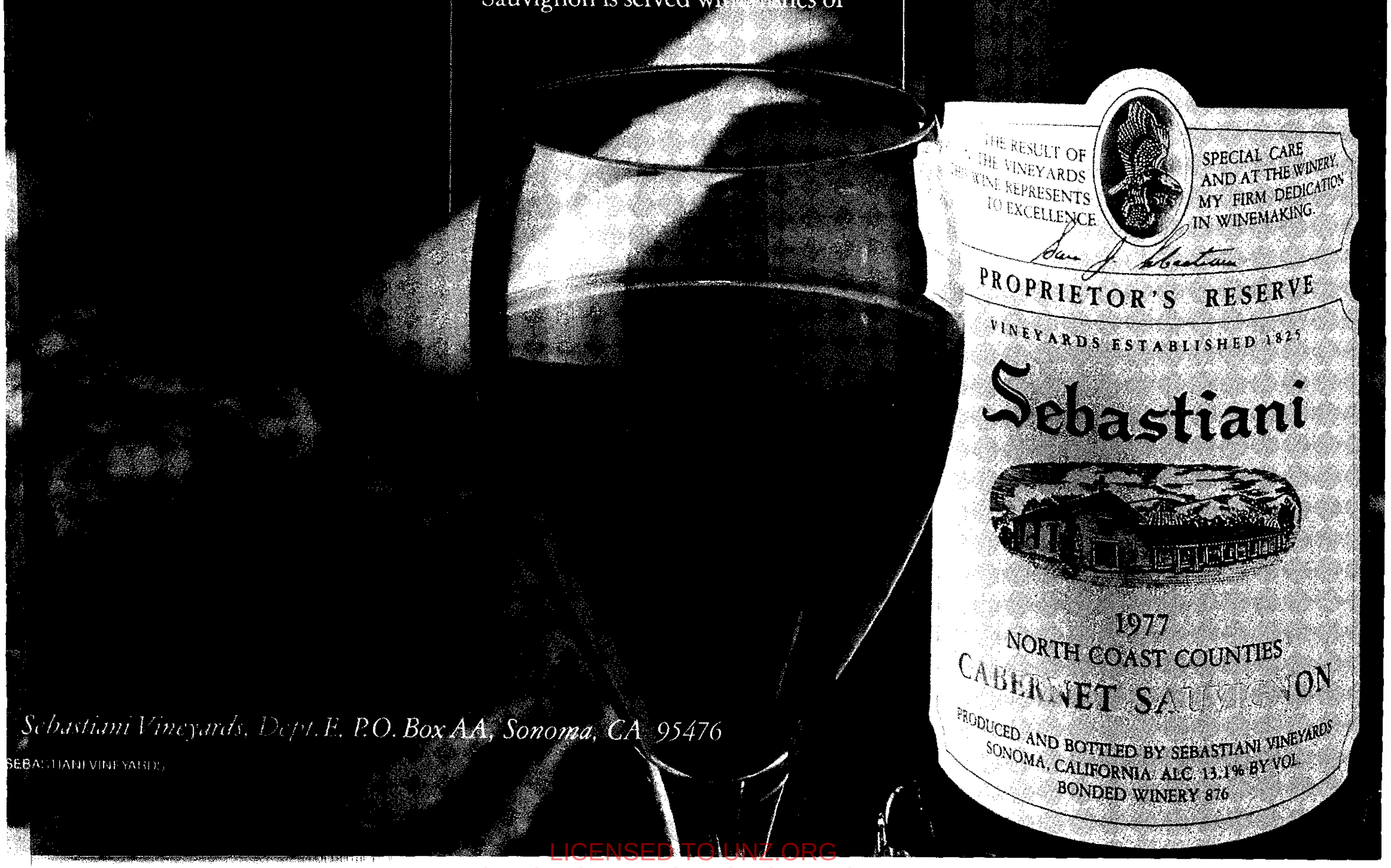
Sam J. Sebastiani

Sam J. Sebastiani



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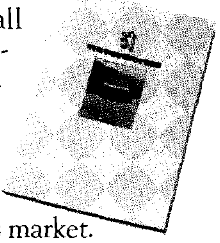

**PEUGEOT**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Clarke, Lenny White, and Al Di Meola. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Saturday, April 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Karen Akers**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 1, at 8.

**Butch Morris Ensemble**—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. World Bass Festival—Wednesday, March 23, at 10 and midnight: Bob Cunningham quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Peter Warren quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buster Williams quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ron Carter quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 27, at 10 and midnight: Vishnu Wood & the Safari East. . . . ¶ Monday, March 28, at 10 and midnight: Major Holley trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 29, from 9 to 2: Festival Jam Session, with Jo Jones, Jr., and Jon Burr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 10 and midnight: The World Bass Orchestra. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**Jazzmania Society**—Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, at 8:30: Thiago de Mello & Amazon. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8:30: Jorge Dalto & the Inter-American Band, with Potato Valdez. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Bill Barrett**—Small bronze maquettes and several monumental sculptures in brushed aluminum. Through April 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**George Bellows** (1882-1925)—The series of oils, drawings, and prints, including the famous "Edith Cavell," about First World War atrocities, seen together in public for the first time. Through April 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**Eloy Blanco**—A show covering thirty years, ranging from a painting of a Puerto Rican newly arrived in New York (1955) to recent solid-color canvases crowded with literally thousands of tiny stick figures. Through May 27. (El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

**Richard Bogart**—Landscape paintings of the Connecticut countryside by an Impressionist. Through Thursday, March 31. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**Dan Christensen / Alvaro Guevara** (1874-1951) **and Meraud Guevara**—Whiplashes of acrylic paint on contrasting backgrounds. / Paintings of circus people and other performers by a Chilean-born artist who was a noted London portraitist, and paintings by his widow, who is still active. Through Saturday, March 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

**Voy Fangor**—Turned-on television sets are the basis for a group of Pointillist paintings further emphasized by grid patterns. Through Saturday, March 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Herbert Ferber**—Two concurrent shows of abstract works. New acrylics entitled Harlequin Series at Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Metal sculptures and paintings, all dating from the fifties through the seventies, at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Both shows through Thursday, March 31.

**Seymour Fogel**—Abstract drawings in black Conté crayon. Through Friday, April 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Igor Galanin**—Sleek fantasy paintings. Through Saturday, April 2. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Grace Graupe-Pillard**—Portraits by an artist who intends them as social commentary. Through April 23. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**William Stanley Haseltine** (1835-1900)—Pencil-and-wash drawings of Mount Desert Island, Massachusetts landscapes, and Italian vistas, by an American artist trained by German academicians. Through Saturday, April 2. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Leon Kossoff**—Paintings and drawings by a London artist new to the local scene, who works in exceptionally thick brushstrokes to portray his neighborhood, the Underground, his friends. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**Herman Maril**—New paintings of the land and sea evoked in simple lines and blocks of color. Also still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Joan Mitchell**—Huge abstract paintings offering a profusion of springlike colors. Through Saturday, March 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Gunnar Norrman**—A joint exhibition of works by a contemporary Swedish artist who takes his themes from nature, often from trees. Drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through April 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Drypoints. Through April 30. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Susan Rothenberg**—New paintings. Through April 20. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

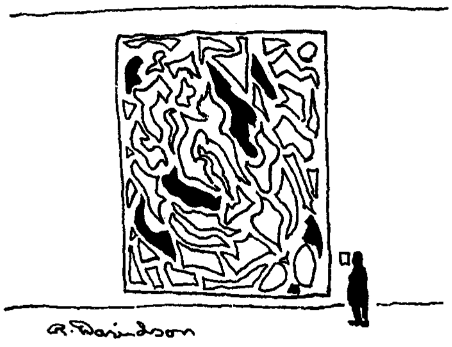
**Maurice Sievan** (1898-1981)—Figurative paintings, most of them spectral, misty forms, done in the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, April 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Sylvia Sleigh**—Portraits—both formal and informal—of Lawrence Alloway (sometimes in the company of Betty Parsons or with Scott Burton) from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, March 26. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

**Joseph Solman**—A two-gallery exhibit of works from the thirties: Paintings in oil, at the ACA, 21 E. 67th St., and gouaches at A. M. Adler, located upstairs at the same address. Through Saturday, March 26.

**Alan Uglow**—Severely restrained Minimalist paintings and drawings from the past three years. Through Saturday, March 26. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

**Group Shows**—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Small works, mostly on paper, by twentieth-century artists, such as Klee, Balthus, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy. Through May 27. . . . **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Twenty-five paintings make up "American Realism," including a Photo-Realist treatment, by Robert Cottingham, of a storefront whose metal signs cast deep shadows, and a representational work on paper, by Jamie Wyeth, in which a rooster peers out from a battered carton. Through April 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Figurative paintings by veteran Expressionists include a de Kooning (plus several of his drawings), an Alice Neel, and a comic Europa by Red Grooms. Through Saturday, March 26. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A score of paintings and works on paper by Bauhaus associate Herbert Bayer and a scattering of works by other members of that period, among them Kandinsky, Klee, and Schwitters. Through April 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)



### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Siah Armajani**—New sculptures in wood, glass, and metal; two of the descriptive titles are "Window in a Door" and "Fireplace Mantels." Through Saturday, April 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Bosman**—Twelve oils: One canvas is three-quarters a depiction of a trousered leg and one-quarter a shoe at the end of that leg, about to squash a lighted cigarette. Through April 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Barton Lidicé Beneš**—Assemblages. Through Saturday, April 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Gandy Brodie** (1925-75)—Expressionist oils from all phases of his career. Through Saturday, April 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Carol Brown**—Small colored-pencil drawings of brilliantly hued desert scenery—wind-carved rocks and cactus formations. Through April 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Vija Celmins**—Graphite drawings, painted bronzes, and etchings. Through April 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Chuck Close / David von Schlegell**—New portraits in a variety of mediums, including paper-pulp chips. / Very large abstract sculptures made of rough-cut mahogany timbers pegged together. Through Saturday, March 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Charles Clough**—Expressionist works by an artist who applies enamel to reproductions of Old Master paintings with his fingertips and then takes enlarged photographs of the results, which he either works into collages or starts painting on all over again. Through Saturday, March 26. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Marcia Dalby**—A hundred-odd lighthearted sculptures of farm animals and implements, made of chicken wire covered with cheesecloth and acrylic, by a twenty-five-year-old artist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Wolf, a gallery mostly known for photography shows, at 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Richard Francisco**—Painted balsa-wood constructions and abstract watercolors. Through April 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Jane Freilicher**—Oils showing broad landscape views from the windows of the artist's home in Water Mill, Long Island, and cityscapes from her studio windows in town. Through April 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Lorrie Goulet**—Figure sculptures in peach alabaster, Pyrenees marble, green serpentine stone, white Vermont marble, and wood. Through Saturday, March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Susan Hall**—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**John Hartell**—Paintings. Through April 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**John Stuart Ingle**—Large-scale watercolor still-lifes and interiors that have a Photo-Realist exactitude without the glare. Through Thursday, March 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Patricia Johanson**—Drawings of flowers and butterflies by a landscape architect who copies the contours of such things (vastly enlarged, of course) in laying out parks and gardens. Through April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Oliver Johnson**—Still-lifes in oil. Through April 16. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

**Wolf Kahn**—Landscape paintings and pastels by a veteran colorist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Alex Katz**—Paintings of John and Rollins, Julia and Alexandra, Ada and Alex (the latter Katz himself), and so on. Through Saturday, April 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Harry Koursaros**—Recent paintings with recurring floral, mythological, and allegorical motifs. Through Saturday, April 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Alfred Kubin** (1877-1959)—A retrospective of works on paper by an Austrian graphic artist. Through May 7 (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Chuck Magistro**—Large abstract paintings based on tropical flowers. Through April 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Upstairs at De Nagy is an exhibition called "On an Intimate Dimension," intended as a response to the more obtrusive Neo-Expressionists and made up of small paintings and wall sculptures by eleven artists, among them Robert Goodnough, Rosemarie Castoro, and Robert Mangold.

**Kenneth Noland**—Acrylic canvases in polygonal shapes. Through Saturday, April 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Matt Phillips**—Paintings, monotypes, and etchings finished with watercolor; their subjects include figures in interiors and Moroccan marketplaces. Through April 14. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Milton Resnick**—Abstract oils from the past twenty years. Through April 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Jon Schueler**—Mists in the Scottish Highlands and cloud formations in this country inspired these abstract paintings. Through Thursday, March 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**T. L. Solien**—New Image paintings by an artist who incorporates autobiographical incidents (a toothache, for instance) into his works. Through April 9. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Stephen Woodburn**—Big realistic paintings of imaginary places, mostly rocky, weatherbeaten mountaintops. Through Saturday, March 26. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Carl Andre / Peter Campus**—Diamond-shaped plastic honeycombs, one red, one blue, one yellow, and one white, laid out like rugs in corners of the gallery, are a memorial to the sculptor's friend Eva Hesse. Through Saturday, March 26. / Silverprints. Through Saturday, April 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Richard Artschwager**—Grisaille paintings of interiors, architecture, and groups of figures done on a nubbly industrial material. Through Saturday, March 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**Donald Baechler**—New paintings, mostly deliberately childlike drawings of heads scrawled in black paint on mottled gray backgrounds. Through Saturday, April 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

**Bernd and Hilla Becher**—Photographic works in their usual vein. Through April 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

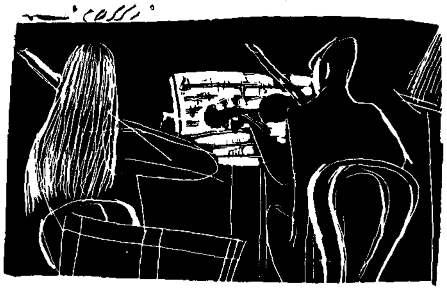
**Robert Bidner**—The façade of the New York Yacht Club and a classical doorway on Haight Street in San Francisco are among the subjects in these Magic Realist paintings of architecture. Through April 3. (Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

**James Buchman**—Sculptural works in which large slivers of rough granite are nested in rust-brown settings of Corten steel. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Enzo Cucchi**—Huge, raw-looking paintings by an Italian Neo-Expressionist, one of them showing a plucked, squawking rooster rising phoenix-like from a ravaged landscape. Through Saturday, March 26. (Sperone Westwater Fisher, 142 Greene St.)

**Nassos Daphnis / Sandy Skoglund**—Paintings. / An installation consisting of epoxy-and-resin figures symbolizing, according to the artist, babies as an "evil presence of mankind on earth," together with two tons of black sand, a house façade, and a huge photograph. Through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The Andre Zarre Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., has a group of Daphnis's paintings from the fifties not previously shown. Through April 16.

**Michael Goldberg**—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through April 9. (Sonnabend, 121 Spring St.) . . . ¶ More works by this artist at Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.



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**Anne Healy**—Sculptures in several mediums, including bronze wall reliefs and a gray chiffon hanging edged in copper paint. Through Saturday, April 2. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

**Barbara Kruger**—Large-scale photomontages combining magazine pictures and texts by a conceptual artist. Through Saturday, March 26. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Cheryl Laemmle**—A forest of fir trees cut out of Masonite occupies half the show (and one wall) while symbolic works in which a central canvas is flanked by a pair of complementary Masonite cutouts take care of the rest. Through Saturday, March 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Ellen Lanyon**—Realist paintings of birds and reptiles in an exhibit dominated by a sixteen-panel screen. Through Saturday, March 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Helmut Middendorf**—Large, strident paintings of figures, architecture, and interiors by a German associated with the Heftig Malerei—"vehement painters"—group. Through April 5. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

**William Nichols / Daniel Douke**—Detailed lifelike paintings of underbrush on the banks of Minnesota creeks. / Shaped canvases made to look like slabs of steel. Through Saturday, March 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the back room, Randy Dudley is showing small Magic Realist drawings and paintings of imaginary laboratories, with plausible-looking scientists and equipment.

**Roman Opalka**—A continuation of the series of paintings and drawings of numbers in sequence that the artist started in 1965; taped recordings of Mr. Opalka executing same accompany the works. Through Saturday, March 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Joseph Raffael**—Masses of flowers crowd these very large new watercolors, devoted to the Luxembourg Gardens. There are also a couple of studies of carp seen underwater. Through April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Robert Ryman**—Solid-white paintings, some done on linen and others on fibre glass. Through April 9. (Bonnier, a new gallery at 420 West Broadway.)

**Edith Schloss**—Sunny paintings of the seaside, birds, and some odd animals. Through April 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Rosalind Shaffer / B. K. Scharbach**—Figurative painted-wood constructions. / Full-figure portraits in watercolor and pencil on ten-inch-square paper. Through April 13. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**Martin Silverman**—Polychrome bronze figures in heroic poses—Eve confronting the Serpent, for one. Through April 9. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

**Michael Todd / Patrick Ireland**—Steel sculptures based on rings, the largest eleven and a half feet high. / An installation, titled "Rimbaud's Cradle," made of multicolored string zigzagging around a small gray room. Through Saturday, March 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Karl Wirsum**—Paintings and sculptures of robotlike creatures by a veteran of the Hairy Who group. Through Saturday, March 26. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Group Shows**—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Among the dozen emerging artists in this exhibit are Domenic Cretara, whose oils on paper update Old Master religious paintings, and Minnie Maude May Schuyler, whose pencilled sketches are a primitive kind of conceptual art. Through Wednesday, March 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **josef,** 113 Prince St.: Works by seven artists of some prominence on the West Coast, among them Joan Ross Bloedel, Walter Gabrielson, and Arnold Mesches. Through Saturday, March 26.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Peter Agostini**—Early drawings, watercolors, and sculptures. Through April 4. (New York Studio School, occupying the building where the Whitney Museum originated, 8 W. 8th St. Open daily; closes at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

**Mark di Suvero**—A massive construction incorporating a dismantled steam shovel is among these recent metal sculptures, all of which either rotate under their own power or can be moved manually. Through April 23. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

**Jack Goldstein**—A large new painting displayed in conjunction with his films (none longer than seven minutes) and records. Through April 3. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Frida Kahlo** (1907-54) / **Tina Modotti** (1896-1942)—Sixty surrealist paintings. / Eighty photographs (a third are vintage), all reflecting the artist's interest in Mexican politics in the twenties. Through April 16. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Jody Pinto / Michael Goldberg**—Single silhouetted figures fly through the air in these high-spirited paintings on paper. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, April 2. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.) . . . ¶ Sonnabend, 121 Spring St., has a complementary show of Goldberg's work.

**Group Shows**—At **the clocktower,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Artist-architects and just plain artists (Frank Gehry, Mary Miss, and Patsy Norvell among them) showing models, paintings, sculptures, and other objects whose point of departure—habitats—is also the title for the exhibit. Through April 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **delahunty,** 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Italo Scanga, James Surls, and Suzan Pitt are among the eleven artists showing, variously, sculptures, paintings, and photographs. Richard Fishman has a drawing. Through April 16.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**James Abbe** (1883-1973)—Photographs used in *Vanity Fair* between 1917 and 1934—Laurette Taylor, Theda Bara, John Barrymore, the Dolly Sisters, Jack Dempsey, and so on Through April 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

**Marcel Bardon**—Color photographs of France and China. Through April 7. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

**Builder Levy**—A twenty-year retrospective by a photographer best known for his studies o Appalachian coal miners, many shown here Through Saturday, April 2. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

**Scott MacLeay**—Fresson prints. Through Apri 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Jack Manning**—Prints of the San Juan slum called "La Perla," by a *Times* photographer Through April 12. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

**Robert Mapplethorpe**—Two shows: Photographi works and wall constructions. (Miller, 72 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Photographs of a woman bodybuilder. (Castelli, 142 Green St.) Both through Saturday, March 26.

**Sarah Moon / Len Jenshel**—Eighty prints from the past decade by a French fashion photographer. / Views of mansions in Newport and on Long Island which are now tourist attractions, photographed, inside and out, in the off-season. Through April 3. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Sylvia Plachy**—Silverprints, dated 1976-83, by a staff photographer for the *Village Voice.* Through Thursday, March 31. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Louis Stettner**—Black-and-white photographs from the past eight years. Through Sunday, March 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**Paul Strand** (1890-1975)—Platinum prints first shown at Alfred Stieglitz's Gallery 291 in 1916, together with later photographs of artists in the Stieglitz circle. Through April 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **Marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, Bill Brandt, and Irving Penn. Through Saturday, April 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: The hundred years of the Brooklyn Bridge documented in photographs by Edward Alenius, Harvey Lloyd, Irwin Silver, and others. Through April 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of eighty paintings, sculptures, and decorative works received as gifts in the past year, ranging from third-millennium B.C. metalwork cosmetic boxes to a 1982 watercolor by Dorothea Rockburne. Through Sunday, March 27. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit consisting of one large model of each of three skyscrapers under construction in Hong Kong; Jeddah, Saudi Arabia; and Boston. Also, drawings and photomontages. Through Tuesday, March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. Through May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983: Seventy-six artists (nineteen of them women), a hundred and twenty-four pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, films, and installations), representing seven states (New York, California, Minnesota, Texas, Illinois, Georgia, and Maryland). Starts Thursday, March 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The museum has a head start on the centenary celebrations for the Brooklyn Bridge with a diverse show that includes engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harpers Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," a show of artifacts from early cultures whose people worshipped the moon and stars. Through Sunday, March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who were candidates for seven Academy-Institute awards; the awards were given to Jennifer Bartlett, Susan Rothenberg, Angelo Savelli, Michael C. Spafford, Carl Andre, Joanne Lowenthal, and Giorgio Cavallon. Through Saturday, April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**American Craft Museum I,** 44 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-five clay and glass vessels by Glen Lukens (1887-1967). Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

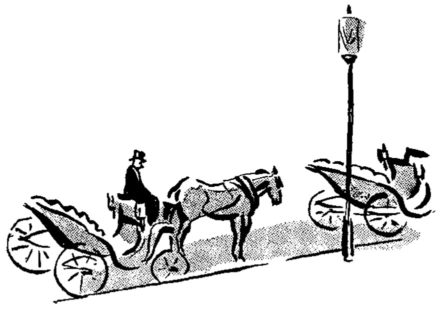
**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of nearly a hundred Buddhist paintings and sculptures identified with the remote Vajrayana monasteries that lined the trans-Himalayan trade routes during a thousand-year period that began in the seventh century A.D. Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**China Institute,** 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of ancient and contemporary Chinese bamboo carvings, some of them small sculptures and others, such as brush holders and wrist rests, objects for the scholar's studio. Through May 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Good Friday, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of about a hundred and fifty fanciful modifications of the south façade of the Carnegie Mansion (otherwise known as the Cooper-Hewitt Museum). Each work had the same line drawing of the façade as its starting point; some of the embellishers include Eugène Mihaesco, Pierre Le-Tan, Edward Koren, Charles Addams, and Mamie Eisenhower—who on hers drew an American flag on the building's rooftop. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through April 10. . . . ¶ William Blake: Twenty-one watercolors done as illustrations for "The Book of Job," an autograph copy of his collection of poetry known as the Pickering Manuscript, and other works. Through Thursday, March 31. . . . ¶ A display of about fifty drawings by the eighteenth-century French draftsman Gravelot. Through Thursday, March 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About two hundred artist-members of the National Academy are represented in this year's annual show by their paintings, sculptures, and prints. Among those singled out for prizes are Alice Neel, Richard Yarde, Sidney Simon, and Antonio Frasconi. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)



### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Diane Torr (performance), Thursday, March 24, at 8:30; Joe Lowery (performance), Thursday, March 31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Lawrence Weiner, Ian Wilson, Hanne Darboven, and other artists showing works incorporating words. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . ¶ A collection of eight audiotapes by Jerri Allyn; headphones provided. Through April 9.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Joel Ryan (music), Thursday, March 24, at 8:30; "Normalsalz," a film by Heinz Emigholz, Sunday, March 27, at 8:30; Luigi Ontani (performance), Wednesday, March 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A light-sound-video installation by Sokhi Wagner. Through Saturday, April 2.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

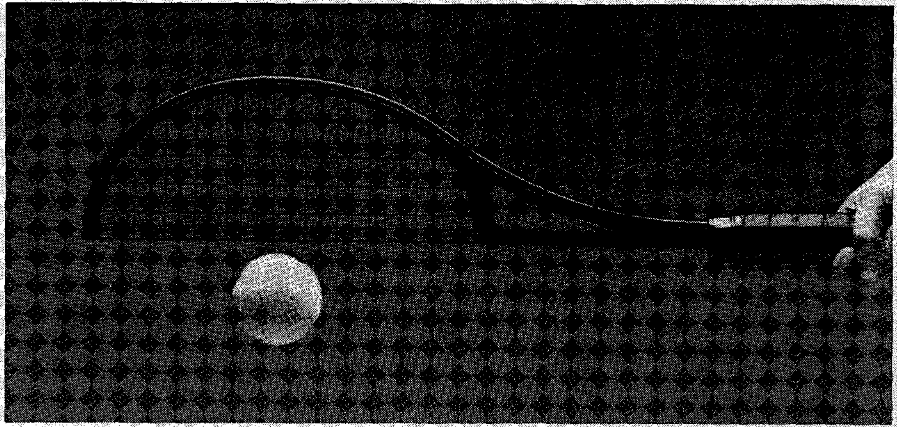
### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nicole Lorange, Claudia Catania, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Eszter Kovacs, Hildegard Behrens, Gerd Brenneis, and Simon Estes; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Monday, March 28, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Giuliano Cianella, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 1, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Saturday April 2, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik directing a concert version of Janáček's opera "From the House of the Dead," in English, on Thursday, March 24, at 8; Friday, March 25, at 2; and Saturday, March 26, and Tuesday, March 29, at 8 (all with Richard Cassilly, tenor; John Cheek, bass; Scott Reeve, baritone; the New York Choral Artists; and others). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Wagner-Bruckner program on Thursday, March 31, at 8; Friday, April

# YOU MISS A LOT BY NOT



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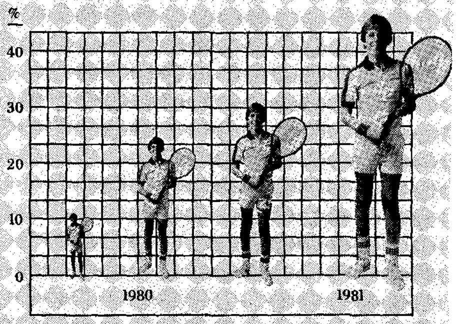
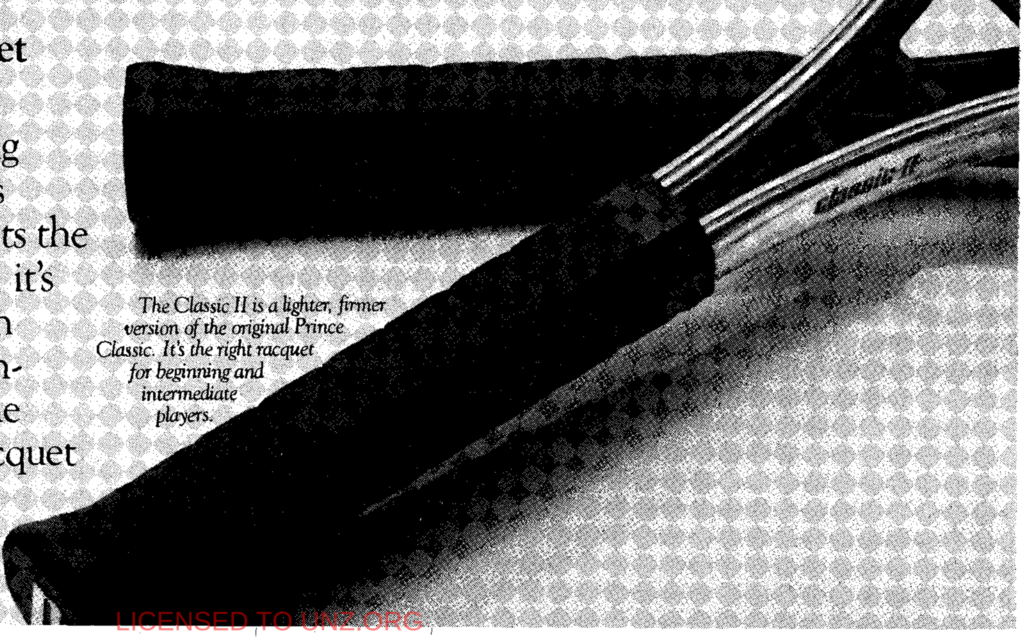


*Source: Annual USTA Yearbook for 18 under boys' rankings.*

Players at every level are switching to Prince. For instance, 38% of the ranked juniors and 43% of the NCAA finalists used Prince.



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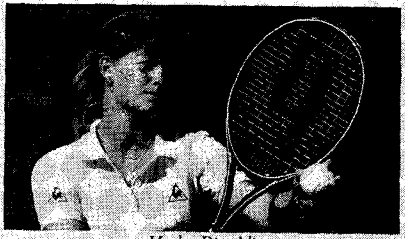

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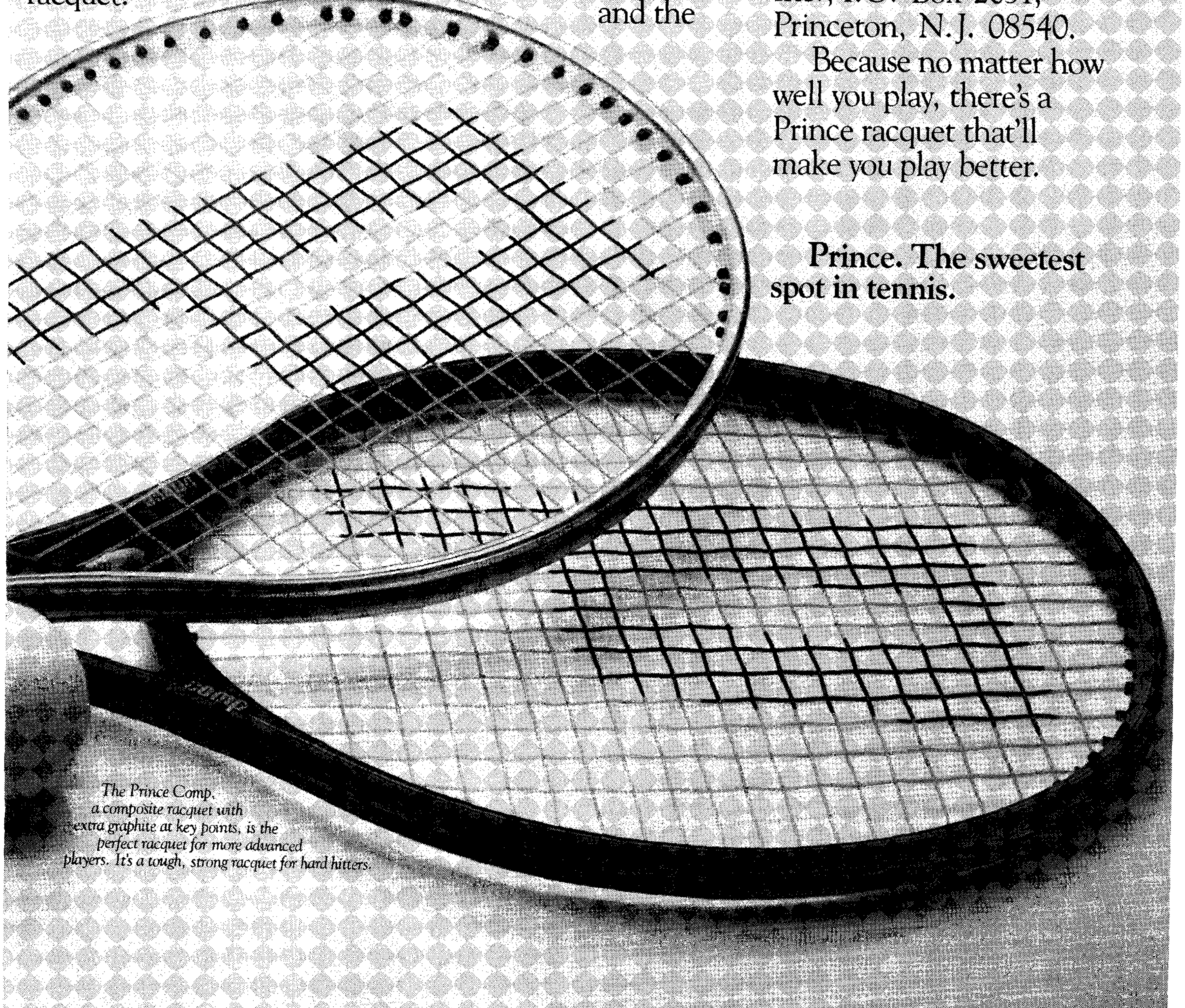

*The Prince Comp, a composite racquet with extra graphite at key points, is the perfect racquet for more advanced players. It's a tough, strong racquet for hard hitters.*

1, at 2; and Saturday, April 2, and Tuesday, April 5, at 8 (no soloists).

**American Orchestra da Camera**—Sayard Stone conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello; Bernhard Seckel, viola; and Kihwa Jin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

**Hartford Symphony Orchestra**—Arthur Winograd conducting a Mozart-Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

**Atlanta Symphony Orchestra**—Robert Shaw conducting a Mendelssohn-Berlioz-Shubert program, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**New Irish Chamber Orchestra**—James Galway conducting and acting as flute soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, *March 27*, at 8.)

**American Chamber Orchestra**—Charles Barker conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

**Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra**—The first of two concerts by this Canadian ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

**Julius Grossman Orchestra**—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

**Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra**—George Marriner Maull conducting. (Symphony Space. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**Vienna Choir Boys**—Peter Marschik directing. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

**New Calliope Singers**—Peter Schubert directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

**Bach's "St. John Passion"**—James Litton directing the St. Bartholomew Choir and St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Rand Hix, baritone; Blythe Walker and Bernadette Fiorella, sopranos; Denice Woods, alto; Martin Donor and Frank Ream, tenors; Shelton Harden, baritone; and Braden Harris, bass. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 27, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the performance.) . . . ¶ Gerre Hancock directing the St. Thomas Choir and the Concert Royal, with Peter Becker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke and William Carney, tenors; *Daniel Pratt, baritone; and* Wilbur Pauley, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, March 29, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.) . . . ¶ Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra, with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Jon Humphrey, tenors; David Arnold, baritone; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Paul Halley directing the Choristers and Gentlemen of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and an orchestra, with David Smith, tenor, and Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 1, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

## RECITALS

**Concert Royal**—A performance of Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, March 23, at 7.30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.) . . . ¶ A program of Mozart concertos. (Alice Tully *Hall. Wednesday*, March 30, at 8.)

**Ozan Marsh**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

**Anne Utagawa and Dominique Hunziker**—Flute duo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

**Chamber Music at the Y**—A Ravel-Rorem-Mendelssohn program, performed by Daniel Phillips, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Ned Rorem, composer-pianist; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and the Cleveland Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

**Maurizio Pollini**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

**Ophra Yerushalmi**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

**Emerson String Quartet**—Playing Bartók's six quartets. (Symphony Space. Friday, March 25, at 7:30.)

**Daniel Morganstern**—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

**Rosalyn Tureck**—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 25, at 8. For tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 471.)

**Michael Chapdelaine**—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, March 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

**All-Bach Concert**—Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, *flute;* Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

**New York Philharmonic Wind Quintet**—Chamber music. (*Great Hall*, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Carlos Montoya**—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

**Simca Heled**—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

**Chamber Music**—Peter Serkin and Cecile Licad, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Rudolph Vrbsky, *oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium*, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

**Murray Perahia**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**Rudolf Firkusny**—Piano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 5. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**Lynn Harrell and Friends**—The cellist in the last in a series of recitals, this one with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 3.)

**Enid Katahn**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March *27, at 3.)*

**Anthony Newman**—Harpsichord and organ, with the Handel Festival Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

**Barry Snyder**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 27, at 8.)

**Galliard Quintet**—With Elizabeth Wright, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 27, at 8:30.)

**Manuel Barrueco**—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 28, at 8.)

**Thomas Beveridge**—Bass-baritone, presenting the New York première of his song cycle "Odysseus." (Symphony Space. Monday, March 28, at 8.)

**Krystian Zimerman**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

**Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma**—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

**Yefim Bronfman**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

**David Johnson**—*Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall,* Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 5.)

**Philippe Entremont**—Piano, in a Debussy-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

**Lorin Hollander**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

**Chinese Music Ensemble**—A program of traditional Chinese music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 2, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**Metropolitan Opera National Finals**—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1983 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 27, at 2:30.)

**Opera Interviews**—Tatiana Troyanos being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 30, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 26, at 8:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, March 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, April 2. (Games begin at 7:35.)

**Hockey**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, March 27, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Friday, April 1, at 8:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 26, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, April 2, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): A Lucky Strike Masters of Hockey game, between former players from Canadian teams and former American team players, Thursday, March 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, March 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, March 31, at 7:35.

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 16. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 26, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 2.

**Running**—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at eleven on Saturday, April 2, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

**Tennis**—Virginia Slims Championships of New York: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Tracy Austin, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, Hana Mandlikova, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 23, at 6; Thursday, March 24, at 10 and 6; Friday, March 25, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 26, at noon; and consolation singles match and final singles match Sunday, March 27, at noon.)

**Trotting**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 2. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

## ET ALIA

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—David Young reading from his own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 24, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Marvin Bell, Carolyn Forché, Jorie Graham, and C. K. Williams reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Hortense Calisher reading from her own fiction. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Auctions**—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 24, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 2: French and other Continental furniture. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 23, at 10 and 2: English and Continental silver, Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and watches. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 1: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, March 24, at 1: Silver, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 30, at 11: English and Continental furniture and decorations; European ceramics; and Oriental rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 26.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.**

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of films from Greece.

**R.K.O. CENTURY ART,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 24: "Le Beau Mariage" (†); and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.
March 25-31: "Lovesick" (†) and "The Great Santini" (†).
From April 1: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†).
From March 25: "The Verdict" (†).

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 24: "Lovesick" (†).
From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: March 23: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. March 24: Theatre closed. From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 24: "Das Boot" (†).
From March 25: "The King of Comedy" (†).

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

**GOTHAM CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 24: "The Verdict" (†).
From March 25: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Britannia Hospital" (Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

**MANHATTAN I AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

**BARONET AND CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "48 Hrs." (†). From March 25: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "The King of Comedy" (†).

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
March 23: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays.
From March 24: "The Killing of Angel Street" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liz Alexander and John Hargreaves.

**CINEMA I AND II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

**GEMINI I AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Lovesick" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 24: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (George T. Nierenberg), a documentary on gospel music.

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 24: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
From March 25: "The Verdict" (†).

**U. A. 85TH ST. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 24: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
March 25-31: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From April 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. From March 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From March 25: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM I AND 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; and "Satan's Brew" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). March 25-27: "The Third Generation" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla; and "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla. March 28-29: "Gods of the Plague" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla; and "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta. From March 30: "The Wizard of Babylon" (Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder's filming of "Querelle."

**WAVERLY I AND 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage."
Theatre 2: "The Personals" (Peter Markle), with Bill Schoppert.

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Come and Get It" (†). March 25-31: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 30: "Coup de Torchon" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 31: "Parsifal" (†).
From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 31: "New Directors/New Films," the final programs in a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From April 1: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Next Year If All Goes Well" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

**LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Success" (1982; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, Bianca Jagger, and Ned Beatty.

**CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt. March 25-31: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†) and "Viridiana" (†). From April 1: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†).

**EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Choice of Arms" (Alain Corneau; in French), with Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

**BEACON,** B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
From March 25: "Giant" (†).

**LOEWS 83RD QUAD,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong. From April 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 3: Through March 31: "The Year of

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Living Dangerously" (†). From April 1: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through March 31: "Tootsie" (†). From April 1: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "Coal Miner's Daughter" (†). From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays. March 25-30: "Victor/Victoria" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Theatre 2: Through March 30: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Theatre 3: Through March 24: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker. From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Theatre 4: Through March 24: "Lovesick" (†); and "Deathtrap" (†). From March 25: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "The Entity" (directed by Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver. From March 25: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Theatre 2: Through March 24: "The Verdict" (†). From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Theatre 3: Through March 24: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight. From March 25: "The Entity."

Theatre 4: Through March 24: "Lovesick" (†). From March 25: "The Verdict" (†).

Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 6: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"48 Hrs." (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through March 28: "48 Hrs." (†). From March 29: "The Eagles Shadow."

Theatre 3: Through March 24: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From March 25: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.

Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through March 24: "Let's Spend the Night Together" (Hal Ashby), with The Rolling Stones.

From March 25: "The Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.

Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Time Walker." From March 25: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through March 24: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

From March 25: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From March 25: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Theatre 2: Through March 30: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker. From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Power Force." From March 25: "The King of Comedy" (†).

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays. From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 2: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 24: "The Ladies Man" *(1961; directed by Jerry Lewis)*, with Lewis and Helen Traubel; and "It's Only Money" (1962; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott, and Joan O'Brien.

March 25-31: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

From April 1: To be announced.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through March 31: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles.

From April 1: "Urgh! A Music War" (1981; Derek Burbidge).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Private Life" (1983; Yuli Raisman; in Russian).

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 24: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

March 25-26: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

March 27-29: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix.

March 30-31: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.

April 1-2: "Excalibur" (†); and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 24: To be announced.

From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 23: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.

March 24-26: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

March 27-28: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking; and "Lenny" (†).

March 29-30: "Red River" (†); and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

March 31-April 2: "Gallipoli" (†); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 24: "Blackboard Jungle" (1955; Richard Brooks), with Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, Louis Calhern, and Sidney Poitier; and "Class of 1984" (1982; Mark Lester), with Perry King.

March 25-26: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.

March 27: "War and Peace" (†).

March 28-29: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey and Mink Stole.

March 30-31: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Pink Floyd" (1974; Adrian Maben).

April 1-2: "Prince of the City" (†); and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, and Ken Wahl.

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

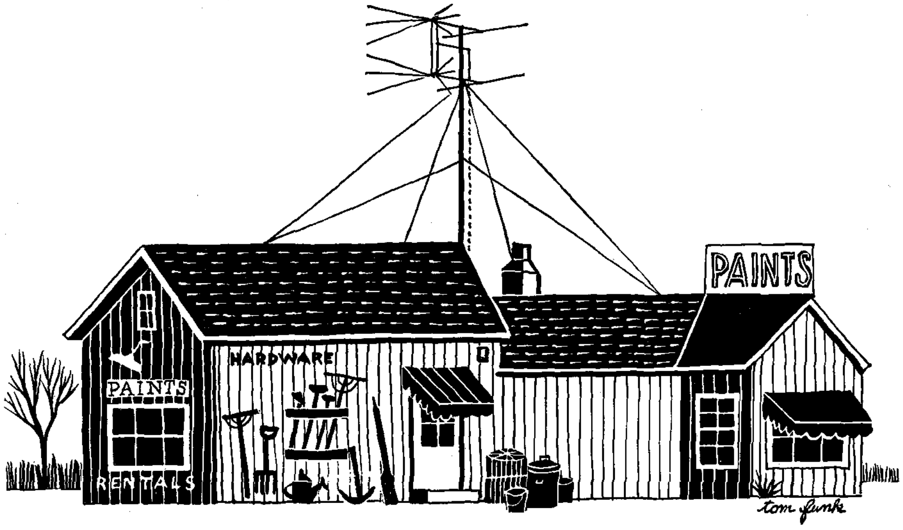
March 23: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.

March 24: "Yojimbo" *(1961) and* "*Sanjuro*" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 25: "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "The Shining" (1980; *Stanley Kubrick*), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

March 26: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

March 27: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



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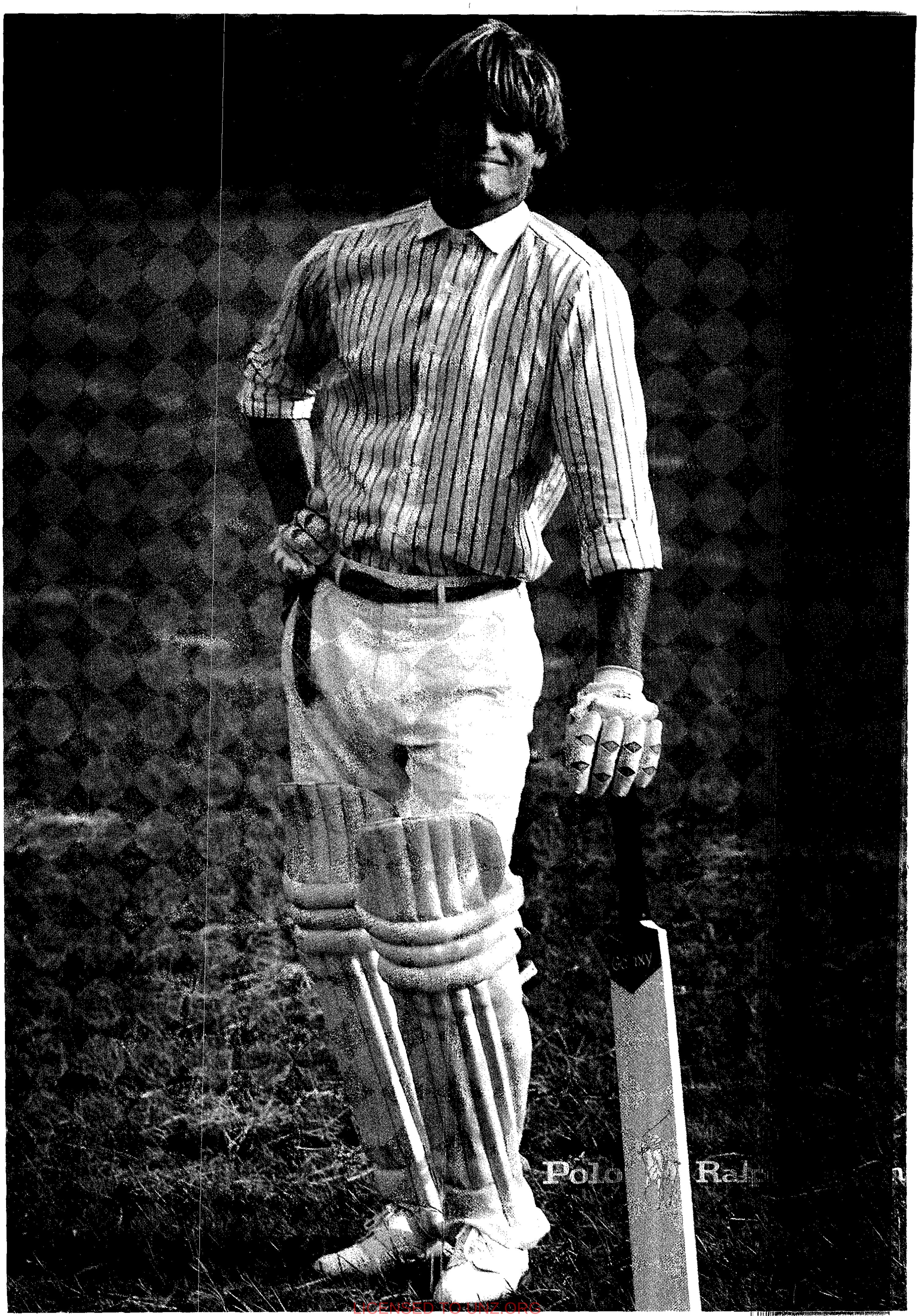
Polo Ra n

(1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, and Dolores Gray.

March 28: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, and Marilyn Monroe.

March 29: "Lenny" (†); and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.

March 30: "The Fire Within" (1963; Louis Malle; in French), with Maurice Ronet; and "The Lovers" (†).

March 31: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

April 1: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern.

April 2: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Stavisky" (†).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 23: "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941; Roy Del Ruth), with Rise Stevens and Nelson Eddy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

March 24-26: "Humoresque" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Joan Crawford and John Garfield; and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

March 27-28: "They Shall Have Music" (†) and "The Competition" (†).

March 29-30: "The Beggar's Opera" (†); and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

March 31-April 2: "Deep in My Heart" (1954; Stanley Donen), with José Ferrer, Merle Oberon, and Helen Traubel; and "The Student Prince" (1954; Richard Thorpe), with Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom, and Louis Calhern.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 23: "The Big Clock" (1948; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready; "Deadline at Dawn" (1946; Harold Clurman), with Susan Hayward and Paul Lukas; and "World for Ransom" (1954; Robert Aldrich), with Dan Duryea and Gene Lockhart.

March 24: "Modern Times" (1936) and "A King in New York" (1957), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

March 25-26: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

March 27: "Sartre par Lui-Même" (1976; Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), an interview with Jean-Paul Sartre in 1972.

March 28: "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Siobhán McKenna, Gary Raymond, and Elspeth March; and "Here Are Ladies" (1971), with Siobhán McKenna.

March 29: "A Piece of Pleasure" (†) and "This Man Must Die" (†).

March 30: "Desperate" (1947; Anthony Mann), with Steve Brodie; "Desert Fury" (1947; Lewis Allen), with Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, and Burt Lancaster; and "Follow Me Quietly" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with William Lundigan.

March 31: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.

April 1-2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Falstaff" (1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 24: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, and Miriam Hopkins.

March 25-26: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

March 27: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

From March 28: To be announced:

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—March 24 at 2:30: "Tire-au-Flanc" (1928; directed by Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Michel Simon and Jeanne Helbling. . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "Maldone" (1928; Jean Grémillon; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Charles Dullin and Annabella. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "Maternité" (1929; Marie Epstein and Jean Benôit-Lévy; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Harakiri" (1928; Marie-Louise Iribe; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Constant Rémy, André Berley, and Iribe. . . . ¶ March 26 at noon: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930; Howard Hawks), with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2:30: "Les Deux Timides" (1928; René Clair; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Pierre Batcheff and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5: "Les Nouveaux Messieurs" (1928; Jacques Feyder; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Gaby Morlay and Albert Préjean. . . . ¶ March 27 at noon: "The Dawn Patrol." . . . ¶ March 27 at 2:30: "Harakiri." . . . ¶ March 27 at 5: "La Merveilleuse Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Marc de Gastyne; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Simone Genevois, Philippe Hériat, and Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "Ames d'Enfants" (1928; Marie Epstein and Jean Benoit-Levy; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ March 29 at 2:30: "Maldone." . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: "Being a Joines: A Life in the Bushy Mountains" (1980; Tom Davenport, Joyse Joines Newman, Danile W. Patterson, and Allen Tullos). . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "Poil de Carotte" (1925; Julien Duvivier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with André Heuzé and Henry Krauss. . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Poil de Carotte" (1932; Julien Duvivier; in French, with no titles), with Harry Baur and Robert Lynen. . . . ¶ April 1 at 11:15: "Les Vampires" (1915-17; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Jean Aymé, Musidora, and Edouard Mathé. A ten-episode film, with two intermissions. . . . ¶ April 2 at noon: "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "The Lumière Approach," a program of early French films. . . . ¶ April 2 at 5: "Poil de Carotte" (1925) and "Poil de Carotte" (1932). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting March 24: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**New Directors/New Films**—The final programs in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—March 23 at 6: "There Lived a Wrestler" (India; P. Padmarajan). . . . ¶ March 23 at 8:30 and March 24 at 6: "The Dawn" (Indonesia; Arifin C. Noer). . . . ¶ March 24 at 9: "Evening Performance" (Spain; Josefina Molina). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Wend Kuuni" (Upper Volta; Gaston J. M. Kabore). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8:30: "Dirty Dishes" (France; Joyce Bunuel. . . . ¶ March 26 at 1: "There Lived a Wrestler." . . . ¶ March 26 at 3:30: "Evening Performance." . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "Dirty Dishes." . . . ¶ March 26 at 8:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (United States; Spike Lee) and "The Truuuuth" (Italy; Cesare Zavattini). . . . ¶ March 27 at 1: "Wend Kuuni." . . . ¶ March 27 at 3:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" and "The Truuuuth." . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "Rat Trap" (India; Adoor Gopalakrishnan). . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30 and March 28 at 6: "Half a Life" (France; Romain Goupil). . . . ¶ March 28 at 8:30 and March 29 at 6: "Jom" (Senegal; Ababacar Samb Makharam). . . . ¶ March 29 at 8:30: "Rat Trap." . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "The Mission" (United States; Parviz Sayyad). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 6: "A Marriage" (United States; Sandy Tung). . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30: "The Mission." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Le Beau Mariage**—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 24.)

**The Beggar's Opera** (1953)—Pure pleasure—the ballad-opera about the highwayman Captain Macheath and his escapes from the law and the ladies, with Laurence Olivier doing his own singing (he has a pleasant light baritone) as the dashing Macheath. This is one of his most playful, sophisticated, and least-known roles. It was Swift who suggested that a "Newgate pastoral might make an odd pretty sort of thing," and John Gay worked out the idea in a new form—a musical play with the lyrics fitted to existing music. To Londoners weary of the bombast of Italian opera, Gay's corrupt gang of thieves, highwaymen, whores, and informers was the fresh, sweet breath of England. Gay satirized the politics of the day as well as the heroics of Italian opera; many of his targets are now a matter for historians, but the large butt of the joke—the corruption and hypocrisy of mankind—still sits around. And by the time Peter Brook directed this film (his first, and the only comedy he has ever made), a new set of conventions, as tired and inflated as Italian opera, was ready for potshots—the conventions of the movies: the chaste heroines, the intrepid Robin Hood heroes, the phony realism. Dennis Cannan and Christopher Fry adapted the text freely, retaining the mocking, raffish spirit, and Arthur Bliss arranged the score so that we come out humming the pretty airs. And the actors are having such a good time playing scoundrels that their zest for villainy is infectiously satiric. Stanley Holloway is a magnificent Lockit, and shows off his fine, deep voice. Most of the others are dubbed, but they perform in such an offhand manner that the dubbing is inoffensive. It even comes in for a bit of parody when Dorothy Tutin, as dear Polly

Peachum, sings while rowing a boat. She obviously isn't singing the way someone rowing would sing; she smiles like a cat who has swallowed a canary, as indeed she has. Athene Seyler is a great Mrs. Trapes; George Devine is Peachum; Yvonne Furneaux is Jenny Diver; Daphne Anderson is Lucy Lockit; Hugh Griffith is the Beggar; Mary Clare is Mrs. Peachum; Margot Grahame is the Actress. The cinematography is by Guy Green, with art direction by George Wakhévitch and William C. Andrews. Commercially, the film was a disaster, and it has rarely been revived. (Regency; March 29-30.)

**Das Boot** (1982; "The Boat")—If you want to learn about the tedium of life in a German submarine, this is the movie that will give it to you—you're trapped for two and a half hours in a Second World War U-boat that's ten feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long. And with men who have the same kind of anti-war nobility that the men had in American submarine epics of the fifties. It even has the same kind of heroic man-of-few-words-but-strong-deep-feelings captain (Jurgen Prochnow). The camera keeps moving, yet the whole feeling is claustrophobic—the movement of the camera (deliberately) calls *more* attention to how cramped everything is. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, did the adaptation of the best-selling autobiographical novel by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, a former war correspondent. The movie "Das Boot" (being shown here) is in German; the dubbed-into-English version is called "The Boat." (34th St. East; through March 24.)

**Coal Miner's Daughter** (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this heartening, all-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (New Yorker; through March 24.)

**Come and Get It** (1936)—Edward Arnold as the great lumber millionaire of Edna Ferber's story. Some moments of excitement, and even humor. With Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. (Quad Cinema; through March 24.)

**The Competition** (1980)—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. Her voice suggests that she's in a thick, muggy haze, and she drawls affectedly. He scrunches up his face, claps his hand to the back of his neck, and turns away; trying to act a sensitive musician under a terrible strain, he comes across as a throbbing, shuddering wreck. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (Regency; March 27-28.)

**Coup de Torchon (Clean Slate)**—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad clean-up jobs are hopeless. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell, Samba Mane, Abdoulaye Diop, and Irene Skobline. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel, "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French. (1/24/83) (Quad Cinema; through March 30.)

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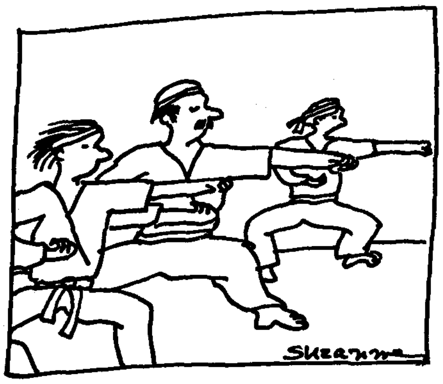
**Deathtrap** (1982)—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; through March 24.)

**The Diary of a Chambermaid** (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting April 1.)

**The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Cinema Studio; March 25-31.)



**Diva**—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; starting April 1.)

**Excalibur** (1981)—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. As Merlin, Nicol Williamson (who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign, with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Script by Rosco Pallenberg and Boorman; cinematography by Alex Thompson; production design by Anthony Pratt; Trevor Jones prepared the score (which uses themes from Wagner and Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana") and conducted it. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Cinema Village; April 1-2.)

**The Exterminating Angel** (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel,; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; starting April 1.)

**48 Hrs.**—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 24. . . . ¶ Embassy; through March 28.)

**Gallipoli** (1981)—A well-executed academic exercise about the waste of war—two young Australian runners, played by (dark-haired) Mel Gibson and (blond) Mark Lee, are slaughtered. (They and other Australians are sacrificed in an ill-conceived First World War maneuver designed to protect the British.) It's an "artistic" film, full of familiar pathos and irony—a tragic buddy-buddy movie directed by Peter Weir. His wide-screen staging is very elegant; his weakness is in his habit of stereotyping villains (in this case they're mostly the British). There's also a larger weakness: there's no discernible reason for him to have made the picture except to bring off a "classic." Gibson gives a fresh and impressive performance, but Lee does a very conventional acting job and his character is much too gallant and good and brave. With Bill Kerr, a fine, baldheaded actor with a great voice, as Uncle Jack, who reads aloud to the children. The script is by David Williamson; the cinematography is by Russell Boyd. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 30-April 2.)

**Gandhi**—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

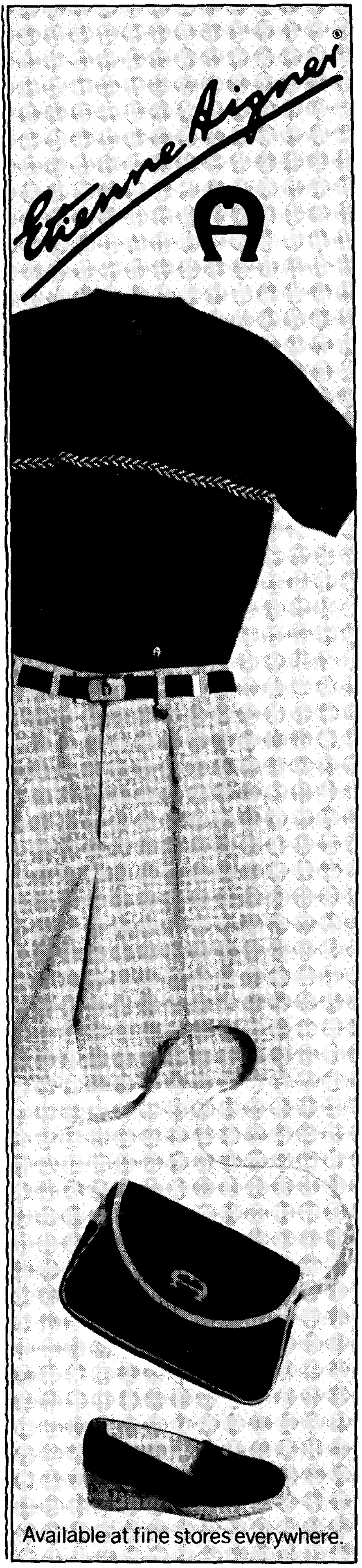
**Giant** (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, "modern" manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, Chill Wills, Alexander Scourby, and Earl Holliman. Screenplay by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat; music by Dmitri Tiomkin; cinematography by William C. Mellor; designed by Boris Leven, with Ralph Hurst. (Stills of the huge gothic house standing in a vast bare stretch of ground call up the movie as surely as the mention of "Rosebud" calls up "Citizen Kane.") (Beacon; starting March 25.)

**The Great Santini** (1980; "The Ace")—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall as the military-psychopath father and Michael O'Keefe as the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son. There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel, "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keith as the redneck so mean he shoots the black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. Music by Elmer Bernstein. (St. Marks Cinema; March 25-31.)

**The King of Comedy**—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (Coronet. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; starting March 25.)

**Lenny** (1974)—This earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred only because he lived before their time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey, Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 27-28. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; March 29.)

**Local Hero**—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him, happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wist-



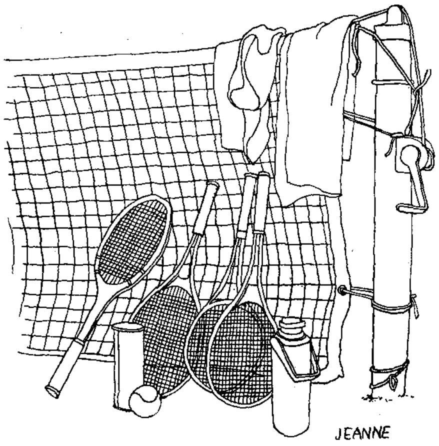
ful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub-owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny, Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her, Fulton MacKay as the hermit, Chris Rozycki as the Russian, and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Cinema I.)

**The Lovers** (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Metro Cinema; March 30.)

**Lovesick**—Among the many psychoanalyst characters are the hero Dudley Moore, his crony Wallace Shawn, and Selma Diamond, John Huston, Alan King, Stefan Schnabel, Richard B. Shull, and Alec Guinness (as the shade of a trim, urbane Sigmund Freud). The writer-director, Marshall Brickman, has a dapper, weird precision of tone that's funny, and he starts with a promising (if flimsy) situation: Moore inherits a patient, a young playwright (Elizabeth McGovern), from Shawn, who has fallen in love with her and died of guilt; of course, Moore falls in love with her, too. But Brickman's attention seems to wander away, and the dramatic tension dribbles out. The film's tasteful sprightliness keeps it from being about anything, but there are some terrific comedy performances by Anne DeSalvo, Kent Broadhurst, David Strathairn, Gene Saks, and Renée Taylor. Also with the painter Larry Rivers, his great-bird head held high, as a painter, and Ron Silver as a Hollywood star who resembles Al Pacino. (3/7/83) (Bay Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through March 24. . . . ¶ Gemini; through March 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; March 25-31.)

**My Favorite Year**—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit part as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Gramercy; through March 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; March 25-30.)

**The Night of the Shooting Stars**—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)



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**La Nuit de Varennes**—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. For diverse reasons, assorted historical and fictional personages are travelling by stagecoach to Varennes; the King, who has fled with the Queen, is also on the road, in a coach ahead of them. And what do the ladies and gentlemen who are trailing behind the King do? For two and a half hours, they look knowingly at each other and talk literately. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by the director, Ettore Scola, and Sergio Amidei. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**An Officer and a Gentleman**—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

**Parsifal**—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Guild; through March 31.)

**A Piece of Pleasure** (1976)—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently: country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees. In French. (Thalia; March 29.)

**Prince of the City** (1981)—Treat Williams has a very closed face—the kind of opaque face that is like a brick wall in front of the camera. And that may be why Williams, as a New York City police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit, plays each scene as an acting exercise—going through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. Things don't begin to come together until you're heading into the third hour, when the cross suspended from Williams' neck lights up, like a balloon above his head, announcing "Penance! Absolution!" There's one remarkable performance (it's mostly in the last section): Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy, acts with such sureness and economy that while Williams is flailing about, Orbach magnetizes the camera. Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film has a super-realistic over-all gloom, and the people are so "ethnic" and yell so much that you begin to long for the sight of a cool blond in bright sunshine. Lumet and Jay Presson Allen wrote the screenplay, based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, who's stuck with one of those speeches about how we're all guilty, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music, by Paul Chihara, suggests an existentialist fugue by Schubert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 1-2.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting March 25.)

**Red River** (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trailblazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive, and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at ten dollars a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from $1,750,000 to $3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but, as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Clift as Fletcher Christian. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and frantic Joanne Dru, who acts as if the Old West were Greenwich Village. Music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 29-30.)

**Sophie's Choice**—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes; evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 24.)

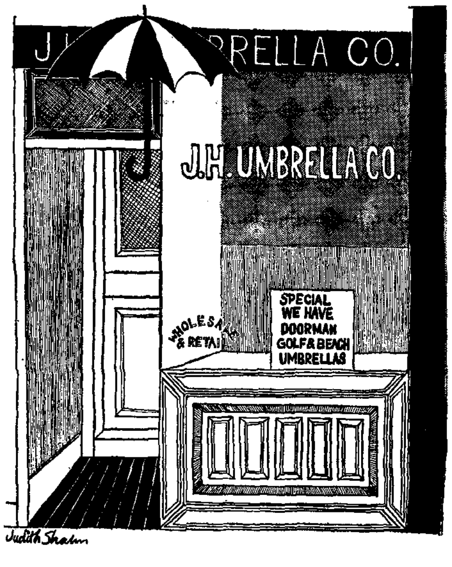
**Stavisky** (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red-circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement is thought out in design terms; Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun, the cinematography by Sacha Vierny. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, Claude Rich, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French. (Metro Cinema; April 2.)

**Tales of Ordinary Madness**—Not for people who are disturbed by four-letter words or sexual acts performed with lewd gusto. Made in English by the Italian director Marco Ferreri, it's about many of the same themes as an Ingmar Bergman picture, but it isn't stark—it has the matter-of-fact, one-thing-after-another plainness of an Abbott and Costello movie. The script is based on the stories and the spirit of the American poet and novelist Charles Bukowski, a master of rut who writes about the gutbucket pain and elation of being human. The artist-bum hero, who is based in L.A., is played by Ben Gazzara, who gets to cut loose and do things that probably nobody has done onscreen before. Ferreri gets right down inside Bukowski's self-mocking lust and self-dramatizing temperament. As the convent-bred prostitute, Cass, "the most beautiful woman in town," Ornella Muti is as lithe as a cat, and has the soft radiance of the young Hedy Lamarr in the coital scenes of "Ecstasy." The early sequences don't have much impetus and the dialogue is often flatulent, but there's genuine audacity and risk-taking in this movie. It may not have the energy of great art, but its nakedness has an aesthetic force. With Susan Tyrrell as the gamiest and funniest of the women the hero has bouts with, and Judith Drake. (3/21/83) (Gemini; through March 24.)

**They Shall Have Music** (1939)—A film of lower East Side life, which can hardly be called realistic, since Jascha Heifetz wanders in and out of it. With Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Porter Hall, Terry Kilburn, and Diana Lynn. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Regency; March 27-28.)

**This Man Must Die** (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but his technique sags, and the movie is so attenuated and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. When you hear that the father's quest for the child's murderer is like looking for a needle in a haystack, you want to giggle, because practically the only other man in the movie is the hit-and-run driver. With Michel Duchaussoy as the father, and Jean Yanne, who gives the picture a breath of life, as the uncouth villain. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Thalia; March 29.)

**Tootsie**—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art. Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 31.)



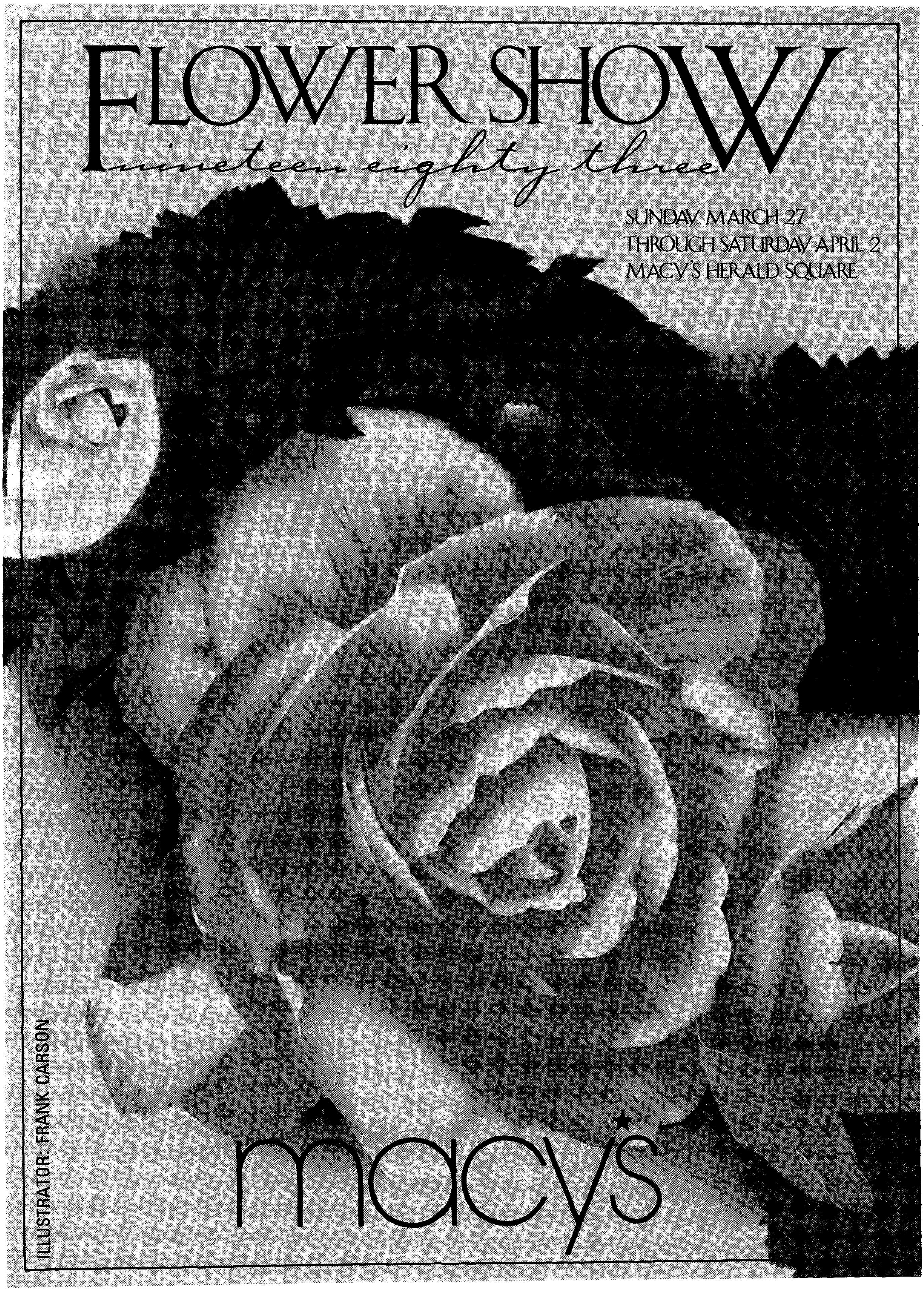
**The Verdict**—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it'a a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through March 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting March 25.)

**Victor/Victoria** (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs, by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, are bland and forgettable. (5/3/82) (Gramercy; through March 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; March 25-30.)

**Viridiana** (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; March 25-31.)

**War and Peace** (1956)—Sixty thousand horses and sixty thousand men (including Napoleon) cannot put Tolstoy together again. An overblown version of the classic, with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer. Directed by King Vidor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 27.)

**The Year of Living Dangerously**—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Manhattan, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Embassy; through March 24. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 31.)


FLOWER SHOW
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THROUGH SATURDAY APRIL 2
MACY'S HERALD SQUARE
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ILLUSTRATOR: FRANK CARSON

THE
NEW YORKER

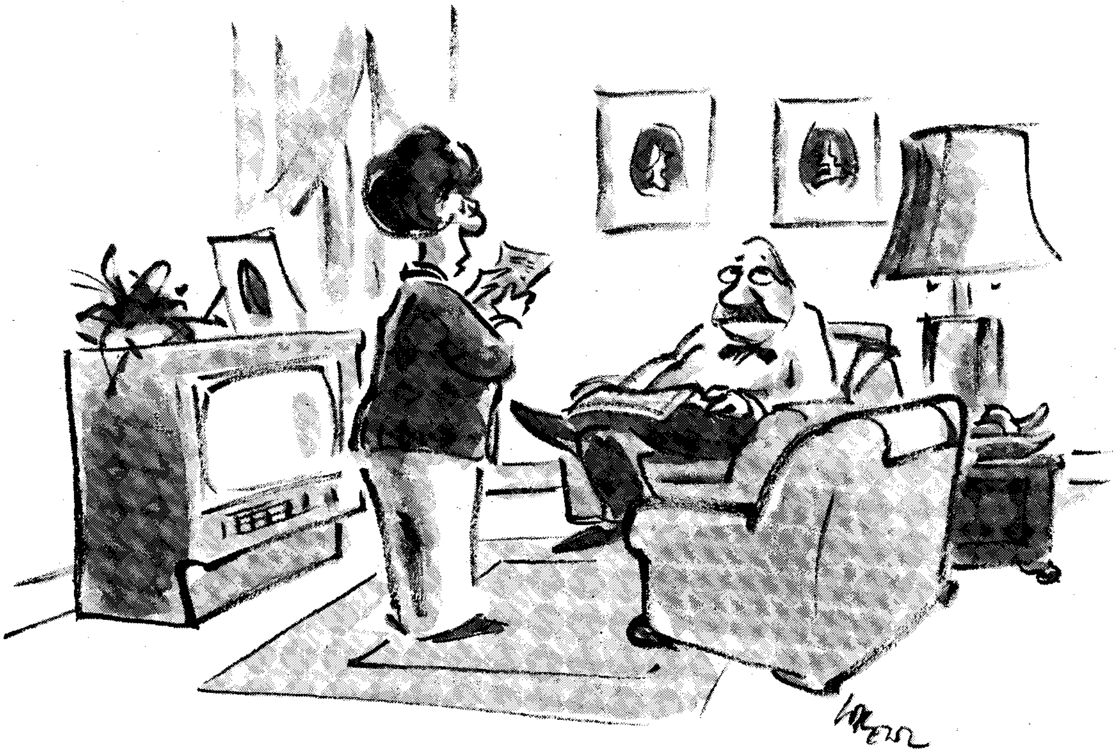
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE most alarming thing about President Reagan's speech at the Evangelical Conference was not that he adopted positions of moral certainty in areas that should be approached neutrally but that he expressed a neutral view of the most staggering moral problem of our age. Leaving aside his implication that those who disagree with him are in league with the Devil, we are confronted with the fact that when President Reagan puts on his moral spectacles and looks at the political situation in the world he doesn't even see the nuclear predicament. No evil attracts his moral attention to this area. The only evil that he sees is the well-known evil of totalitarianism. That part of the world's predicament which is created by the presence of nuclear weapons does not provoke moral questions in him. In this respect, he is innocent. His innocence means that a nuclear war started by Ronald Reagan would be something that was more like an accident than like a crime.

To those of us who are trying to grope toward a perception of the moral outlines of the nuclear predicament, this stark innocence offers a contrast that clarifies our position in a small way. We differ from President Reagan most drastically not in that we have answers, or even in that we have a clear idea of the right questions, but in that we know that we don't know. We are ignorant, but we are not innocently ignorant. What we don't know ranges from the full physical consequences of nuclear explosions to how the kind of evil implicit in the nuclear predicament fits in with moral issues of which we do have some understandng, such as the evils of totalitariansm. Knowing that we don't know makes extreme caution imperative. Knowing that we don't know is what lies behind such positions as the calls for a freeze on weapons and a no-first-strike policy—although it does not point with certainty to these positions. There is no certainty here. But the absence of certainty does not mean that it is inappropriate to pose moral questions. Knowing that we don't know entails a loss of innocence and the assumption of a moral responsibility that none of us have yet figured out how to fulfill. Under these conditions, it is preposterous for one to pass moral judgment on people whose ideas don't accord with one's own instincts for where the resolution to the nuclear predicament lies. But it is even more preposterous to behave as if the nuclear predicament simply didn't raise moral questions. The President did this, but so, in a way, did those critics of the speech who objected to his references to good and evil as in themselves inappropriate to our debate on this issue. The essence of the nuclear predicament is that it presents us with an evil that escapes our time-honored ways of understanding and responding to moral matters. Our work is to draw the predicament out of the realm of innocence, out of the realm of accident, and into the morally intelligible realm of human intentions.

WE have nothing but good wishes for Peter Martins and Jerome Robbins, the new dual "Ballet Masters-in-Chief" of the New York City Ballet. Still, the pieces in last Thursday's *Times* made us sad beyond measure. The Balanchine era is over. It is all but unthinkable that there will be no new Balanchine ballets, and even the remote possibility that the ones we have might be neglected or not properly staged, now that the Master is no longer able to oversee them, is deeply disturbing. We trust that the new Ballet Masters-in-Chief will soon set our mind at rest. For us, as for a lot of people, those ballets were, and remain, central to what art in the twentieth century is all about. Balanchine turned tradition inside out, keeping its forms but transfiguring and transcending them, like Picasso and Stravinsky, the only artists of our time who can be mentioned in the same breath. Prolific, daring, unfashionable until he created a style that *became* a fashion, Balanchine was at the center of a vitality that touched all the arts of this city and sent a tremor around the world. Hardly a ballet company worth its name is without at least one Balanchine work in its repertory. He was, moreover, a stage magician without parallel. Through the decades—and as recently as last week, when we attended a performance of "On Your Toes," for which he devised the original choreography, in 1936—we were privileged to see a theatre of the dance which no drama of his time could equal. The relationships that Mr. B., as he is still fondly called, contrived to make appear on the stage before millions of eyes were as dramatic and profound as any we know. The Balanchine repertory not only is at the heart of the New York City Ballet but is its very raison d'être. Change is inevitable, even welcome. But the future belongs to masterpieces, and Mr. B. created so many that only a recently published scholarly listing



*"At nine, there's a Bob Hope special, with Susan Anton, Victoria Principal, Suzanne Somers, Cheryl Tiegs, and Neville Marriner conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields."*

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of over four hundred dance works makes it possible for anyone to keep count.

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## *Bunraku*

ONE afternoon before the start of their run at Japan House last week, the members of the Osaka Bunraku Troupe (who had arrived in town at five that morning after an overnight flight from Honolulu) demonstrated their traditional puppet theatre for the benefit of television and press people and of Raul Julia (who could not make it to an evening show, because of his starring role in "Nine"). The cool, incurious lenses of network television cameras swept over the puppets—dolls half or two-thirds life-size, with wooden heads, samurai- or geisha-style hair, and brilliantly colored costumes—as they played out powerful scenes of grief, love, or murderous revenge. Cameras panned across the puppet stage to record the unconcealed trio of puppeteers (the leader's face exposed but impassive, the two other men hooded like ebony chessmen, and all three of them black-clad) who held each doll and, by harmonious manipulations of its head, hands, feet, or skirts, gave it life. And cameras raked the separate platform where the narrator of the ancient tales and the player of the lutelike samisen accompanying them knelt, in broad-shouldered vests like winged shells, before a gold-burnished screen. But a couple of minutes of tape for the evening news programs could scarcely capture the mystical connections of Bunraku—the intangible web that binds and entwines the reciting, the music, the puppeteers' discreet dexterity, and the uncannily human presences of their dolls.

Just as soon as the troupe retired to its dressing room for a short break, and the American television cameras were turned off, a crew from Japanese television came bustling up to interview Raul Julia about his impressions. He sat on the arm of one of the auditorium's seats with his long legs stretched into the aisle. The man holding a microphone nodded and nodded at him as he spoke. "Inspiring," Julia said, several times. "It's inspiring to see how the artists' egos get out of the way."

The dressing room, although it was professionally orderly, felt almost cramped. There were ten black-robed members of the visiting troupe, moving shoeless around a tatami-covered platform that ringed the room, or seated at a coffee table jammed with teacups, teapots, soft-drink bottles, ashtrays, and packets of Japanese tea. There were the troupe's street clothes, arranged on hangers in groups of shirts, suits, and neat trenchcoats, which adorned the whole of one wall, like a convocation of doubles. Then, too, there was the family of puppets—for the most part headless shapes in bright silk costumes, suspended in a gibbet-line from a rack, and dangling childlike, vulnerable-looking sandalled feet. Carved wooden puppet heads stared up from a tabletop nearby: delicate female heads with blue-black hair smoothly padded in sections, and larger masculine heads with movable eyes and adjustable slanting slashes of caterpillar eyebrows. On a separate stand, and reflected over and over again in the mirrors that lined the room, there loomed the largest of the puppets—a massive tattooed body with a ferocious, blue-tinged bald head ringed with wafting long black hair. At the puppet's feet, the senior puppeteer knelt, quietly fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan. The samisen player, retuning his instrument, filled the room with its twanging, moaning sounds.

There was a stir at the dressing-room door, and Raul Julia came in. Those around the coffee table stood in unison, gathered in a semicircle, bowed. One of the younger puppeteers, standing near a rack where his black face coverings hung like clustered bats, went on attending to the articulation of a puppet hand and forearm. While his colleagues exchanged courtesies with the visitor (confusions, consultations, translations, mystified good will), the young puppeteer stood by, in his black robe, his black slipper-socks with separate big-toe sections, and his black gloves with no thumbs. He looked on in silence, gently waving and testing the little disembodied wooden hand. It was a shell-pink feminine paw, and it kept curling and uncurling its fingers with a rhythmic clicking sound as, across the room, the encounter of actor and players mounted to a chorus of excited elucidations and a shower of the "ah *so*" sounds that are clearly Japanese for "Eureka!" A narrator—the great Toyotake Rodayu V, whose noble and expressive tones, rolling over the Bunraku texts, had earlier caused Julia to emit an admiring "Wow!" from where he sat in the audience—now stepped toward the actor with a smile. "My friend Kankuro, the Kabuki star, saw your show when he was here," Rodayu said. "He says to me, 'You've gotta go see "Nine"!' "

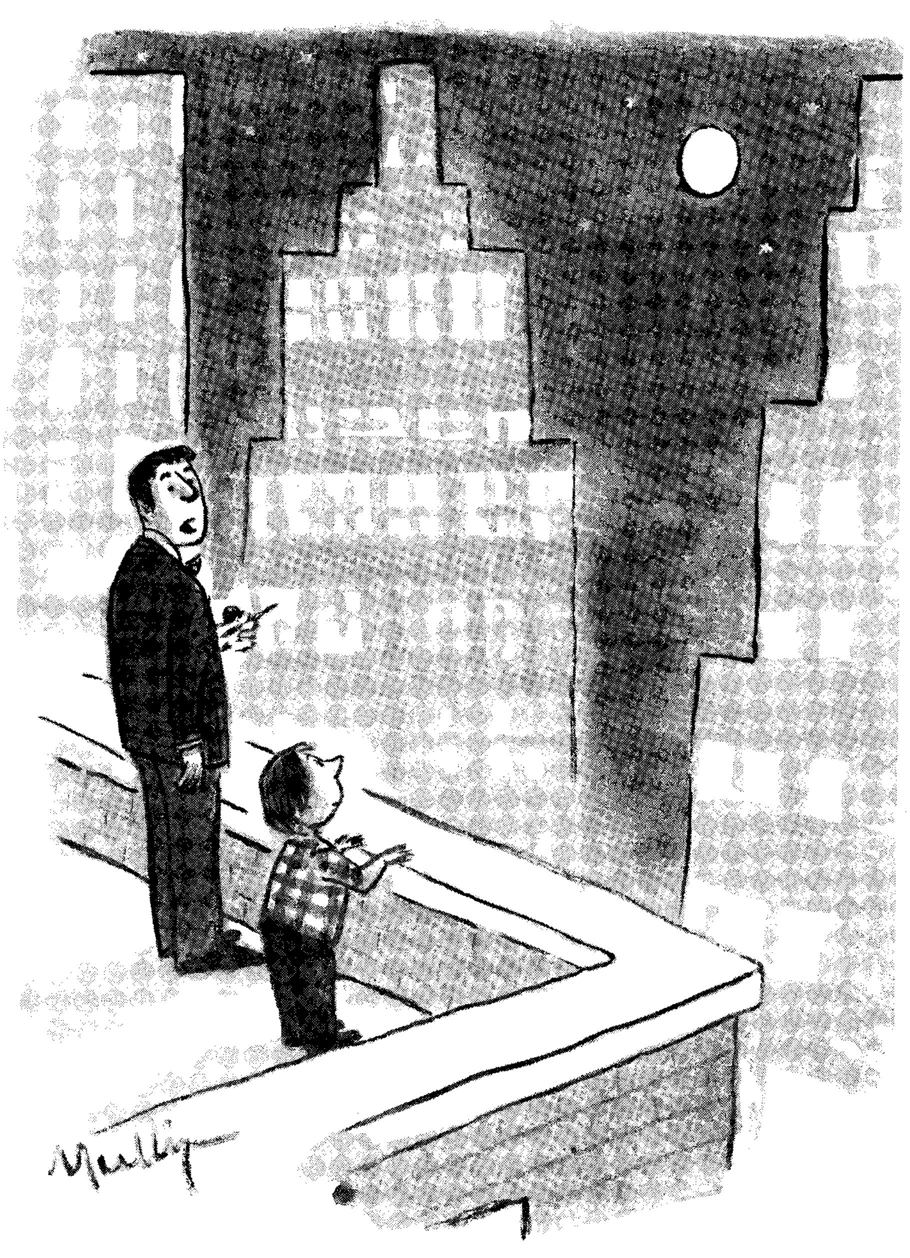
Audience and players took their places once again, and it was the turn of the lamenting wife in "The Sake Shop" to perform her silent monologue of love betrayed, despair, and suicide. The small figure in blue silk went through her graceful, heartfelt paces of kneeling, rising, turning, drooping her coiffured head, flinging out the bannerlike sleeves of her kimono, and folding her arms inward again to bury her pale, narrow face in a pair of those small shell-pink hands. The illusion was so complete that real tears seemed to mark her unchanging wooden features, to tremble and glisten in the stage light like the tossing silvery tassels of the ornament in her hair. Then, with a sinuous twist of her torso, a lingering backward turn of her head that left her nape perfectly bent, her kimono perfectly draped, she struck a pose. The puppet master at her side slipped his hand from its secret place inside her sleeve, rested his fist on his hip, and leaned away from her at an angle, though still watchful, like a black-clad dancer deliberately drawing all eyes to his dazzling partner. Then somehow it was as if the man had vanished—fallen away in a puff of smoke—and the doll was up there alive, alone, and radiant for her infinite moment.

## *Network*

WE'VE always had a lot of friends—the guys we went to school with, the people around the office, the guy in the next apartment (though now that he's taken to playing that Blondie tune "Call Me" on his synthesizer early in the A.M. the relationship is growing strained). Friends, yes, but never a network. Well, all that's changed now, because we recently attended the Business Networking Salon that Jerry Rubin, formerly of the nineteen-sixties, holds every Wednesday evening at Studio 54. The salon celebrated its first birthday last week, and Mr. Rubin said it is healthy and hardy and growing, perhaps because "the eighties are all about succeeding, and networking is all about succeeding, too."

Mr. Rubin gave us a few networking pointers when we first arrived at Studio 54: don't talk to anyone for more than just a few minutes; don't waste productive time on idle chatter; always exchange business cards, so subsequent lunches can be arranged; "Leave gracefully if the conversation grows stale, maybe by saying 'I have to get a drink;' " and "Tap into the networks of friends. You can meet anyone you want or need to know through one or two people. *I could meet the Pope through someone here!*" Most of all, Mr. Rubin added, networking takes practice. "I've been doing it for a long time, and by now I can find with no trouble the fifty most interesting people here," he said, surveying a crowd of some fifteen hundred people who were standing around the disco. "I can tell by the way they carry themselves, by the gleam in their eye, by the feeling coming off their essence, and, of course, by their business position, which is on their name tag."

And so we set to work. We don't mean to boast, but before long we had a sizable network. We don't have the Pope or President Reagan, or even Ted Koppel, in our network, but we do have Antler, who is a damn fine poet. His "Factory," recently published by City Lights Books, in San Francisco, is a long, angry, and articulate howl against modern industrialism, and Antler himself is soft-spoken and friendly and seems to be succeeding in



*"And that, my boy, is the moon."*

the nineteen-eighties even though he doesn't have a business card. Leonard Rothbart, who does have one, is also in our network. He composes, arranges, and produces music for commercials and films, and one of his favorite pieces of work, done for a South Carolina frankfurter concern, goes like this:

When you think about a hot dog,
Think about Wiener King.

Benita Brewer's a part of our network, too—she runs Benita International, a dating service that "focusses on professionals." And then there's Donald Fann, a representative of Planet Tapes, which markets cassettes of the speeches of a number of famous people, including Hawaii's Senator Spark Matsunaga. We wouldn't go so far as to say that Hawaii's Senator Spark Matsunaga is in our network—just sort of. And maybe he knows the Pope. A veteran networker, Mark Sadan, intercepted us as we were trying to network with the bartender. He said that he was a photographer who had recently taken pictures of Norway, and that he was currently trying to convince Amtrak that it should pay him to take pictures of America. His business card had his picture on it, and Mr. Rubin had said that having your picture on your business card was a good thing.

We networked with Ben Klein, who does home repairs, and he complained that most of the people at Studio 54 dwelt in apartments. And with Bill Anagnos, a stunt man in search of work, who once rolled a flaming tractor-trailer truck three hundred and sixty degrees. The representative in our network from the Vegetarian Association of America, Bob Pinkus, told us that animals were "piggy banks for poison." A composer, W. Gregory Nissen, said he had come to the networking salon in part to search for someone capable of writing the libretto for an "electronic comic operetta" he had in mind. "Librettists are very useful people to me," Mr. Nissen said.

Fernando McMullin, one of several financial types in our network, said that Jerry Rubin's operation had allowed him to establish "big-league contacts" that often came in handy. "If you have a concept, you can come here and find a resource," he told us, "and that will help you bridge the gap to whatever you want." If Mr. McMullin's concept involved cleaning his apartment, we'd be happy to introduce him to one of our resources—Curt Rayvis, who runs Squeaky Cleaners. Anyone under consideration for a job with Squeaky Cleaners visits Mr. Rayvis's apartment, which is tidy, and is asked to track down dirt. "I know what corner the dust is in, and I watch to see if he finds it," said Mr. Rayvis, and then he reminded us that the watchword in cleaning large structures is "Start from the top and work your way down." If our network, which extends across the tri-state area, ever fails us, we know where we can turn—to Dorothy Palmer, who runs a talent agency with a large computer. Once, someone called Mrs. Palmer to say he was filming a Pampers commercial for Nigeria, and she found him a Nigerian voice-over specialist. "It took me just one minute," Mrs. Palmer told us. "And he had a great voice."

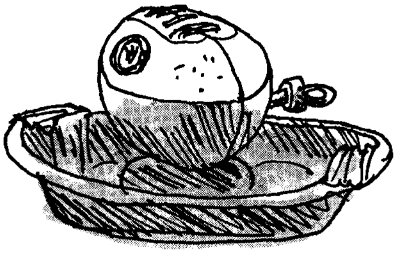
All the while we were networking, events were taking place on the Studio 54 stage. An ill-clad troupe of men and women staged an interpretive dance to a song about "putting out fire with gasoline." And a videotape company projected on a screen a number of commercials that it had helped produce, including one for Lew Lehrman. Lew Lehrman! We'd forgotten about him. And, finally, Allen Ginsberg, the great Beat poet, performed songs, including some from his new album, "First Blues." Our favorites were "Do the Meditation" and "Put Down Your Cigarette Rag." We swayed and bopped through Ginsberg's set—we and about two dozen other folks. The rest of the fifteen hundred were still networking, though they were having to raise their voices a bit to be heard.

As we were leaving, we asked a young woman how she had liked Allen Ginsberg.

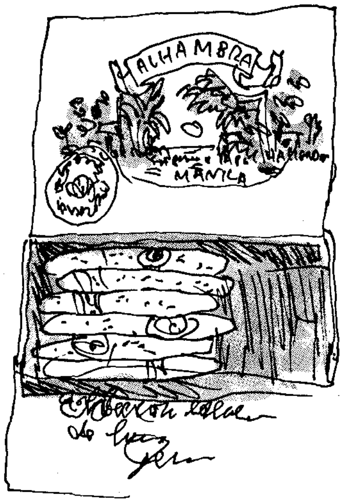
"Is that who that was?" she replied. "If I'd known it was someone famous, I would have listened. But I was too busy to pay much attention. I was buying insurance."

## *Mementos*

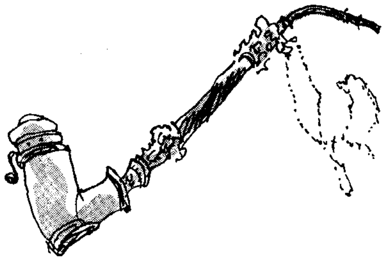
WHERE is Voltaire's red briefcase? Where is Gertrude Stein's vest? Where are James M. Cain's silver mint-julep cups, Robert Browning's blotting paper, Balzac's humidor, and Erle Stanley Gardner's brass knuckles? Lost forever? Hardly. All these literary leftovers—and lots more—are currently on view within the sober confines of the Grolier Club, at 47 East Sixtieth Street. The mementos, all of them strenuously authenticated, cover a broad span. Dr. Samuel Johnson's door knocker is there (though not in great shape), and so is John O'Hara's Yale-football musical ashtray (*Illus. A*), which plays "Boola, Boola." There are Wordsworth's spectacles, snippets of John Keats' hair, Samuel Butler's paints, Hart Crane's ivory paper knife, and H. L. Mencken's tea set. Writers tend to smoke a lot, as is reflected in a box of silver-wrapped Manila cigars (*Illus. B*) that belonged to Amy Lowell; Lord Byron's pipe (*Illus. C*), sitting in its green-velvet-lined carrying case; Joseph Conrad's matchbox; and Tennyson's clay pipe (with accompanying



*Illus. A*

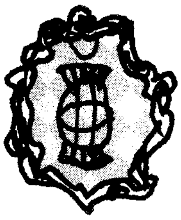


*Illus. B*

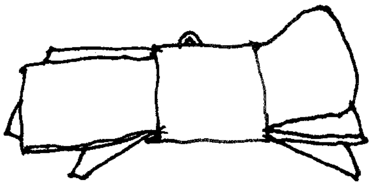


*Illus. C*

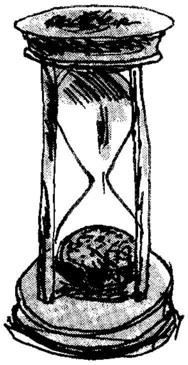
package of Bull Durham). Marianne Moore's Bryn Mawr class pin (*Illus. D*) is displayed; also Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's white bow tie (*Illus. E*)—an early snap-on, apparently—and Emily Dickinson's egg timer (*Illus. F*), made of "wood grown on the banks of the Doon." Visitors can study the door latch from Thoreau's birthplace (*Illus. G*)—an opportunity that may not repeat itself—and examine a palette identified as "One of D. G. Rossetti's Three Last Palettes." (The two other palettes are presumably drawing crowds elsewhere.) Ruskin's magnifying glass and Shelley's elaborate baby rattle are shown, along with Henry James's silver-headed malacca walking stick (*Illus. H*). Beatrix Potter's teacup (*Illus. I*) is appealing, while George Bernard Shaw's long lavender socks (*Illus. J*) probably are not. William Butler Yeats' fountain pen (*Illus. K*) looks pretty much like anybody else's; ditto for Goethe's quills (*Illus. L*). The most touching items, for us, were A. J. Liebling's War Correspondent and First Infantry Division patches (*Illus. M*) from the Second World War. There is a magnificent microscope that belonged to Lewis Carroll, and Charles Dickens' travelling lamp, with a cracked mica window and small doors (*Illus. N*). The lamp enabled the much-travelled author to read on trains and in coaches.



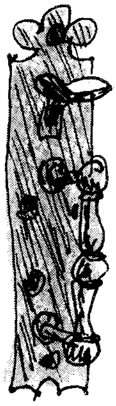
*Illus. D*



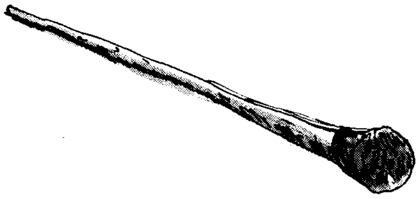
*Illus. E*



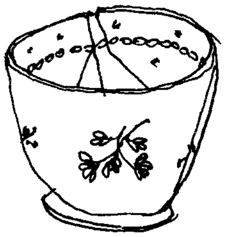
*Illus. F*



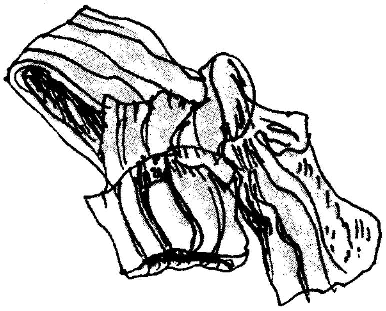
*Illus. G*



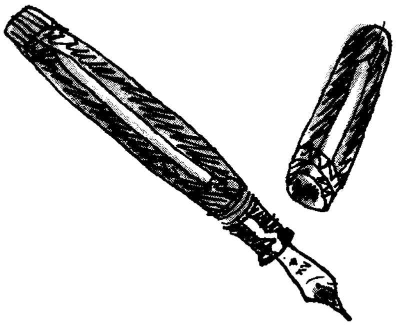
*Illus. H*



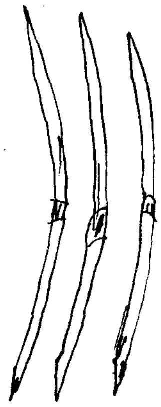
*Illus. I*



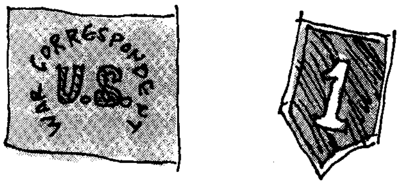
*Illus. J*



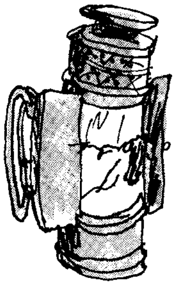
*Illus. K*



*Illus. L*

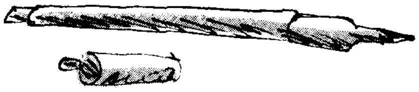


*Illus. M*



*Illus. N*

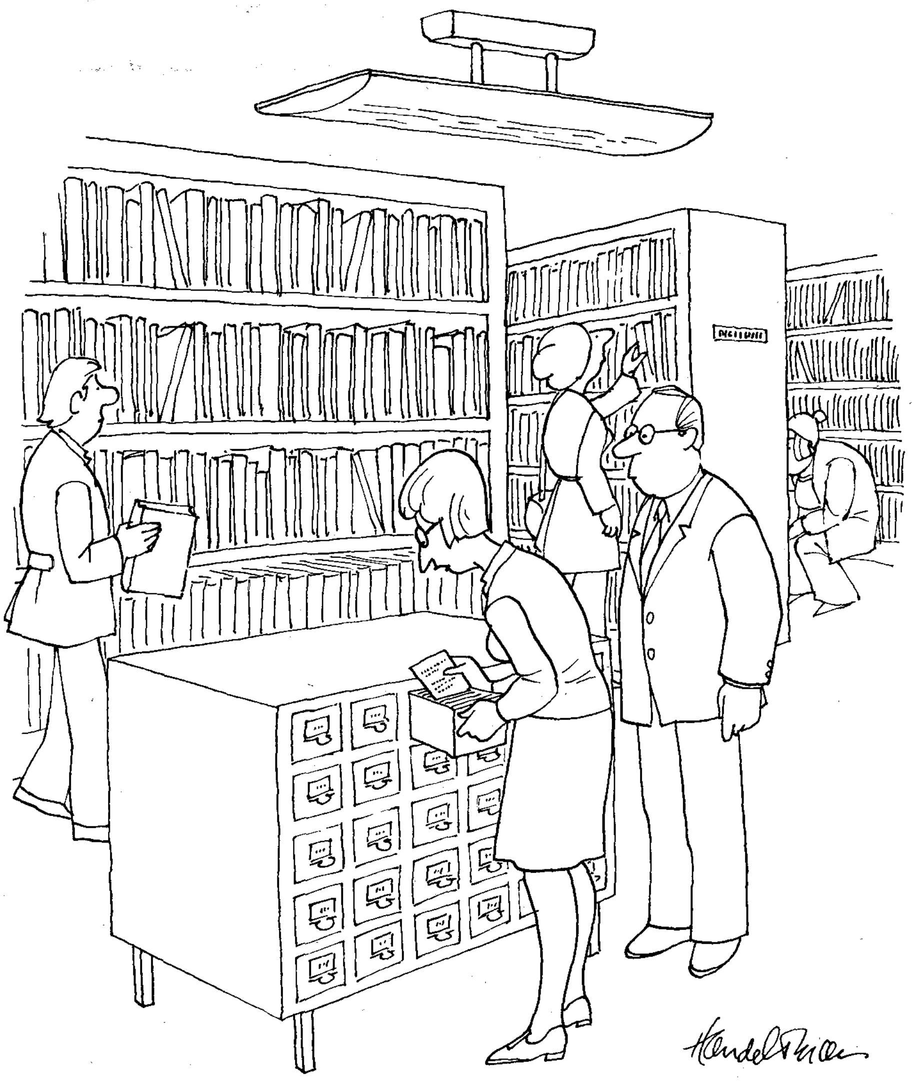
Not included in the exhibit is a marker pen (*Illus. O*) that was used for these illustrations. At this point, we took it home.



*Illus. O*

# TELEVISION

BILLY called early in the week to tell me he'd found out that Friday was Atley's birthday. Atley had been Billy's lawyer first, and then Billy recommended him to me. He became my lawyer when I called Billy after my car fell into a hole in the car wash. Atley gave me a free five minutes in his office so that I could understand that Small Claims Court would be best. Billy had the idea that we should take Atley to lunch on his birthday. I said to him, "What are we going to do with Atley at lunch?," and he said that we'd think of something. I was all for getting some out-of-work ballerina to run into the restaurant with Mylar balloons, but Billy said no, we'd just think of something. He picked the restaurant, and Friday came and we were still thinking when the three of us met there and sat down, and because we were all a little uptight the first thing we thought of, of course, was having some drinks. Then Atley got to telling the story about his cousin who'd won a goldfish in a brandy snifter; he got so attached to the fish that he went out and got it an aquarium, but then he decided that the fish didn't look as happy in the aquarium. Atley told his cousin that the brandy glass had magnified the fish and that's what made it look happy, but the cousin wouldn't believe it, so the cousin had a couple of drinks that night and decided to lower the brandy glass into the aquarium. He dug around in the pebbles and then piled them up around the base of the glass to anchor it, and the fish eventually started swimming around and around outside the top of the submerged glass in the same contented way, Atley said, that people in a hot tub sit there and hold their hands next to where the jets of water rush in.



"*We have Ford Madox Ford, but no Ford Madox Ford Madox Ford.*"

The waiter came and told us the specials, and Billy and I both started smiling and looking away, because we knew that it was Atley's birthday and we were going to have to do something pretty soon. If we'd known the fish story beforehand, we could have gotten him a fish as a gag present. The waiter probably thought we were laughing at him and hated us for it; he had to stand there and say "Côtelette Plus Ça Change" or whatever the specialty was, when actually he wanted to be John Travolta in "Saturday Night Fever." He had the pelvis for it.

Billy said, when he was eating his shrimp, "My parents had a New Year's Eve party the last time I visited them, and some woman got ripped and took my father's shoe and sock off and painted his toenails." At this point I cracked up, and the waiter, who was removing my plate, looked at me as if I was dispensable. "That's *not* it, that's not the punch line!" Billy said. Atley held his hand up in cop-stopping-traffic style, and Billy made a fist and hit it. Then he said, "The punch line is, a week later my father was reading the paper at breakfast and my mother said, 'What if I get some nail-polish remover and fix your toes?' and my father said, 'Don't do it.' She was *scared* to do it!"

"I had such a happy childhood," I said. "We always rented a beach house during the summer, and my mother and father had one of each of our baby shoes bronzed—my sister's and mine—and they danced in the living room a lot. My father said the only way he'd have a TV was if he could think of it as a giant radio, so when they finally bought one he'd be watching and my mother would come into the room and he'd get up and take her in his arms and start humming and dancing. They'd dance while Kate Smith talked or whatever, or while Gale Storm made her 'My Little Margie' noise."

Atley squinted and leaned against the table. "Come on, come on, come on—what do two people who have money do all day?" he whispered. That was when Billy kissed me, which made it look as if what we did was make love all day, which couldn't have been farther from the truth. In the back of my mind I thought that

*"I just had everything slipcovered, including Walter."*

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maybe it was part of some act Billy was putting on because he'd already figured out what to do about the birthday. The waiter was opening a bottle of champagne, which I guess Billy had ordered. I knew very few facts about Billy's ex. One was that she really liked champagne. Another was that she had been in Alateen. Her father had been a big drunk. He'd thrown her mother out a window once. She'd gone back to him but not until she'd taken him to court.

"I'll tell you something," Atley said. "I shocked the hell out of one of our summer internes. I took him aside in the office and I told him, 'You know what lawyers are? Barnacles on a log. The legal system is like one big, heavy log floating downstream, and there's nothing you can do about it. Remember every time one of those judges lifts a gavel that it's just a log with a handle.' "

The cork took off right across the restaurant. We all looked. It landed near the pastry cart. The waiter said, "It flew through my fingers," and looked at his hand, as surprised as if he'd been casually counting his fingers and found that he had seven of them. We were all sorry for the waiter because he was so shocked. He stared at his hand so long that we looked away. Billy kissed me again. I thought it might be a gesture to break the silence.

The waiter poured champagne into Atley's glass first; he did it quickly and his hand was shaking so much that the foam started to rise fast. Atley held up his hand to indicate that he should stop pouring. Billy punched Atley's hand again.

"You son of a gun," Billy said. "Do you think we don't know it's your birthday? Did you think we didn't know that?"

Atley turned a little red. "How did you know that?" he said.

Billy raised his glass and we all raised ours and clinked them, above the pepper mill.

Atley was quite red.

"Son of a gun," Billy said. I smiled, too. The waiter looked over and saw that we had drained our glasses, and looked surprised again. He quickly came back to pour again, but Billy had beaten him to it. In a few minutes, the waiter came back and put three brandy snifters with a little ripple of brandy in them on the table. We must have looked perplexed, and the waiter certainly did. "From the gentleman across the room," the waiter said. We turned around. Billy and I didn't recognize anybody, but some man was grinning like mad. He lifted his lobster off his plate and pointed it at Atley. Atley smiled and mouthed, "Thank you."

"One of the best cytologists in the world," Atley said. "A client."

When I looked away, the man was still holding his lobster and moving it so that it looked as if it were swimming through air.

"The gentleman told me to bring the brandy now," the waiter said, and went away.

"Do you think it would be crude to tell him we're going to leave him a big tip?" Billy said.

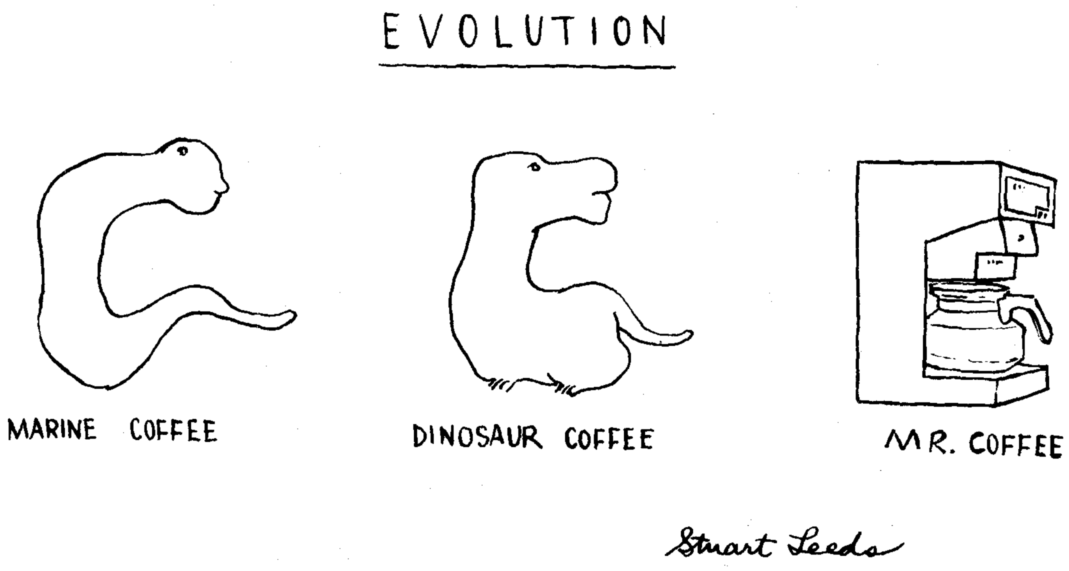
"Are we?" I said.

"Oh, I'll leave the tip. I'll leave the tip," Atley said.

The waiter, who seemed always to be around our table, heard the word "tip" and looked surprised again. Billy picked up on this and smiled at him. "We're not going anywhere," he said.

It was surprising how fast we ate, though, and in a little while, since none of us wanted coffee, the waiter was back with the bill. It was in one of those folders—a leather book, with the restaurant's initials embossed on the front. It reminded me of my Aunt Jean's trivet collection, and I said so. Aunt Jean knew somebody who would cast trivets for her, to her specification. She had an initialled trivet. She had a Rolls-Royce trivet—those classy intertwined "R"s. This had us laughing. I was the only one who hadn't touched the brandy. When Billy put his credit card in a slot in the book Atley said, "Thank you." I did, too, and Billy put his hand over mine and kissed me again. He'd kissed me so many times that by now I was a little embarrassed, so to cover up for that I touched my forehead to his after the kiss so that it would seem like a routine of ours to Atley. It was either that or say, "What are you doing?"

ATLEY wanted to have his chauffeur drop us, but out on the street Billy took my hand and said that we wanted to walk. "This nice weather's not going to hold up," he said. Atley and I realized at the same moment that



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two young girls were in the back of the limousine.

"Who are they?" Atley said to the chauffeur.

The chauffeur was holding the door open and we could see that the girls were sitting as far back in the seat as they could, like people backed up against a wall who are hoping not to be hurt.

"What could I do?" the chauffeur said. "They were lit. They hopped in. I was just trying to chase them out."

" 'Lit'?" Atley said.

"Tipsy," the chauffeur said.

"Why don't you proceed to get them out?" Atley said.

"Come on, girls," the chauffeur said. "You get out, now. You heard what he said."

One got out and the other one, who didn't have on as many clothes, took longer and made eye contact with the chauffeur.

"There you go," the chauffeur said, extending his elbow, but she ignored it and climbed out by herself. Both of them looked back over their shoulders as they walked away.

"Why do I put up with this?" Atley said to the chauffeur. His face was red again. I didn't want Atley to be upset and his birthday lunch to be spoiled, so I pecked him on the cheek and smiled. It is certainly true that if women ran the country they would never send their sons to war. Atley hesitated a minute, kissed me back, then smiled. Billy kissed me, and for a second I was confused, thinking he might have intended to send me off with Atley. Then he and Atley shook hands and we both said, "Happy birthday," and Atley bent over and got into the back of the limousine. When the chauffeur closed the door, you couldn't see that it was Atley in there, because the glass was tinted. As the chauffeur was getting into the front seat, the back door opened and Atley leaned forward.

"I can tell you one thing. I was surprised that somebody remembered my birthday," he said. "You know what I was just thinking apropos of your story about your mother and father dancing to the television? I was thinking that sometimes you go along in the same way so long that you forget how one little interlude of something different can change everything." He was grinning at Billy. "She's too young to remember those radio shows," he said. " 'Life of Riley' and things like that." He looked at me. "When they wanted to let you know that time was passing, there'd be a few bars of music, and then they'd be talking about something else." Atley's foot, in a black sock and a shiny black oxford, was dangling out the door. The chauffeur pulled his door shut. Then Atley closed his door, too, and the limo drove away. Before we had turned to leave, though, the car stopped and backed up to us again. Atley rolled down his window. He stuck his head out. " 'Oh, Mr. Atley,' " he said in falsetto, " 'where ever are you going?' " He whistled a few notes. Then, in a booming, gruff voice, he said, " 'Why, Atley, back at work after your *surprise birthday lunch*?' " He rolled up the window. The chauffeur drove away.

Billy thought this was nice weather? It was March in New York, and there hadn't been any sun for three days. The wind was blowing so hard that an end of my scarf flew up over my face. Billy put his arm around my waist and we watched the limousine make it through a yellow light and swerve to avoid a car that had suddenly stopped to back into a parking space.

"Billy," I said, "why did you keep kissing me all through lunch?"

"We've known each other quite a while," he said, "and I realized today that I'd fallen in love with you."

This surprised me so much that as well as moving away from him I also went back in my mind to the safety and security of childhood. "You make a trade," my mother had said to me once. "You give up to get. I want a TV? Why, then I let him make me dance every time I come into the room. I'll bet you think women are always fine dancers and men always try to avoid dancing? Your father would go out dancing every night of the week if he could." As Billy and I walked down the street, I suddenly thought how strange it was that we'd never gone dancing.

My mother had said all that to me in the living room, when Ricky was at his wit's end with Lucy on television and my father was at work. I sympathized with her at once. I liked being with my mother and thinking about something serious that I hadn't thought about before. But when I was alone—or maybe this only happened as I got older—puzzling things out held no fascination for me. The rug in the room where my mother and I talked was patterned with pink cabbage-size roses. Years later, I'd have nightmares that a huge trellis had collapsed and disappeared and I'd suddenly found the roses, two-dimensional, on the ground.

—ANN BEATTIE

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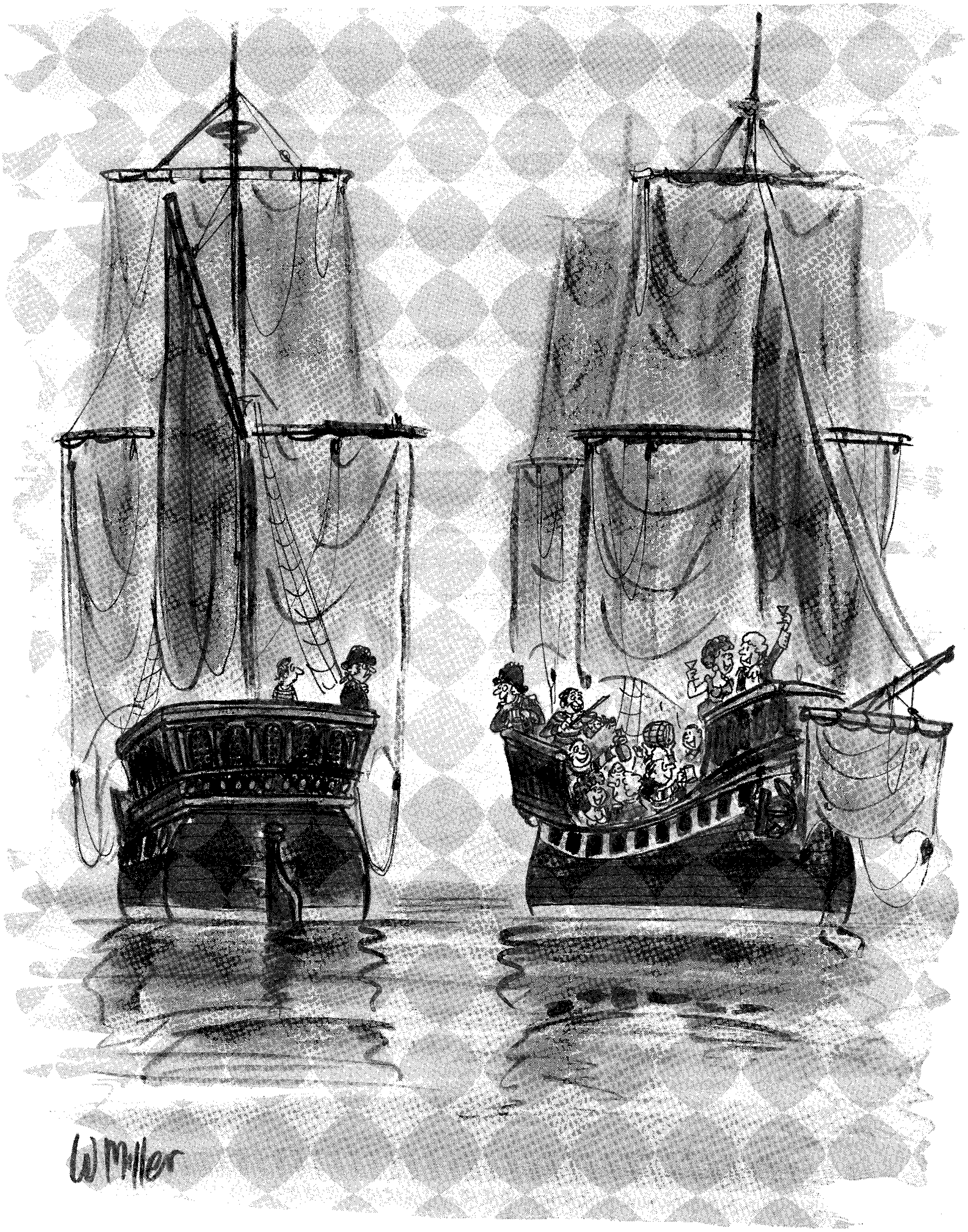
### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Kelly Wise in the Boston Globe*]

Like Gregor Samsa, of Franz Kafka's "Metamorphosis," Aaron Siskind awakened one day to a new photographic career.



*"Hey! Just because we're in the doldrums doesn't mean we can't have a little fun."*

# GETTING ON

Priscilla’s husband began bleeding very late on New Year’s Eve. This was not the result of wild partying: they had been in bed by ten. Mary McDougal had served them an elegant meal: smoked trout, roast veal, lemon soufflé, and two very nice wines. Edward had toasted Priscilla, lifting his glass and inclining his head courteously. “Priscilla, dear,” he said. “Edward,” Priscilla said, lifting hers, and they drank together.

“Well, what shall we do with this one?” Priscilla asked, leaning back as though she could see the year standing before her like an old cabinet, each drawer full of possibilities. She was seventy-three years old.

“I plan to do a lot of errands. Catch up on sleep. Find God. Things like that.”

“I have *lots* of plans,” Priscilla said grandly. “I want to put in white iris, all along those granite rocks. I have a vision of a great drift of white against that dour gray stone. And I think this is the year for the rose garden. I want it along the bottom lawn, against the fence. I plan to become known as the first great blind landscape designer.” Priscilla had, in spite of three operations, lost almost all of her sight two years earlier. She now wore thick glasses, which made her eyes look bleary and enormous beneath her short, tufty white hair.

“Purr,” Edward said, “why don’t we just have roses sent out by limousine from New York every day all year? It would be much cheaper.”

“Edward—”

“A rose garden would cost the earth,” Edward said. “It really would. You’d have to bring in nearly two tons of topsoil, and gravel and things. I looked into it once. And here’s Mary with the champagne, which I’d much rather have than topsoil and gravel.”

Every year Edward asked Mary McDougal to sit down and have dessert and champagne with them. She had been with them in the house in Connecticut for sixteen years. He always drank a toast to her.

“To Mary,” Edward said, raising his glass. He was small-boned and frail, and dry as a cricket. “We could not do without you.” He was a kind man, gentle, but not sentimental.

Mary McDougal, neat, sandy-haired, and Scottish, dipped her head.

“We *adore* you,” Priscilla announced. She took a long drink of champagne and raised her glass again dramatically. “Having you here makes it *pure* heaven. Being without you is impossible to imagine—pure hell, I’m sure.” Priscilla had been outspoken since she had learned, early, to talk.

“To both of you,” Mary said, raising her glass and nodding, with a small frown to show her seriousness. They were all three rather formal people.

“What I love about you, Mary, is the way you *learn* things,” Priscilla said. She looked at Edward. “Take Mary’s birds. She knows a hundred times more birds than I’ve ever thought of. And she’s only been at it about a minute.”

“Eight years,” Mary said.

Priscilla waved her hand. “I’ve been at it for thirty,” she said, “or meant to. The way I go after things like that is to put the book under my pillow and sleep on it, hoping that something will seep through during the night. Mary really learns all the different calls, and the colors of the mates, and every little thing. It’s *quite* extraordinary. I’m still stuck on crows and robins.”

Edward smiled. He would not be drawn into his wife’s hyperbole. He was a dry counterpoint. “Quite extraordinary,” he said.

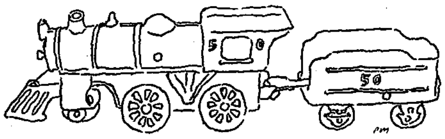
“Do you know we had two downy woodpeckers at the feeder this morning,” Mary said, uncomfortable at the praise.

“They’re cold,” Edward said. “We should be putting suet out for them.”

“I have been,” Mary said. “It was four below zero this morning.”

“Dear God,” Priscilla said, “why didn’t anybody tell me?” She was six feet tall, and had been lean and rangy until her forties, when she was attacked so violently by arthritis that she considered suicide. Instead, cortisone had been discovered, and Priscilla had chosen relief over vanity. Her body was now bloated and blurred by the disease and the drugs, and she shuffled about the house with a walking stick. She went outside rarely during the winter.

“It’s bitter,” Edward said, looking at his wife. Edward’s skin was a very pale tan, and his eyes were a dark bright brown. He spoke flatly, without inflection, and he seemed to be in possession of some quiet secret that other people did not have. Calm and complete, he watched other people steadily as they spoke.



It was just before ten when the three of them went off to bed—Mary McDougal to her room off the kitchen, Edward and Priscilla to the other end of the house. Edward went alone up to the big square bedroom he and Priscilla had shared for thirty years. Priscilla now slept in the guest room off the library, which had become her room when she could no longer manage the stairs. Neither slept immediately. Edward was rereading “War and Peace,” and he looked forward to the thin strip at the end of each day—distant turbulence, remote passion—before he slept. Priscilla watched the news on a television set perched right next to her bed. She could see very little of it, but she knew each of the voices, and she could see gestures and make out some of the closeups. It comforted her to find this familiar group available to her night after night. She turned off the television after the news and slept, her thickened body a large mass beneath the peach-colored covers.

In the middle of the night, Mary McDougal knocked gently on her door. Priscilla was a light sleeper and awoke immediately. It’s come, she thought calmly, though she did not know what she meant by that.

“What is it, Mary?” she asked, sitting up.

“It’s Mr. Green,” Mary said. “He’s bleeding. From the nose. I’ve tried ice, but it won’t stop.”

“Have you called the doctor?” Priscilla asked. She struggled to disentangle her feet from the bedclothes.

“They’re sending an ambulance,” Mary said.

“Would you hand me my wrapper?” Priscilla had gotten free, and swung her heavy feet onto the rug.

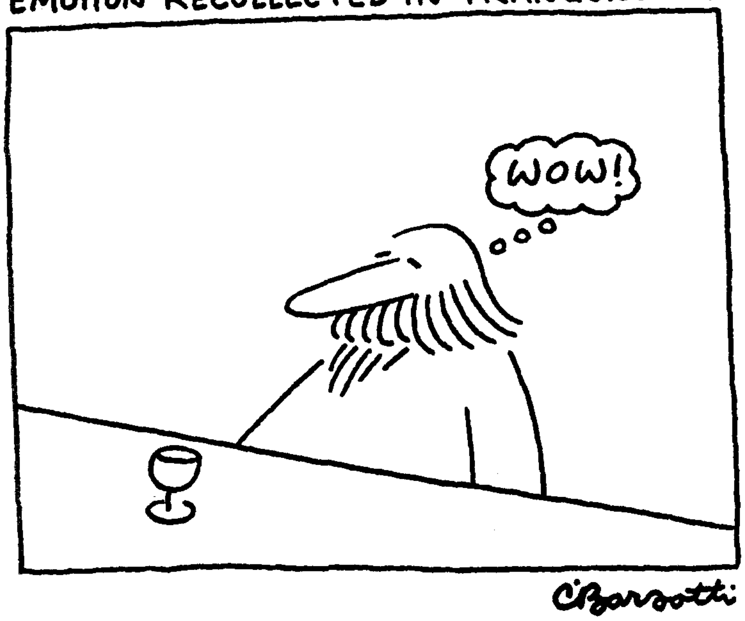
“Are you going up to him, then,” Mary said, her accent strong.

“Of course I’m going up to him. Would you hand me my cane, please?”

When she reached the bottom of the big front stairs, Priscilla called up, “Whoo-oo! Edward! I’m coming up!” She put her foot onto the bottom step, gave her cane to Mary, and took hold of the bannister.

By the time she had reached the landing the ambulance had arrived. Four men in pale-blue shirts and dark-blue pants carried a long stretcher up the stairs, angling around the corner. “Excuse me,” one of the men said as they stepped smoothly past her. Priscilla wavered and turned toward Mary.

EMOTION RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY



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"It's the men with the stretcher," Mary said loudly. "Let me help you down. We'll wait in the hall."

The two women made the trip down carefully, step by step. By the time they reached the hall, the men in blue had caught up with them. They carried the stretcher as though it weighed no more than before, as though it were worth no more than before. They started to go by the two women, but Priscilla, leaning forward onto her cane, stopped them.

"Just one moment," she said loudly, as though she had caught them stealing something from her house. The men stopped; Priscilla shuffled to the stretcher. "Edward?" she asked, as if hoping that he were still upstairs, unconnected with these strange, crisp men.

"I'm here, Priscilla," Edward said, and he reached out a hand and touched her forearm in the woolly robe. The rest of him lay passive: he had given other people responsibility for his movement.

"*There* you are," said Priscilla, as though she were reassuring him of that. She could not make out her husband's face; the stark white of the sheets seemed uninterrupted. She patted his hand. "Don't worry," she said, her voice strong.

"Don't *you* worry," Edward said. His wife peered toward his voice, trying to discover his face. It was muffled with wads of Kleenex. Edward had taken a whole boxful and pressed it to his nose; he had not wanted Priscilla to see the blood.

"We've got to get back to the vehicle," said one of the men in blue.

"Yes, all right," Priscilla said. She wished she could see Edward's face; she wished she could stoop easily and kiss him before the men carried him out the door. She patted his hand and stood back, releasing him. The men walked on with the stretcher, making no noise at all on the thick dark rugs that stretched the length of the hall.

"I'LL get you some warm milk, shall I?" Mary said loudly, speaking to cover the sound of the front door closing behind the men.

Priscilla heard the worry in Mary's voice, but liked to prove people wrong about herself. "No, thank you, dear," she said briskly. "I'll just take a pill and go right off to sleep."

The doctor had said only that things were under control, and that he would talk to her in the morning. Priscilla took her pill and lay in bed in the dark, waiting for the pill to work. She had timed it: it took forty minutes to seep into her bloodstream, to quiet her thoughts. She hoped Edward had been warm enough in the ambulance—how cold had Mary said it was? But of course the ambulance would be heated.

She rolled heavily over to look at the time. She used a kitchen clock, with enormous numerals that glowed with an unholy green light. Even so, she had to turn on the lamp and reach for her glasses. Only fifteen minutes had passed. Priscilla had never thought Edward would leave first; the doctors had always been called for *her*. She had assumed he would go on looking after her: foolish, she thought now. He was six years older than she was, and there they were, three old people in a big house in the country. It could not go on forever. At least Mary would not leave her. When Mary had first come to them, she was in her early forties, and Priscilla worried that she might marry and leave them. Mary had been pert and unpredictable then, and never said where she went when she spent the night out. But that had passed. She was quieter now; the three of them would be childless forever. Priscilla had warned Edward in the very beginning that she could not have children. A clumsy doctor in Paris had settled that for her in 1932. Edward had said it didn't matter; what he wanted was her. He had never mentioned it again. She thought of her husband's kind silence. She wished she could have stooped and kissed him goodbye; she wished she could have ridden in the ambulance with him, holding him steady against the curves.

Priscilla shifted her feet under the sheets, wondering if she should take off some covers, or put some on. For a moment she could not remember what season it was, whether she should feel hot or cold. But it was cold, she remembered, with exasperation at her muddleheadedness. Edward had said it was bitter; she had worried about his being cold in the ambulance. She still could not really connect Edward with the ambulance—it was so unlike any way she had ever known him. But she had heard the door close behind him, she had felt the cold air come in around her. Surrounded by smooth flower-printed sheets and soft blankets, she tried to imagine the night just outside the walls of her bedroom, the still cold eating into the bones of the landscape.

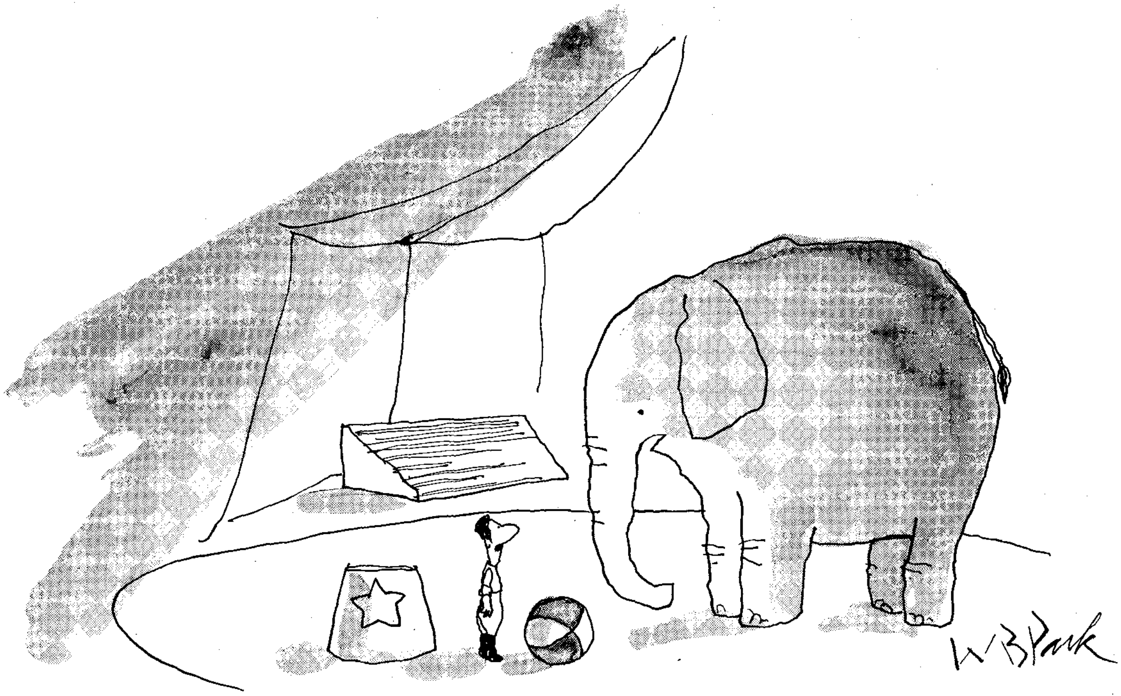
IN the morning, Priscilla asked Mary to put a call through to the hospital even before she brought in the breakfast tray. The doctor was precise, but he did not give Priscilla what she wanted to hear. Closing her eyes while she spoke to him, she wanted a particular tone in his voice, a note that would answer the question she was not ready to ask. But the doctor's voice was low and full of moderation. Edward was in intensive care; they were doing everything they could.

"Is he still bleeding?" Priscilla asked.

"Yes," the doctor said, "but very little."

"Why did he start?"

The doctor cleared his throat. "It's hard to say exactly," he said. His voice had shifted to a higher level, as though he were talking about something he took no responsibility for, something that sailed free through the air. "With someone that age, often



*"To be perfectly frank, I'm not nearly as smart as you seem to think I am."*

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things just give out. Some of the veins in his nose simply gave out."

"But why doesn't it stop?"

"Your husband is taking medication for his heart which has an anti-clotting agent in it."

Priscilla thought about this. "So he's a hemophiliac."

"Practically speaking, the conditions are similar."

"Why can't you stop the heart medicine, for God's sake?"

The doctor sounded nettled. "We have, of course, considered that, Mrs. Green. We don't want to do anything drastic."

"What *have* you done?"

"We've cauterized the vessels and closed them. Another has opened, very slightly. We're going to give him a massive transfusion. He's lost quite a lot of blood."

"A transfusion, good," Priscilla said. She waited, but the doctor had nothing more to say.

Priscilla had her breakfast on a tray in the dining room instead of in bed. She felt she must make a show of strength, that she must carry all this off.

It was still very cold, Mary told her. The trees were glittering with ice. Priscilla had to ask Mary to draw one of the curtains against the glare that fell across the table. She had tea, then toast, and part of a sweet green melon. She wondered what Edward had had for breakfast. Surely he was conscious? She could not bear to think of him with tubes entering his body.

She liked the idea of his having a transfusion. She imagined a huge vessel of blood blooming by his side, the steady scarlet stream flowing into his pale arm, enriching his frail body, urging him on. She had had a transfusion once herself, after the operation in Paris. It had been amazingly casual. On one side of a curtain lay a dockworker, or a grocer, with black hair and a huge burly chest and a thick reek of garlic. She lay on a pallet on the other side of the curtain, and his blood flowed silently into her. She had felt wonderful afterward, rich and strong.

Priscilla drank her second cup of tea very slowly, sip by sip, as though the process itself were very important. She felt as though she were walking on ice of exquisite fragility, and that every step must be superhumanly smooth—a gliding gesture, without shock or impact. She did not want to turn her head suddenly, she did not want a thought to enter her mind unannounced.

It was particularly good tea. She preferred black Lapsang souchong to the stronger Earl Grey that Edward had liked. *Likes*, she corrected herself, frightened by the past tense. The trouble with Lapsang souchong was that it should be drunk clear and dark, the taste untroubled by milk and sugar, but Priscilla liked milk and sugar in her tea. It was a problem. This morning she was having Earl Grey, with a little milk and a lot of sugar. She could tell from the feel that it was in one of the Herend cups, with butterflies on the sides and beetles in the bottoms of the saucers. She liked the butterflies, but had never been fond of the beetles. When Mary came in to clear away, Priscilla said, "We must send over a basket to the hospital. Some Earl Grey tea, some marmalade. What else? Should we send over whole meals, do you think?"

She tried to talk to the doctor again, but he was making his rounds. She left her name, and shuffled in to the library to watch the news. The television was hidden by a pair of cupboard doors in the panelling; she sat in a leather armchair in front of it. Priscilla watched the news, then the soaps. She knew Mary was watching the soaps in the kitchen. At lunch they would compare notes. The people in the soaps were invariably badly behaved. "Wasn't it awful how he took up with his wife's sister?" Mary would ask indignantly.

Priscilla did not like the way the day was proceeding. Ordinarily, she could feel Edward's day travelling along next to hers. He might spend the morning reading, or writing letters, or out in the car doing errands, but she could feel the pace of it; she knew she would meet him for lunch, and for dinner. Now she felt him hidden and distant, his day unknown. This was the other part of his being in the hospital. The first part, grief and fear, she thought she could deal with, but this absence was more difficult, as it did not lessen. There was something at the back of her mind, but she did not seek it out.

On the third day, she had Mary drive her over to see him. She was wheeled through the long quiet corridors, as though she herself were a patient, but this did not bother her. She wanted to get to him quickly, faster than she could walk. All her life she had wanted to get on with things.

Once in the room, Mary had to point Edward out to Priscilla, there were so many unknown shapes and outlines before her. When finally she could see Edward, she knew she had lost him. He had been taken over, closed off to her. There were vessels hanging over him, with pale fluids that dripped into the secret places inside Edward, not the direct red flow she had imagined but a slow, relentless drip. Sheets were spread over him, and his face—although she could not be sure—seemed smaller, the dry, parchment skin useless for expression or protection. Only the eyes were the same: dark, bright, watchful.

But Priscilla was herself. She had been preparing for this. She was a richly embroidered charmer—intricate, lush, inexhaustible. "Darling!" she cried, as though they were lovers meeting in front of the cameras. "You look very uncomfortable," she went on, turning her head, tilting it, to focus. "What can we do to make you feel better? And what would *you* like us to bring you?" The room was already bright with flowers. "I've brought your little radio, so you can have some good music, and some marmalade, and some Earl Grey, and a little pillow that smells good, and your silk pajamas . . . " Priscilla carried on as if she were in a salon. She did not know how else to behave. Edward smiled at her, and sometimes spoke. When Mary wheeled Priscilla out again into the hall, Priscilla felt as though she weighed three hundred pounds. She did not speak to Mary until late that night, when she asked if Mary would call the nurses' station to tell Edward good night from her. Then Priscilla took her pill and went to bed. The weight had not left her; she could barely move. It was an immense relief to settle down on the mattress and lie still.

EDWARD was Priscilla's second husband. She had loved Dennis, her first, with a headlong desperation that had not calmed in the fifty years she had known him. She had put him out of her life entirely, but when she thought of him it was with the fierce, remembered appetite of an addict. Dennis had stiff reddish-brown hair—they wore it short in those days—and wild blue eyes, and had been as trustworthy as a kite. He had made ardent love to Priscilla in Paris, while still married to his second wife. Once divorced, he had married Priscilla, and they moved back to New York. She had come home one afternoon to find him taking a steamy bath with one of her friends. She had never felt so outraged—that was really the word for it. All her love, all her high, keen passion, all that profound tenderness she felt for him, and the best he could do in response was to soap Julie Langdon's back up into a creamy lather.

Dennis had been even more ardent in winning her the second time than he had been the first, but she knew him now. During his siege, Priscilla met a friend in the middle of Park Avenue one day, and, balancing between streams of traffic, asked her friend what she was doing.

"Going to Reno to get a divorce," the friend said.

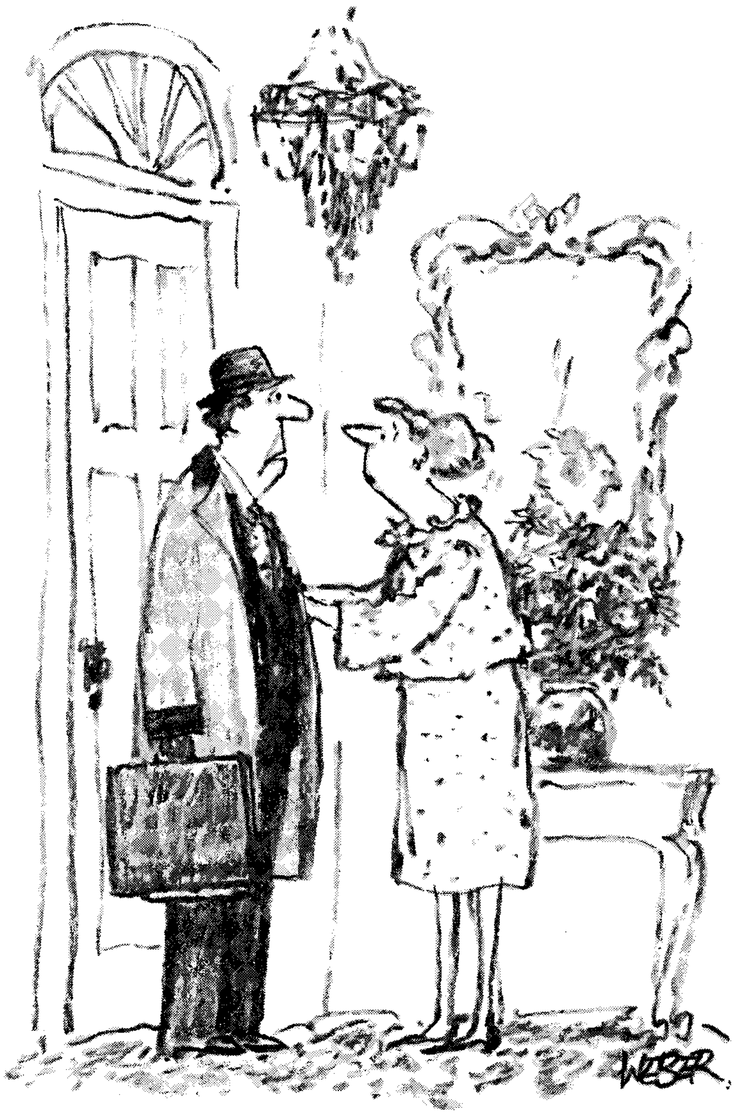
"I'm coming with you," Priscilla said, and that was that.

Edward had not swept her off her feet. He had waited for her. At parties he watched her, and he would smile, but he would not come over to speak. The first time he took her to dinner he picked up her hand and said, "These paws are enormous. Why do you have such large hands?"

"I'm six feet tall, that's why," Priscilla answered. She had been charmed: other men told her how lovely she was. Why was Edward so sure of himself? It was only from his close, silent scrutiny that she knew how he felt.

Priscilla was living then in a little apartment on East End Avenue, with windows on the river, and good rugs, and her beautiful Queen Anne highboy. Edward had sent her, carefully wrapped, a pair of shiny black galoshes with red buckles. They were huge; they must have been for a fireman, she thought. She filled them with freesias and lilies and put one on either side of the highboy. Edward smiled when he saw them, and nodded, but neither of them mentioned the boots.

It beguiled Priscilla that Edward would not be mad for her. She could not make him do what she wanted. Once, depressed and surly, she



*"My sycophant has retired to Santa Fe, New Mexico."*

had hung up on him when he called. He had not called back. After a week she called him, anxious.

"Edward? It's Priscilla."

"I know that."

"Well, aren't you sorry?" she asked.

"For what?"

"For not calling?" Priscilla's heart pounded. What if she were going too far?

"Haven't I called?" asked Edward.

"Not enough," said Priscilla, and it was an apology. It was the end of her struggling; she liked knowing she had met her match, and she felt that Edward was kind and solid. Edward was for keeps, not for other ladies. He had been the center of her life for thirty-five years, and took all his baths alone.

When she lost most of her eyesight and stopped talking or moving, sitting like a fallen tree in the library all day, Edward had bullied her back to life. "Oh, there you are," he would say. "Still sulking. Good, good. Gets the blood going. Well, let me know if you ever want to say anything."

In the beginning, she had barely heard him. She could not spare any extra attention, with the world turned into this shifting screen of smoky images, watery colors, and unpredictable shapes; she could not remember why people had conversations at all, or what there might be to discuss. Then she began to hear him, and she got cross and answered back. "I am not sulking, Edward, for God's sake. I'd like a little peace and quiet once in a while."

"Yes, I see that. I'm very impressed. Well, anytime you'd like a little conversation, do let me know."

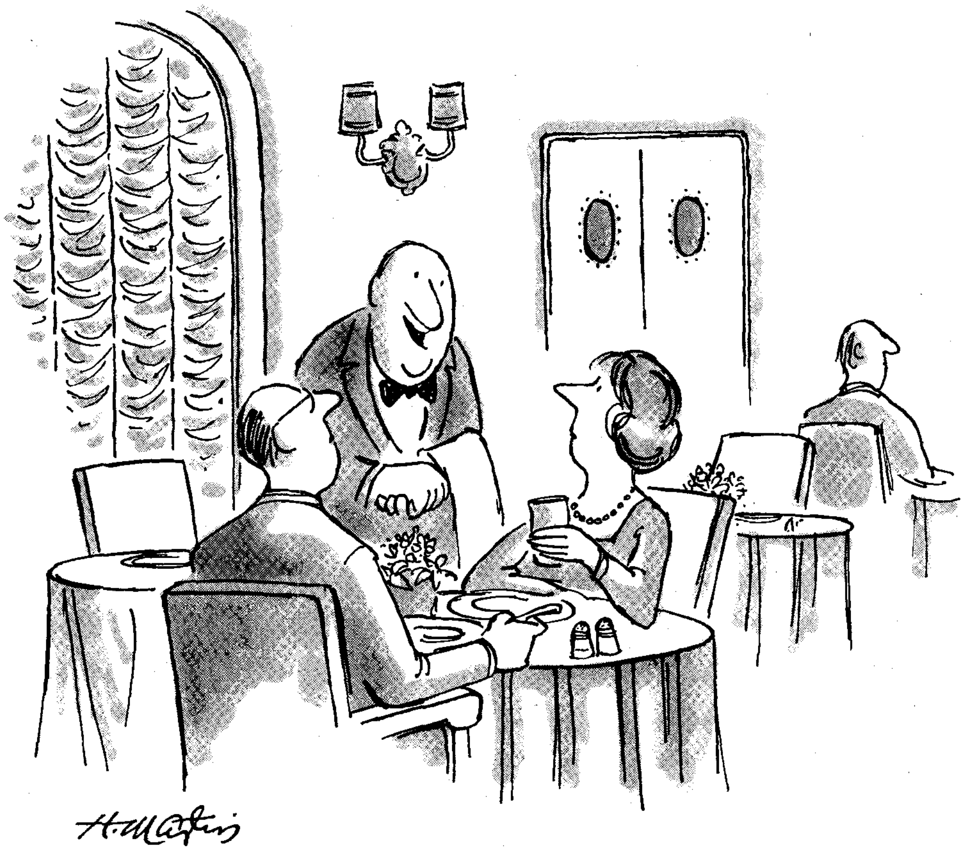
She was sleeping downstairs by then, and that night he took her in his arms when they said good night to each other, holding her for a minute and breathing into her ear. She had been beautiful as a young woman; she knew why Edward had been drawn to her, but what could he now feel for the thickened, gimpy, bleary-eyed creature she had become?

LYING in bed, Priscilla realized that Edward would not come back to this house. However long it took, she could see that he had begun something which would end with his death, and that she was no longer connected with his life or even with this process of dying. She was now alone for good, in the big house with Mary. Edward would not emerge from the lemon-colored bedroom upstairs, he would not argue with her anymore about politics. Her life would be discussing the soaps with Mary, and listening to Great Books on her tape machine. Most of her friends had died, and her two brothers lived in California and Florida.

Priscilla rolled over in the dark, waiting for the pill to work. She would not think about that. Thirty years ago, she and Edward had bought twenty acres in this town and built a house. They had used it on weekends until Edward retired, and then they moved to the country altogether. The house was on a plateau. The land in front sloped gently down from the terrace, through marshes and meadows toward the road, which was hidden. In back, there were broad fields, and then the land began to rise to a wooded ridge, with glacial outcroppings of gray rock. Priscilla and Edward had planted very carefully. They had begun with a line of trees along the edge of the woods—redbuds and dogwoods and witch hazel—so that the first hint of spring was the mist of color at the end of the field, a fine haze that made Priscilla's heart lift when she saw it. She imagined the rest of the woods behind it, the oaks and ash trees building up slowly into a green breaker that would flood over the ridge and down across the meadows. The fields were full of jonquils and narcissus in the spring, and she had planted wild flowers in them for midsummer and fall: Indian paintbrush and Queen Anne's lace, chicory and sweet everlasting. Priscilla went over all of this in her mind.

Below the terrace was the lower lawn, and it was here that Priscilla wanted the rose garden. She began to plan it. She would have one long bed, the length of the lawn, with a wooden fence behind it for the climbers. She began to list the roses: Queen Elizabeth and Charlotte Armstrong, Albertine and Souvenir du Docteur Jamain. She had always wondered who Docteur Jamain was; she imagined a dark-eyed lover whose roses flourished on the strength of his passion. Along the fence she would plant New Dawn, Étoile de Hollande, Ophelia. She loved the names, and the flimsy softness of the petals. She wanted big bowls of roses, big floating pools of scent throughout the house. In the darkened room, she raised her hand above her head and opened the fingers, closed them. It was a small movement, and one that caused her no pain. She could do it easily.

—ROXANA ROBINSON

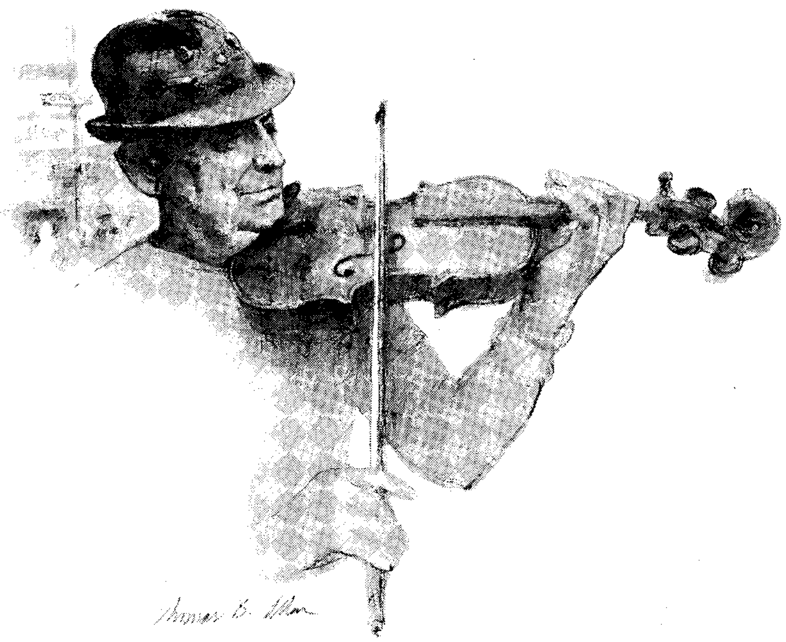


*"Is everything satisfactory here—I mean as befits our one little star in the New York 'Times'?"*

# PROFILES

## WINGING IT

### THIRTY THOUSAND TUNES, IF TIME PERMITS



*Rubin Levine*

LIKE the scalpel or the food processor, the violin is a tricky instrument: in the wrong hands it can make a mess. A census of violins would probably turn up about ten thousand on the island of Manhattan. Three belong to Rubin Levine, who uses them to earn a living. Three seems like plenty. All of Levine's violins were made in Germany. One, a Heberlein, he reserves for intimate gatherings in small quarters. Often, however, he finds himself in situations that lack intimacy, and the Heberlein is insufficient. Levine lives near Times Square and communes with nature along Broadway in the Forties and Fifties. Fortunately, another of his violins, whose brand name is Schuster, can be hooked up to an amplifier. If Levine should be concerned about overcoming interfering noises—if, say, he should decide to entertain stalled motorists on a windy day—he would rely upon the Schuster. Twenty years ago, Levine bought this violin from a member of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians, an organization to which, since 1940, he has sporadically paid dues. The third violin, whose acoustical system is entirely natural, is about sixty years old. Its manufacturer is Roth. It has a slightly warped neck and belly, a worn fingerboard, many nicks along the purfling, and aluminum-wound steel strings. Most violins have gut strings, which nowadays are often wrapped with metal thread. The gut makes delicate nuances a possibility. Steel strings militate against delicacy. A virtue of steel strings is their ability to penetrate the general din. Levine plays all three violins with a French-made bow, which he obtained after a complicated negotiation with the same fellow union member. Together, the bow and the Schuster required a cash commitment by Levine in the very low three figures. The Heberlein cost about the same. For the Roth, Levine paid eighty dollars, which at the time seemed extravagant; the seller, however, was a hardship case, and Levine, while he is no sucker, has been known to perform gratuitous acts of kindness. In any case, buying it has paid off.

Musically, Levine is linked less to the nineteenth-century French and German traditions of virtuosity than to the mid-twentieth-century traditions of the Catskill Mountains. A magical bond exists between Levine and all his violins—especially the Roth. It enables him to produce an effect that is grating but also harmonious, that immediately repels but ultimately attracts. In Levine's hands, the instrument transcends its mundane violinness: a Bach partita replicates the sound of an I.R.T. local slowly rounding a curve; a concerto by Mozart evokes a scalded alley cat; something by Paganini reminds a listener of something back at the house that needs oiling. Levine practices his scales and his fingering technique every day, and he performs almost every night. "We're always striving for a per*fection*, for a *tone*," he says. His ability to inspire and amaze himself inspires amazement. A foot patrolman attached to the Midtown South police precinct said not long ago that he was convinced that Levine, although he often seemed to be holding back, had talent that would make a mother proud.

During mild weather, Levine is a street musician. It is true that he has played six hundred weddings, five hundred bar mitzvahs, six years in Las Vegas night clubs and casino lobbies, aboard several dozen Caribbean ships, onscreen in two feature-length motion pictures, a thousand nights in a Rumanian steak house, more weekends in the mountains than he can remember, more weekends in Atlantic City than he cares to remember, naked in a steam bath, and at twenty-eight thousand feet in an airplane flying from New Orleans to LaGuardia. His essential musical self, however, is that of a sidewalk serenader. On a warm and sunny summer day, as many as fifty street violinists may be at large in New York City. Most of them perform somewhere along Fifth Avenue or in the parks. Levine's milieu, Times Square, is too hostile for the average street performer. Knowledgeable critics have told me that quite a few of the ostensibly serious street violinists out there decorate their playing with fake double-stops, acciaccatura, and other hollow embellishments. Levine fakes nothing. No street performer plays a violin more loudly than Levine. None claims to have a more extensive repertoire. None ad-libs as compulsively. None is more hopeful.

Levine's habit is to station himself, his violin, and his open violin case near some Broadway theatre entrance before curtain time, during intermissions, and at the end of a performance. To do this requires nerve, fortitude, and a willingness to be elbowed by people with briefcases and squash racquets who are rushing for the theatre door or for taxis. The sidewalk outside the Ambassador Theatre, on West Forty-ninth Street, is one of Levine's favorite spots. Until a few months back, it was the home of "Dancin'," a musical that had virtually no plot and very few words and thus attracted a lot of tourists, many of whom spoke little English. Most tourists, foreign or domestic, have never before caught an act like Levine's.

Steady theatre patrons have become familiar with Levine. His face is memorable. It is rubbery and susceptible to gravity. Parts of it droop. He has large ears that are slightly pointed, a wide, thin mouth, and a straight and substantial nose. Adrift in a musical reverie, he closes his eyes—dark-brown eyes—and purses his lips in a satisfied way. His expression poises there, as if a piece of chocolate were slowly melting on his tongue. In a crowd of short people, Levine might appear to be tall. He is five-six, but he seems more like five-eight. This is because he almost always wears a hat. As a rule, it is an olive-and-brown houndstooth-check fedora, which he has adorned with small treasures: a bronze clef sign; a red plastic Big Apple; a fake half-cigarette that is painted to look as if it were aglow. Levine does not smoke. For this and other reasons, he is in vigorous good health. He has broad but slightly rounded shoulders and a solid, trim physique. Unless he removes his hat, he does not look his age. What hair he has left is pale gray. Levine is sixty-five years old.

No one who has spent thirty or forty seconds in Levine's company would mistake him for anything but a native New Yorker. On occasion, he performs while wearing a red bandanna, a waxed handlebar mustache, and a red felt vest festooned with lapel pins, stickpins, and tie tacks. He does this, redundantly, to encourage the impression that he is exotic. He says that he was born to English royalty but that as an infant he was kidnapped by Jewish gypsies and sold to his mother. Levine's birth certificate says that he was born in Brooklyn. He grew up in Bedford-Stuyvesant. His mother, Tillie, had a pretty voice and excellent recall of lyrics, and his father, Aaron, played flute and clarinet in a klezmer band. His brothers Nat and Danny and a sister, Ruth, played the piano. (Nat was also a drummer.) Another brother, Bill, played the violin. Rubin is an alumnus but not a graduate of Boys' High; when he was sixteen, he and the school principal agreed that it would serve both their interests if he would spend his mornings and afternoons somewhere else in Brooklyn. In 1957, he got around to taking the high-school-equivalency examination and did quite well. Outside of music, Levine has had brief careers selling automotive supplies, jewelry, and reversible gloves. He tried marriage once, during the nineteen-fifties, but terminated that arrangement when, as he once explained to me, he and his wife "became unpopular with each other."

For several years, Levine has resided in a hotel on Forty-ninth Street, not far from the Ambassador Theatre. Not long ago, I happened to be standing in the hotel lobby when one of the desk clerks, Alex Bryant, a tall young black man who moonlighted as an amateur music critic, ventured a lengthy and persuasive exegesis of Levine's musical style, his main point being that making a violin sound consistently like a dyspeptic woodland creature implies a greater artistic risk than trying to mimic Menuhin or Zukerman or Stern. This disquisition was interrupted when Levine entered the lobby. In each hand he carried a brown paper shopping bag. He wore his houndstooth fedora, brown cotton slacks, soft-soled black leather shoes, a light-green cotton sports jacket, and a blue T-shirt that was inscribed "Take a Bath with a Friend." Levine excused himself to go upstairs for a few minutes. The hotel where he lives has certain house rules. The management prefers that guests pay cash in advance. Also, it frowns upon loiterers. There were no chairs in the lobby, and only two tables. A plastic fern rested on one tabletop. Next to it was a stack of brochures promoting bus tours of Niagara Falls. A hotel guest, a young woman who seemed to be on time for an appointment with someone who was not, paced impatiently. When Levine reappeared, he was carrying his violin case. Something about the young woman, who was dressed in maroon slacks and a white turtleneck sweater, gave Levine the urge to entertain; he has a habit of playing anywhere at any time, without provocation. There are occasions when he neglects to adapt his music to his surroundings. A few months ago, while performing at an Episcopal wedding

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## THE READING CLUB

Is dead serious about this one, having rehearsed it for two weeks.
They bring it right into the Odd Fellows Meeting Hall.
Riding the backs of the Trojan Women,
In Euripides' great wake they are swept up,

But the women of the chorus, in black stockings and kerchiefs,
Stand up bravely to it, shawled arms thrash
In a foam of hysterical voices shrieking,
Seaweed on the wet flanks of a whale.

For each town has its Cassandra who is a little crazy,
Wed to some mystery or other and therefore painfully sensitive,
Wiser than anyone but no one listens to her; these days the terror
Reaches its red claws into back ward and living room alike.

For each town has its Andromache who is too young,
With snub nose and children just out of school.
Even she cannot escape it; from the bombed city she is led out
Weeping among the ambulances.

And each community has its tart, its magical false Helen,
Or at least someone who looks like her, in all the makeup she can muster,
The gorgeous mask of whatever quick-witted lie will keep her alive
At least a little while longer, on the crest of the bloody wave,

That dolorous mountain of wooden ships and water
In whose memory the women bring us this huge gift horse,
This raging animal of a play no one dares look in the eye
For fear of what's hidden there:

Small rag-doll figures toppling over and over,
From every skyscraper and battlement hurtling,
Men and women both, mere gristle in the teeth of fate.
Out over the sea of the audience our numb faces

• •

Are stunned as Andromache's; locked up there on the platform
Inside Euripides' machine the women sway and struggle
One foot at a time, up the surging ladder
Of grief piled on grief, strophe on antistrophe,

In every century the same; the master tightens the screws,
Heightens the gloss of each bitter scene
And strikes every key; each word rings out
Over our terrified heads like a brass trumpet,

For this gift is an accordion, the biggest and mightiest of all:
As the glittering lacquered box heaves in and out,
Sigh upon sigh, at the topmost pitch a child
Falls through midnight in his frantically pink skin.

As the anguished queen protests, the citizens in the chorus wail
Louder and louder, the warriors depart
Without a glance backward, these captains of the world's death
Enslaved as they are enslavers; in a rain of will-less atoms

Anonymity takes over utterly; as the flaming city falls
On this bare beach, in the drab pinewood hall
The Reading Club packs up to go; scripts, coffee cups,
  black stockings,
Husbands and wives pile into the waiting cars

Just as we expect; life picks up and goes on
But not art: crouched back there like a stalled stallion
Stuffed in its gorgeous music box is the one gift
That will not disappear but waits, but bides its time and waits

For the next time we open it, that magical false structure
Inside whose artifice is the lesson, buried alive,
Of the grim machinations of the beautiful that always lead us
To these eternally real lamentations, real sufferings, real cries.

—Patricia Goedicke

• •

on Park Avenue, he inadvertently broke into a lively number called "Chussin Kalah Mazel Tov." Afterward, the mother of the bride, a woman who had been taught how to speak without moving her jaws, told Levine how much she appreciated his high spirits. Now Levine placed the violin case on the front desk and opened it. The Roth was inside. Without waiting for anyone to utter a request, he removed the violin, rested it upon his left collarbone, clamped it there with his chin, drew his bow, and proceeded through the first bars of Mozart's Piano Sonata No. 17. He played with the legato grace of an apprentice meatcutter carving his maiden shell steaks. The woman paused in her pacing and then slowly walked toward Levine. When he lowered his bow, she and Alex Bryant applauded.

"Oh, you never heard a violin before," Levine said. His tone was a mixture of anticipation and surprise. His voice is slightly nasal. For emphasis, he raises it an unnatural octave every second or third sentence. The effect is of listening to someone who speaks in italics. "Luck-*kee.* I have a wide range. From the ridiculous to the slime. I can play until you stop me."

"Oh, please, play," the woman said. She spoke with an English accent. Hearing her inflection inspired him to render "God Save the Queen." Actually, he only started to play "God Save the Queen;" he didn't finish. Levine has frequently said that he knows thirty thousand melodies. The idea is to cram as many as possible into a single performance. Levine realizes that it isn't feasible to play all thirty thousand in one set, but he seems not to mind trying. Everything that he plays he abbreviates—usually radically. It is possible that he knows only the first third of thirty thousand melodies or that thirty thousand is a slight exaggeration. At any rate, no one has ever volunteered to spend several consecutive days in a room with Levine in order to confirm the true scope of his repertoire. The only song that he regularly carries through to its conclusion is "Happy Birthday." Several times a night, Levine greets random citizens with "Happy Birthday." Whenever he hits one whose birthday happens to be that day, he collects a nice reward.

"Notice the delicacy," Levine said as he shifted to "Country Gardens." He added, "Or, rather, the lack of delicacy."

"Do you play this as a hobby or professionally?" the Englishwoman asked.

"You really know how to hurt a guy," Levine said.

"Isn't that a fair question?"

"That's not a question. That's an indictment. Maybe an incitement."

"I mean, do you play in an orchestra?"

"Why? Whaddya have in mind?"

The Englishwoman stuck around long enough to hear bits of "Scarborough Fair" and "Rule, Britannia," and then friends of hers arrived. They stood in the lobby—a group of eight—and discussed whether to have dinner at Mamma Leone's or Broadway Joe's. Ignoring their conversation, Levine continued to play.

A pair of Oriental men in business suits entered the lobby. One was quite tall. "Excuse me," Levine said to them. "Are you Japanese or Jewish?"

"Chinese," the tall man said. His suit was black, and his companion's was gray.

"Oh, *Chi*-nese," Levine said.

"Taiwan," the man in the gray suit said.

"Very good," Levine said, smiling. "See if you recognize this." He played "Alishan Girl." Both men nodded and, in a faint way, smiled back. "A girl in Foochow taught me that," Levine said. When Levine had done what he could to "Alishan Girl," he segued briefly into "Sukiyaki," saying, "This is a new service we've installed in the hotel lately. Music of the wrong ethnic group."

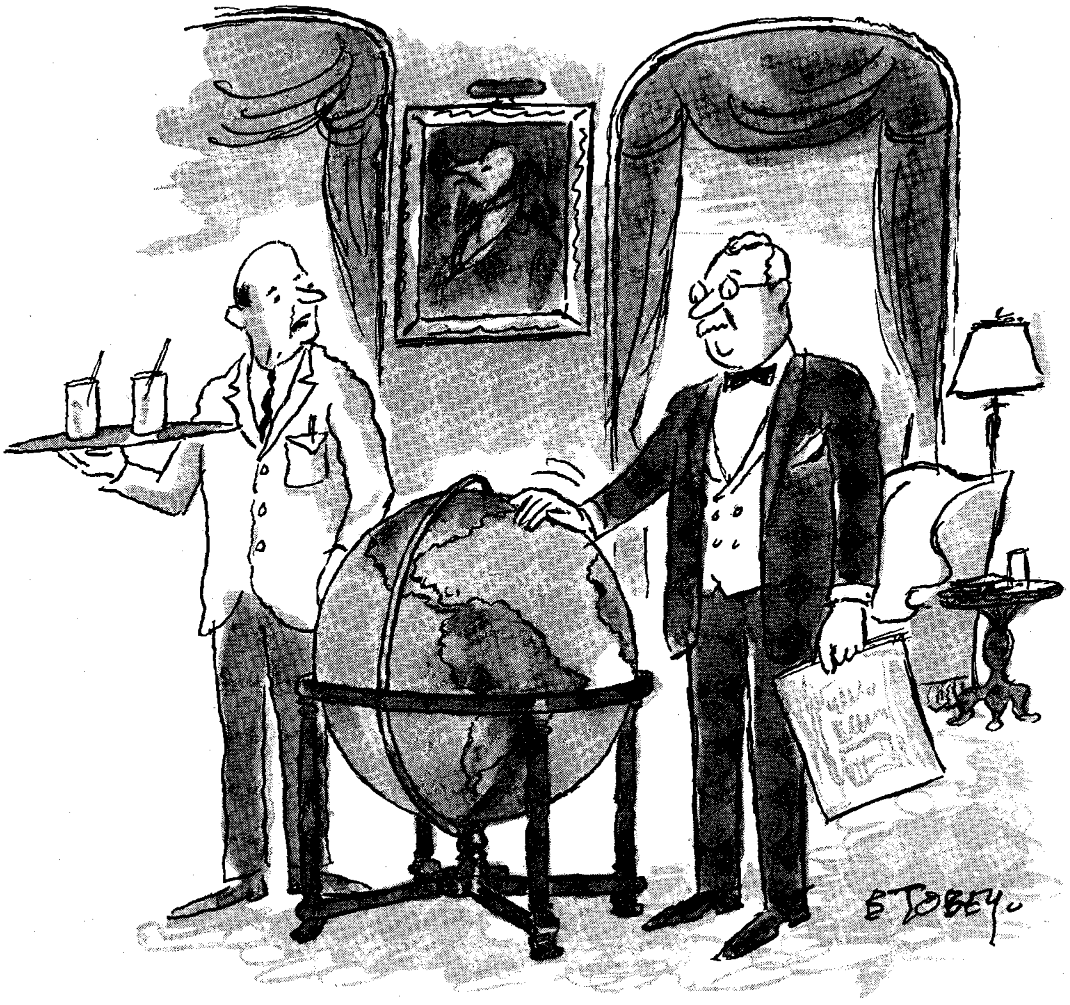
By now, the Taiwanese men were trying to get Alex's attention. For the moment, however, Alex had his attention fixed upon Levine.

"Mr. Levine," he said, leaning across the front desk. "You are an absolute genius."

"I'm not in tune," Levine said, unapologetic. "But have you noticed that people don't notice?"

### A Clustered Affair

THE Friends of State Assemblyman Angelo Del Toro, a Harlem Democrat, have witnessed a selfless



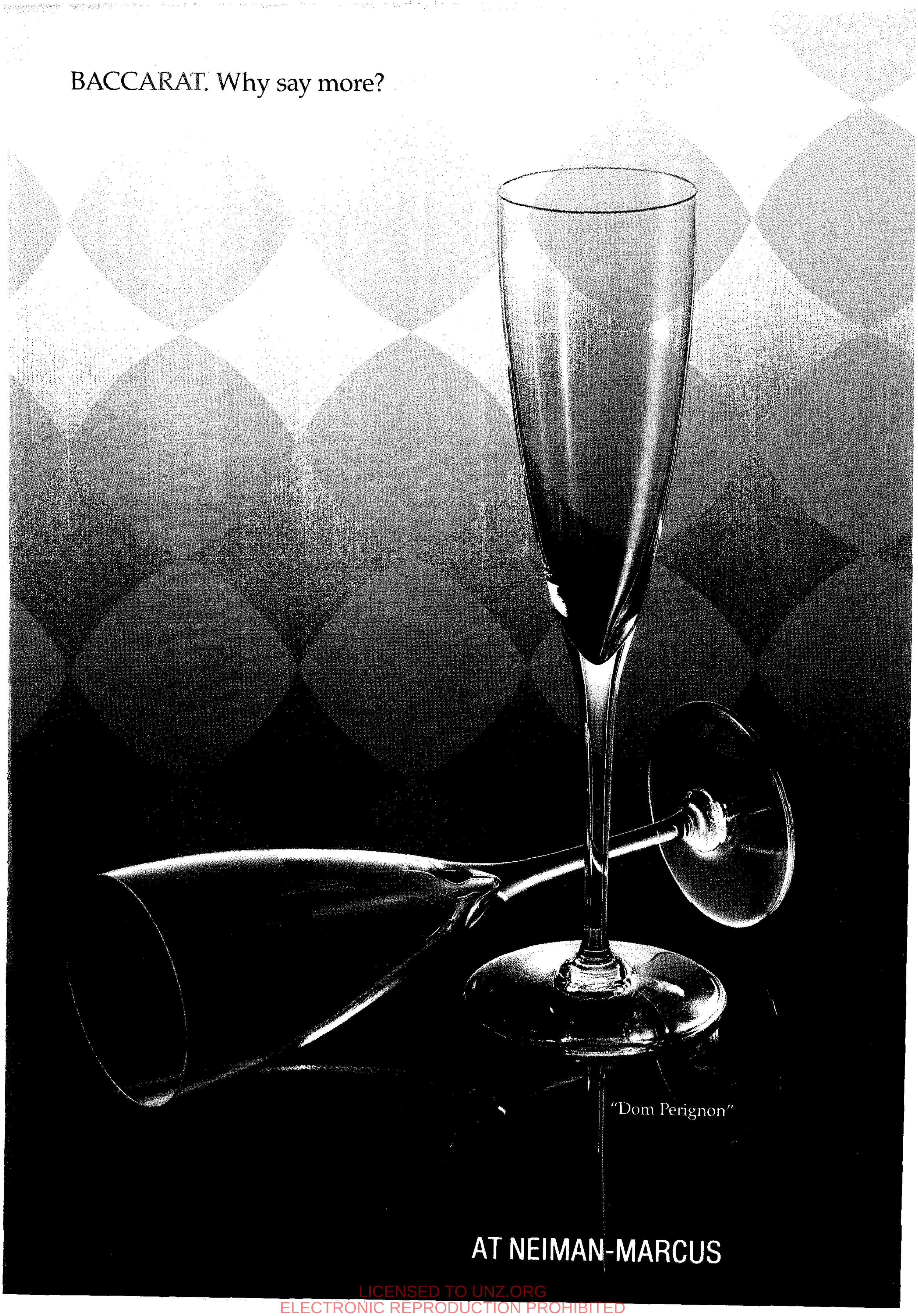
*"Oiling does no good, sir. It squeaks, it always has squeaked, and I'm afraid it always will squeak."*

• •

display of Levine's gifts. They have heard his violin, and they have seen him more or less formally attired: tuxedo, black waffle-sole shoes, formal dress shirt with black ruffled front and cuffs, no tie. For fund-raising purposes, the Friends of Assemblyman Del Toro convened one night at an Italian restaurant in the East Sixties. Levine took along three other musicians: Ron Wasserman, a bass player; Danny Barrett, a cellist; and Paul Germano, a violinist. The four had not rehearsed. Before they got started, Levine outlined strategy: "We'll try to be loose. I'm the leader the first half hour. Then anybody can take over." When I arrived, the restaurant had already become crowded. Three members of the group—Germano had wandered away for a while—were playing what I later decided must have been "Wave," by Antonio Carlos Jobim. They rendered it in a syncopated style that effectively obscured its identity. Also, they played in a shifting variety of keys. Levine stood opposite a table where two Friends of Assemblyman Del Toro were seated. The guests, unabashed politicians, looked comfortable. One of them wore a dark business suit, a pink shirt, and a bright-red tie. He smoked a pipe. He was black and had gray hair. The other pol, a chunky coffee-complexioned man with a Ronald Colman mustache, wore a gray suit and a blue-and-white checked tie. When the combo finished the Jobim tune, Levine turned to the pols and said, "What else don't you want to hear?" They didn't answer. Probably they didn't intend to be rude; this was an event where sober attempts at musical appreciation were periodically being subverted by thoughtless intruders saying things like "Have you met Mario Cuomo? Shake hands with Mario Cuomo." Levine began to play "Bésame Mucho," and the bass and cello players more or less accompanied him. When he had finished, he said, "What would you like to hear us kill next? How about 'La Bamba'?" The black pol said, "How about 'The Pirates of Penzance'?" Somehow, Levine injected a Latin rhythm into Gilbert and Sullivan. When he had polished them off, the other pol asked for some Viennese waltzes. As the group played "The Blue Danube," Paul Germano rejoined them, just in time to blend into "Adiós Muchachos." They concluded the set with "La Paloma." Most of the crowd had gravitated into an adjacent room, where there was a bar. In a loud voice, Levine said, "How'd you like the way we cleared this room? Pretty effective, huh? There was some heavy improvising."

Levine introduced me to Barry Deutsch, who had come to this event because of his friendship with the combo leader rather than with Assemblyman Del Toro. Deutsch, a large man with a heavy, thick-featured face and wavy white hair, had already done reconnaissance work in the next room. "There's a lot of people in clusters, Ruby," he said. "It's a clustered affair." Levine and his group went in there to work. Deutsch and I found a table where two chairs were vacant. I asked him how he happened to know Levine, and he proceeded to tell me the professional life story of a friend's cousin who's a big agent out on the Coast. The combo played "The Godfather," "September Song," and the Mozart theme of "Elvira Madigan." I offered to go to the buffet table to get us both something to eat, and Deutsch promised to save my chair. When I returned, someone else was sitting at my place. A pair of crutches was propped against the chair. Deutsch turned his palms up and gave me a what-am-I-gonna-do look. I ate lasagne standing while the combo played "Spanish Eyes" and "El Toreador."

Now the musicians took a break. Deutsch went to the buffet table to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reload, and Levine said to me, "You realize, of course, that Barry is very well connected. He's the concierge at an apartment house on the East Side. Oh, and that building—don't ask. Myriads of inducements and various flagellations. The King of Sweden once visited there incognito, and, oh, what goes *on* there! From the sleazy to the snoozy."

More tables had been crammed into the restaurant than comfort permitted. This did not discourage Herman Badillo, the former congressman and former deputy mayor, who squeezed his way around the room shaking hands. Levine managed to engage him in a conversation, which I couldn't overhear. Afterward, I asked Levine what they had talked about.

"He felt that it was necessary to pay homage to me," Levine said. "I told him if he was going to be that way I'd have to play his favorite song. He asked whether I know 'What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?' Come *onnn*. Of *course* I know it. I told him we have an arrangement that calls for four mariachi players but tonight we'll wing it. I said, 'Here's what we'll do. We'll ruin the beginning, we'll louse up the middle, we'll play it out of tune so everybody will be at home, and we'll bring the whole group together at the end on a note of discord.' "

Levine ate some food that Barry Deutsch had brought him. When he rested his fork, he said, "Have you noticed that there's a very subtle thing going on here? The owner of this restaurant calls me whenever someone is having a party and makes a request for classical music of a high order. And you see what we're accomplishing. We're doing this thing for them, and they're responding. You heard—we played the 'Carmen' suite for them, 'La Cumpasita,' 'Adiós Muchachos,' 'The Breeze and I,' a little Cuban number. I think the main reason for this event was a way of getting Herman Badillo and Mario Cuomo to come down and hear us play."

Ron Wasserman, the bass player—the only student at the Manhattan School of Music who is also an acolyte of Levine's—came over and asked how soon the group should get back to work. It didn't seem urgent. A pianist was playing a medley of show tunes—"Mame," "Hello, Dolly!," "Side by Side," "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "Pack Up Your Troubles"—while the Friends of Assemblyman Angelo Del Toro enthusiastically clapped and sang along. "Look at the bartenders," Wasserman said. The bartenders were too busy clapping to pour drinks.

Levine shielded his eyes for a few moments and then waved as if shooing away a housefly. He said, "Yeah, time to go back to work. Cancel the piano player. Look at these people. They hate it."

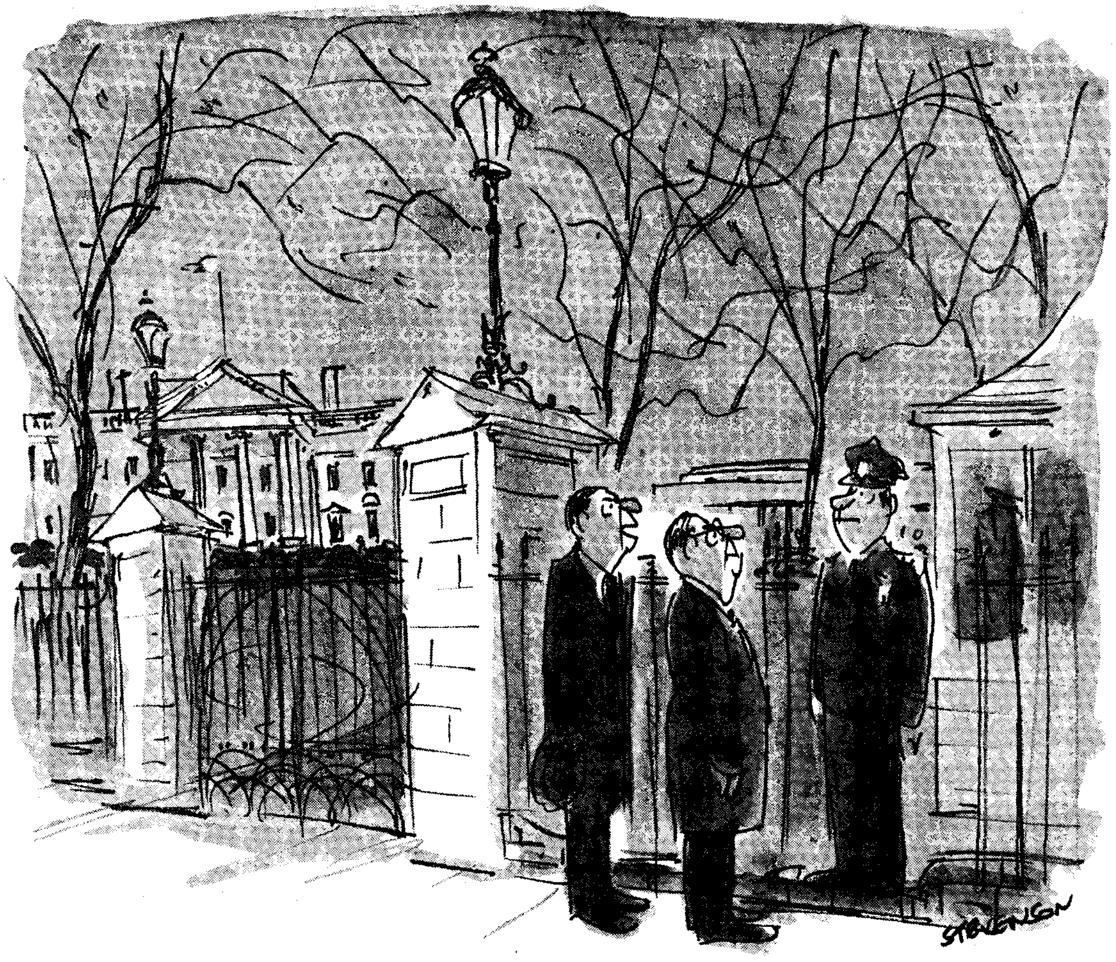
### Eligible Violin, Strolling

At least once a week, Levine goes through the motions of looking for work. Until recently, Local 802, the musicians' union, had its offices above the Roseland Ballroom, on West Fifty-second Street. On Wednesdays, around midday, the dance floor became the union's informal hiring exchange. One Wednesday, I met Levine at his hotel, and we headed for Roseland. The first block of our walk took us past the Colony Record Shop, a Chinese fast-food place, an Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips, the On Parade restaurant, a General Nutrition Center, and a Chock Full o' Nuts. Arthur Treacher's occupies the site of what was until 1974 Jack Dempsey's steak house. Levine worked at Dempsey's on and off for ten years, strolling the aisles. At one point, the restaurant manager, Jack Emil, asked him to go outside and play, thinking that this would draw crowds of potential patrons. In 1971, when the movie version of "Fiddler on the Roof" opened across the street, at the Rivoli Theatre, someone from United Artists hired Levine to stand in front of the theatre dressed as if he had just landed in town from Anatevka. Serially, he would play the entire score of "Fiddler." He could run through the whole thing in two and a half minutes—three if his mood was largo di molto. Now, in frequent atavistic moments, melodic bits of "Fiddler" leap from Levine's violin as if they were dying to get out of there. Levine credits Jack Emil with the bright idea of opening the violin case to see what would land inside. A career was born.

The key personnel at the Colony, On Parade, and Chock Full o' Nuts know Levine well. At the Colony, he regularly spends the late, late hours in the sheet-music department, expanding his horizons. He is familiar with the Colony's vast inventory and can assist customers. For this, he is compensated with a forty-per-cent discount on recordings and sheet music, plus all the free shopping bags he can handle. At On Parade, a couple of doors uptown from the Colony, Levine has a nice bowl of soup every day. He advises friends and strangers to do the same. The Chock Full o' Nuts at Fiftieth and Broadway attracts some overflow from an Off-Track Betting parlor nearby. Levine makes an occasional bet, and has been known to extend short-term loans to OTB patrons who need a stake to get even. Between Fifty-first and Fifty-second, we passed Circle Magic, where accessories for parlor magic tricks are sold. There is one particular effect that Levine performs flawlessly. If both his violin and his running commentary upon his violin playing fail to please an audience, he can fall back on his ability to make a red silk handkerchief disappear.

Inside Roseland, about a hundred men and a few women were gathered on the dance floor. The musicians were mostly middle-aged and beyond. They stood in small groups, in the dim glow of yellow, green, red, and blue overhead lights. A canvas tarpaulin protected the floor. One member of Local 802 sat at a table on the stage. Speaking into a microphone, he made occasional proclamations about union business. This man wore a dark-brown jacket, a green-and-maroon plaid vest, and a checkerboard-print necktie. He had slicked-back dark hair, a black-dyed mustache, and a tight jaw, and he looked as much a part of the scenery as Roseland's plastic palm trees. About every fourth member of the crowd wore a toupee or smoked a cigar, or both. A fellow who was carrying a brown vinyl briefcase and wearing a greenish topcoat and a matching fake-fur Russian cap approached Levine and said, "What's in the bag today, Ruby?" Levine, who was holding a shopping bag from the Colony, smiled and shook his head. The union members are accustomed to seeing Levine arrive at the hiring hall with items that he is willing to sell. For a long while, he made a practice of showing up with large quantities of vitamins, which he had bought at a price well below retail. His supplier was an acquaintance who could obtain them at a price even further below retail. Levine believes in vitamins. He is partial to E, although he also thinks highly of B and C. He will tell a friend whom he suspects of being vitamin-deficient, "I'm gonna make you healthy if it kills both of us." When he runs low on vitamins, he compensates by being well stocked with some other interesting commodity, like pipe cleaners or small tape recorders or golf shoes.

An invisible announcer—not the one on the stage—periodically paged union members. A page often meant a booking. Someone whose name was called would go to one of four phone booths in a dark corner to the left of the Roseland stage. There were also bookers working on the floor. A short, white-haired man passed by. Levine squinted at him. "Who's that?" he said. "Oh, it's Nat. He's a booker. Watch this." He walked up to the white-haired man and said, "Nat, whaddya got? How about this—you want to put me down as an eligible violin, strolling? Nat, put me down I'm available to do a single show, all by myself." Nat, the booker, nodded and, although Levine had not asked about his health, said that he was feeling better. Then he moved on. As Levine mingled with the crowd, I asked him how the hiring exchange worked, how the bookers found musicians, and how he, in particular, lined up a job. "It's very simple," he said. "The bookers know my style, and they do everything in their power to avoid me." In self-defense, Levine has a rather derisive attitude toward certain bookers. He saw one now, a red-faced man who was wearing an open-necked shirt. He approached him, grabbed the man by the sleeve, and said, "Stanley! Give me anything! Please, I'm desperate! Give me a tentative job and cancel on me." Not all bookers have well-developed senses of irony. Stanley, the booker, had a do-I-need-this look on his face. A neatly attired man called Danny, who lives in Sea Gate, in Brooklyn, asked Levine whether he thought a violin and a trumpet could work together on the street. Levine said that he doubted it—they'd probably clash—and added that several musicians had said that they didn't want to play with him because he was too good. For a while, Levine fell into a conversation with Irwin Cooper, a drummer. They discussed Levine's failure to buy some oceanfront property in Miami Beach that had been available in 1947. When Cooper asked Levine how he was doing, he said, "Fine. Working with my own hammer and chisel." Joan Wile, the mother of Ron Wasserman, the young bass player, happened to be in the crowd. While Levine was talking to her, an elderly man in a gold tweed driving cap, a



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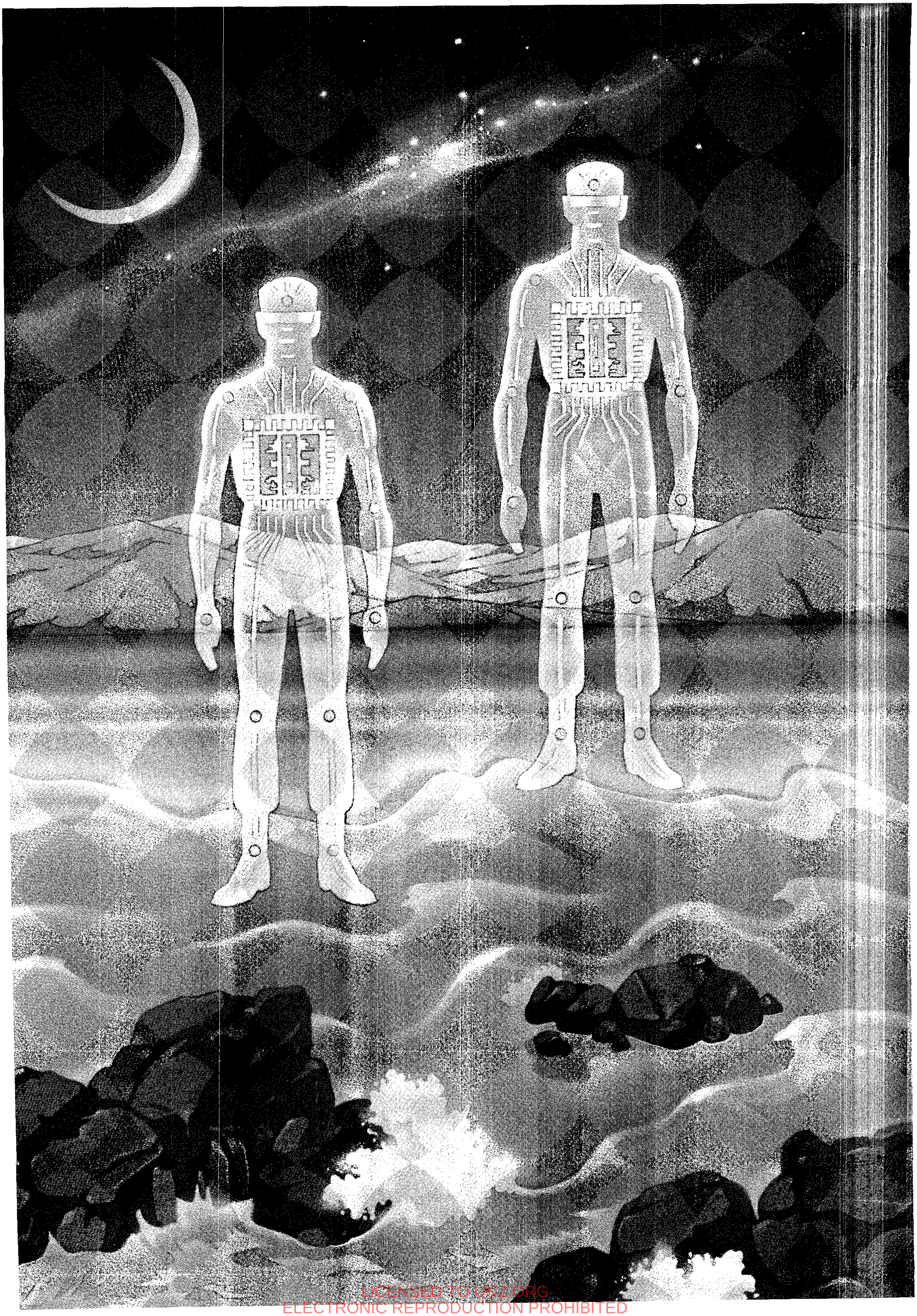

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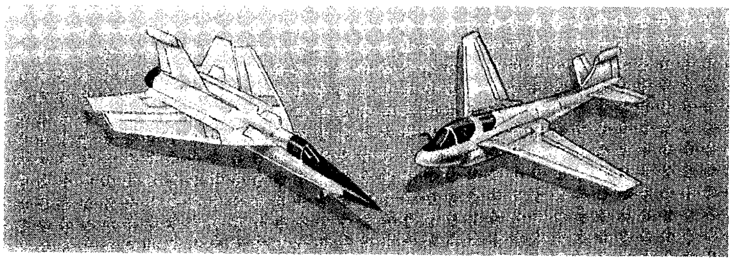

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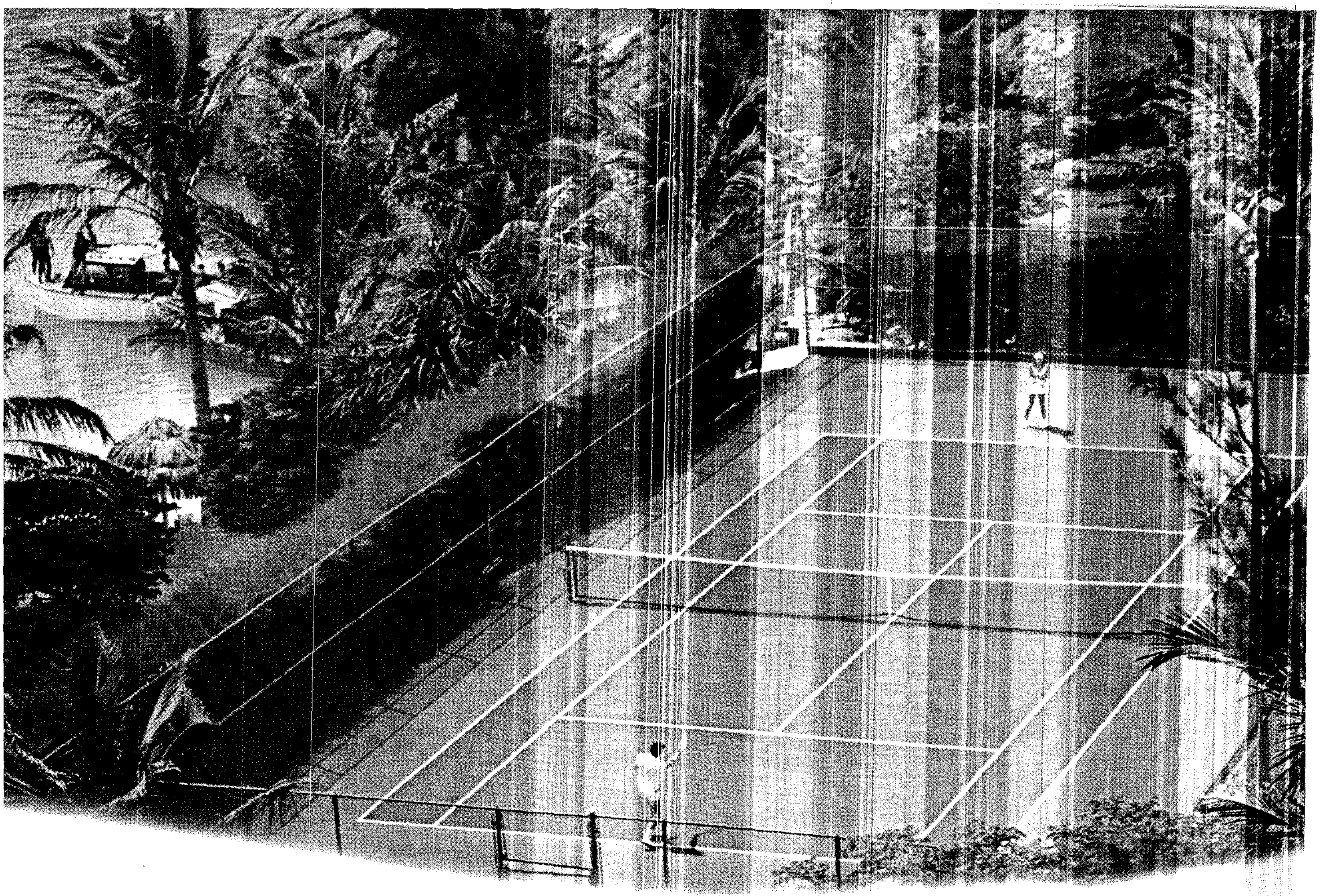

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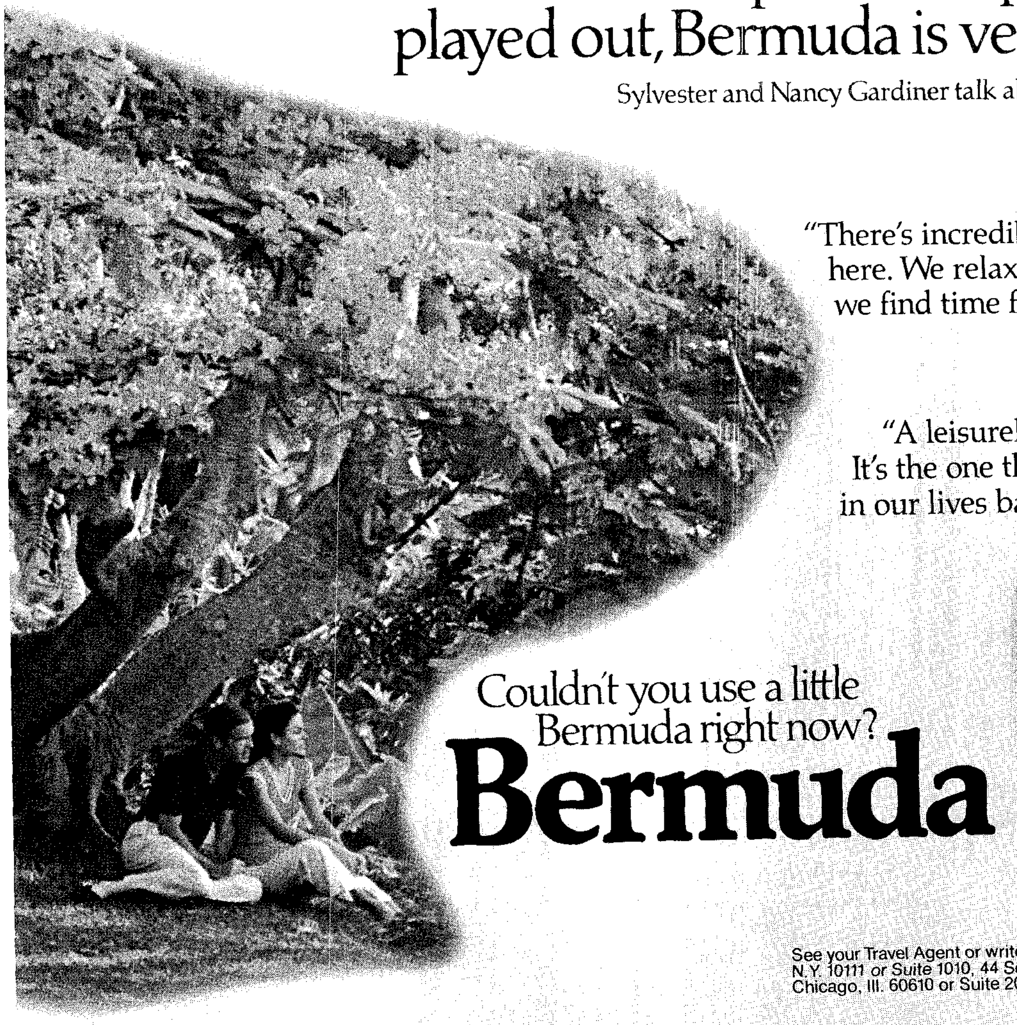
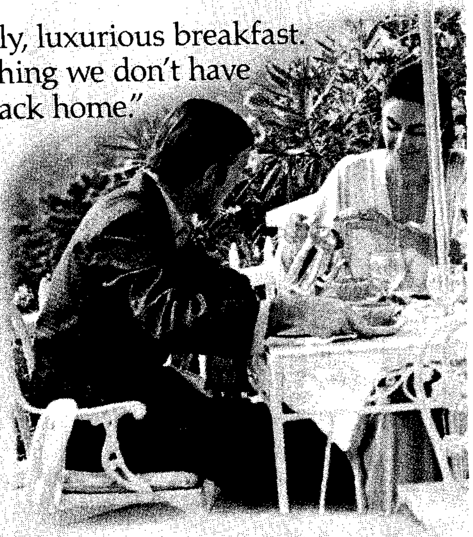
Sylvester and Nancy Gardiner talk about their second visit to Bermuda.



"There's incredible beauty here. We relax, we're restored, we find time for one another."



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brown corduroy jacket, and blue trousers approached. Levine interrupted himself and said, "Say hello to Frank Gregory, the greatest violinmaker in—"

"No *kidding*," Joan said. "My husband makes violins."

"Your husband makes nice children is what he makes," Levine said.

"No, I mean my second husband," she said. "Yes, he's the treasurer of the Southern California Association of Violin Makers. What's your name? I'll tell him I met you."

"Frank Gregory," said Frank Gregory.

"He can make a violin from a cheesebox," Levine said.

"Are you a member of the Southern California Association of Violin Makers?" Joan asked.

"He's a member of the Southern California Association of Cheese Makers," Levine said.

Gregory motioned for Levine to follow him. Several chairs were lined against a wall on one side of the room. A violin case rested on one of the chairs. Levine explained to me that Gregory wanted him to test a violin. I must have had a puzzled look on my face at that moment.

"Tell this man why I have to test your violins," Levine said to Gregory. "He doesn't understand."

"What's there to tell?" Gregory said. "You're my official expert on sound, that's all."

"Why?" Levine asked.

"Some people, when they play . . . " Gregory paused thoughtfully. He has a broad, flat face, a thin gray mustache, and a great-avuncular demeanor. "Some people, when they play . . . they project. The sound projects. With Ruby, it pro*jects*. There are other fiddle players that—I mean, you just don't hear anything. You see motion, but the motion doesn't connect. In other words, you've got to know how to draw a tone out of a fiddle."

When I asked Gregory to evaluate Levine's playing, he paused once again—a lengthy pause. At last, he said, "Well, he's a violin player in *his* category, let's put it that way. What's his category? Well, the work that he does—that's his category. In that category, he's very good. He's appreciated. He has originality. His bowing technique, his way of holding the violin—it's a unique process that he has. Perhaps a little unconventional."

Gregory's analysis caused Levine to become quite animated. "Leonard Rose, the cellist, saw me one day on Fifth Avenue," he said. "He stopped to watch. I said, 'Hello, Mr. Rose.' He was embarrassed that *I* would know who *he* was. He watched for a while, and he said, 'You hold the bow wrong, you hold the violin wrong, but you get a beautiful *sound*.' "

On Gregory's violin, Levine played "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and then briefly ran through something that might have been turned out originally by one of the Bachs. Concluding with several repetitions of the first phrases of "Fiddler on the Roof," he nodded at Gregory, who closed his eyes and nodded back.

"You know you're not listening to Heifetz or Perlman," Gregory said. "You're listening to Levine."

### Some Items

Some items that have been deposited in a storage room on the premises of Local 802, that belong to Levine, and that he occasionally inspects for inventory purposes: several shopping bags from the Actors' Fund Bazaar, containing mostly clothing (shoes, trousers, shirts); several suitcases, the pasteboard-and-plaid-weave variety, containing more clothing, including a pair of white boxer shorts that once belonged to Cyril Ritchard; piece of brass electrical-insulation pipe ("You don't throw away things like *this!*"); two sheets of sandpaper; some Norwegian kroner; lighter fluid; incense burner; suspenders; shoe polish; horsehair shoebrush; fuses; glue; liquid dye; bubble bath ("I'm not a bubble-bath user, how'd *that* get in there?"); brass lock; "Alleged Good Luck Candle," manufactured in Maspeth, Queens; lots of sheet music; books ("B.C. It's a Funny World," by Johnny Hart; "Self-Realization and Self-Defeat," by Samuel J. Warner, Ph.D.; "Body, Mind, and Sugar," by E. M. Abrahamson, M.D., and A. W. Pezet); pair of galoshes; roll of adhesive tape; bundle of personal mail; receipt for Blue Cross premium, paid in 1973.

Some items in Levine's living quarters: vitamins; more sheet music; more books ("Swimming for Total Fitness," "Adolescent Sexuality in Contemporary America," "Abnormal Psychology and Modern Life"); two tennis racquets; three briefcases; Styrofoam-cooler lid; small portable TV-radio; batteries; stuffed toy python; winking-eyeball toy eyeglasses; tennis ball; cardboard boxes (one resting atop a lampshade); King Karol shopping bags; Colony Record Shop shopping bags; magnets; duck call made of nickel; honey-dyed mink stole that cost ten dollars; bass guitar; chromatic harmonica; rolls of cash-register tape.

Some items that Levine had on consignment recently at the H/J Unique Trading Company, a buy-and-sell establishment at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-third that is the home of a zillion buyables, some of which you might not actually need (lawnmower, Purple Heart, foundation garment), owned and operated by Herb (né Herbert) Cohen and Julie (né Julian) Cohen, who are not related (Herb is the one whose daughter attends grad school at City University; Julie is the one who once bought a wooden leg from a man for five dollars and later resold it to him for seven, who once almost bought a palomino mare from a fruit vender but decided not to because there wasn't room for a horse in the shop, who looks like Bud Abbott, and who when the *News* inquiring photographer asked him recently whether legalized gambling on football, baseball, and basketball made sense to him replied "Yes"): three wristwatches; three gold rings; gold chain; pair of headphones; dictating machine; clothing; marble-and-brass desk calendar; binoculars; transistor radios; bowling ball; bowling shoes; sheet music ("Milton DeLugg's Accordion Folio of Popular Songs;" "The Pagani Edition School of Velocity for the Piano Accordion," by Pietro Deiro; "Accordion Collection of Lawrence Welk Recorded Hits," arranged by Myron Floren; "Charles Magnante's Accordion Method, Book 1;" "Charles Magnante's Accordion Method, Book 2"); one accordion.

A thought from Rubin Levine: "I'm not a hoarder. Everything has its use. The name of the game is fun and games. If it's fun, let's keep doing it. You want a cough drop? Here. It'll make you cough like crazy."

### Some Additional Thoughts, Insights, Encomiums

Herb Cohen, of H/J Unique Trading: "Ruby Levine's got a lot of friends. He's played Vegas and he's played the entire Borscht Belt. He got borscht all over himself. He's played on cruise ships and he's played for people in Connecticut. He's got tips from nothing to eleven hundred dollars. He's got a lot of very poor friends, he's got a lot of rich friends, he's got a lot of friends that nobody would ever want to meet. The man who owned the Golden Nugget casino once gave him his silver belt buckle. Basically, the man liked what he heard, and he decided not to worry about his pants falling down. That says a lot about Ruby."

Kenneth Sipser, mathematics educator: "He's well defined. Whatever you see, that's what he is."

Nathan Pitt, advertising man: "He does not seem to be driven by the same devils that drive most of us. He has a habit of not relating to his environment in a very specific way. He speaks articulate Yiddish—particularly if he's having a conversation with somebody who is Irish. I used to spend my free time fishing off the bridge in Far Rockaway. I mentioned one day to Ruby, just in passing, that I needed a fishing rod. The following week, Ruby showed up with seventeen of them. He said, 'Ten dollars.' I said, 'For which one?' He said, 'For all seventeen.' "

The Honorable Leonard Yoswein, Justice, New York State Supreme Court, Administrator of the Second Judicial District, Kings County and Staten Island: "I know Ruby through Nat Pitt. He was once married to a close friend of Nat's wife. He once got me a gray flannel suit for five dollars that I wore for five or six years. It fitted me perfectly. I think he found it at a police auction. He's a great klaberjass player. He's more artistic at that than with a violin."

Seymour Axelrod, unpublished poet, retired city employee, regular patron of the On Parade restaurant (where he often orders mashed potatoes and a glass of seltzer): "Somewhere in him there is spring. A very pristine quality. His eyes are painted with watercolors, you know, and you can see them trailing off into sunlight. There's something so tender at the bottom of him."

Max West, financial planner: "He's a very good cardplayer. He has card sense. We used to play a lot. He almost never lost. We'd stay up around the clock. Once, I won, and he suggested that I was cheating. He introduced me to horseplaying. When it comes to haggling, he could be a big man in the Casbah. He resents anyone who calls what he does on the street panhandling. He calls it busking. He says, 'What's the difference if I give a concert *in*side Carnegie Hall or *out*side Carnegie Hall?' "

## At Sammy's

TWO nights a week, Levine takes his violin to Sammy's, a Rumanian restaurant on Chrystie Street, near the Bowery. Strolling among the diners, playing fragments from his collection of thirty thousand melodies, he does his best to encourage gratuities. He tells jokes. He says, "For my opening number tonight, I would like to play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto." A pause. "Oh, would I *love* to play that concerto." Another pause. "But I'm operating under a slight handicap. I have no talent." Instead, he says, he will play a slightly less austere composition, "This Can't Be Love Because My Wallet Is Missing." He says, "A guy the other night asks me to play 'Far, Far Away.' I say, 'I'll play on Delancey Street.' He says, 'That's not far enough.' So I'm gonna play 'The Flight of the Bumblebee,' which will be followed by the flight of the people." A few of the jokes tread on the boundary between propriety and vulgarity; most go blindly crashing over the border and into the thickets.

Levine canvasses the entire room. He tries to play "My Yiddishe Mamme" for some tourists from Chile. This fails to move them. He switches to "La Cucaracha." Bombing a little more, he walks away saying, "It's one of those nights. It's always one of those nights." Some patrons are apparently too busy wrestling veal chops to pay attention to Levine. Some are not worldly enough to know what it takes to persuade Levine to go serenade that red-faced guy three tables away, the fellow wearing the nubbly gold sports coat that evidently was once living-room draperies. Some patrons love Levine's violin playing and his palaver but forget to tip. A young married couple have come to Sammy's to celebrate the wife's twenty-sixth birthday. Levine says, "What's your favorite song? I'll kill that for you. If you can stick me with a song, I'll give you back the money which you're not thinking of giving me in the first place."

People go to Sammy's to commit premeditated excesses. Between courses, they tell one another, "This is unreal." Sammy's serves what its management calls Jewish-style food. The chef is black, born in Grenada. He has yet to make a pilgrimage to Rumania. His interpretation of Jewish-style food involves ample doses of garlic. A garlic sausage called karnatzlack can be ordered either as an appetizer or as a main course. The menu says of it, "Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles." Every diner is entitled to free side dishes of half-sour pickles in brine and broiled bell peppers in vinaigrette sauce. A bowl of mushroom-barley soup costs two dollars and fifty cents—two ninety-five if you have it with the unborn chicken eggs. The bottle of seltzer goes next to the jar of liquefied chicken fat. The nearest hospital is Beekman Downtown.

An entertaining thing to do while recuperating between courses and bracing for a visit from Levine is to read the writing on the wall. The walls are covered with Masonite. Much of the Masonite is covered with Polaroid snaps of busy eaters. The rest is covered with business cards that have been attached by satisfied eaters: Audrey Furgatch, Sea Grove Realty, Glen Cove, N.Y.; Steve Yablon, President, Mr. Taxi, Inc., Tenafly, N.J.; Herb Blau, Herb Blau, Inc., Parking Lot Specialists, Philadelphia; L. "Lymey" Bressler, Marty Walker, Inc., Clothiers and Haberdashers, 1400 Broadway; Monty Koffer, Monty's T.V. Service, Melville, N.Y.; S. Lapidus, Lapidus Mobile Decor, Long Branch, N.J.

A party of eight sits at a round table in the center of the room. The party's food has not yet arrived. Levine plays bits of "Fascination," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "The Ride of the Valkyries." He has tried the red-silk-handkerchief trick and the Brahms violin concerto, but he has yet to collect. It occurs to him that he should perhaps reassess the situation, so he retreats momentarily. He says, "How'd I do? I don't know yet. So far, they gave nothing. But they love me. They just gave nothing. I don't care. It's a challenge. I'd rather try to be funny before they eat. After they've eaten, they're gonna laugh anyhow. Wait. I'll give them another chance." Back to the table he goes. He holds his violin in

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his left hand and his bow in the right, high in the air, and he shuffles laterally, as if he were wading a river and the water was chest deep.

### “Hardened Criminals. I’m Playing. Tears Are Running Down Their Faces.”

ONE evening in the early autumn, Levine asked me to meet him at On Parade. A few doorways shy of the destination, I encountered him heading in the opposite direction. “I have to go get something at the hotel,” he said. “I’ll meet you in the restaurant. A friend of mine, Larry, is there. A heavyset kid. You’ll see him. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” I had no trouble recognizing Larry. He was seated opposite Levine’s violin case, in the booth nearest the front door; he was in his early twenties; and he looked as if he had been planted by the management as proof that On Parade was the place to take your big appetite. This possibility occurred to me because I was aware of an arrangement that Levine has with the restaurant’s owners, Pete Patsatsis and Steve Avlonitis. Whenever Levine happens to pass On Parade, if he is not hurrying to an engagement elsewhere he stops, as if startled, and looks in the front window. There is a nice view of two well-stocked glass-walled pastry coolers. After staring inside for a while, he enters the restaurant as conspicuously as possible. The idea is to entice passersby to do likewise. Some do. When Levine comes to On Parade for a bowl of soup—something he does almost every day—the chef always sends over an extra dish of croutons.

Sustaining a conversation with Larry presented a challenge. He was preoccupied with the back pages of the *Post*. The pro-basketball season had just opened. Soon Levine returned and handed Larry what looked like a substantial wad of greenbacks. Larry said, “Hey, thanks a lot, Ruby. Next week. O.K.?”

On Parade has mixed motifs—Greek and nautical. A plastic grape arbor and plastic ferns hang from the ceiling. A sign says “Welcome Aboard.” A wall clock has been mounted on a ship’s propeller. A plastic lobster on a platter hovers above one booth, not far from a harpoon, a pair of oars, and life preservers inscribed “Captain Pete” and “Captain Steve.” I examined the décor while Levine and Larry examined their faith in the New York Knicks and the New Jersey Nets. When I asked whether they followed other sports, Levine said, “We follow anything and everything. Football, basketball, baseball, boxing, cockfighting, cockroaches, fire trucks. If it moves, we bet on it.” Because Larry was in a hurry—he said he had to go make some important phone calls—he and Levine quickly discussed some pending business. There was the matter of a portable tape player that Larry wanted to buy as a gift for Levine—the lightweight kind that straps to the waist and comes with stereo headphones. First, however, he wanted Levine to buy it at the Colony, since he qualifies for a deep discount there; then Larry would reimburse him. They also made a date to see a certain movie that was showing at a theatre on Eighth Avenue—it had to do with cowgirls or coeds on a pleasure trip to one of the Scandinavian countries. After Larry left On Parade, Levine said, “You know, I bring in a lot of customers. For Larry alone, they should make me a partner. I’m glad you got to meet him. There are a whole lot of people I’d like you to meet. I’ll introduce you to my detractors, my protractors, my contractors, the whole schmeer. I’d like to introduce you to my parents, but they’re not around anymore. I sneaked in, you know. My mother had shut down the factory after my brothers and sister were born. I’m not supposed to be here. But I had the good fortune to pull through. My mother was in her forties already. My mother used to say to me, ‘Don’t forget. I’m your best mother.’ ”

On Parade’s headwaiter, Gus Theodosis, came to the table to ask whether we wanted anything to eat, and to help Levine pursue one of his scholarly interests: besides the extra croutons, Levine also receives free lessons in Vulgar Greek. After some incomprehensible repartee, Levine ordered bowls of split-pea soup for both of us. A thirst for knowledge impels Levine to enroll occasionally in courses at institutions of higher and mid-level learning. Last year, he studied anthropology and Spanish at Hunter College. At the Network for Learning, an adult-education emporium, he has done advanced work in massage and elocution. He also attends public lectures—on politics, nutrition, taxidermy, career planning, whatever else sounds interesting. If the scheduled program fails to stimulate him, he can always open his violin case and entertain and enlighten himself. Levine is a great admirer of the Zen philosopher Alan Watts. “I have a couple of Alan Watts lecture tapes I want you to hear sometime,” he said. “A week before he died, I was supposed to go hear him speak. But I was involved in a pinochle game and I was a loser, so I didn’t get away in time. I’ll never forgive myself. Do I believe in Zen Buddhism? *Sure*. I believe in Martians, too. Listen, I spent six years in Vegas—I believe in *anything*. I played country music for Howard Hughes in Vegas, at the Desert Inn. He tipped me six hundred dollars. Oy, Vegas. I did some incredible things there. Oh, *yeahhh*. You know about that guy who used to take the old ladies out to Vegas and bury them in the desert? I met *him* in the casino about the third week I’m in Vegas. I had no *idea* who he was. He befriends me. He’s trying to wine and dine me. And I’m taking him around. I introduce him to this lady who’s running a gem shop. She recognizes him from one of the detective magazines. A couple of days later, I go fishing at Lake Mead, I come back to my room, at the Hi-Ho Motel, and as I’m putting my key in the door three F.B.I. guys are pointing their guns at me, telling me to freeze and put my hands in the air. I say, ‘Hey, easy, look at my hands, they’re in the air.’ They frisk me. See, nobody *knows* how many women this guy schlepped out into the desert. I had some explaining to do there. Part of the problem might have been my violin. You know, a violin is a scary thing—it’s magical. People see a violin, it’s like an icon. They think either I’m religious or else there’s a gun in there. So the F.B.I. gets me on file. They would have anyway. All the top criminals in the world—I played the violin for them. I played for Meyer Lansky at Sammy’s. In Florida, in 1947, I was with a guy named Max—an executioner for Murder, Inc. Hands like baseball mitts. He could throttle you with either one. Quite a guy. Loved flowers. Loved children. Loved dogs. Loved to kill. He thought he was my bodyguard. Somebody looked at me the wrong way, he was ready to . . . I’d say, ‘Max, wait!’ I played at parties down there. Don’t for*get*, I know all the Irish, all the Italian, Yiddish, all the hip tunes. I know them. I know stuff like ‘Ace in the Hole.' All the gangster tunes, all the Mafia tunes—like 'Mala Femmina' and 'Tarantella.' I play 'em all. Hardened *crim*inals. I'm playing. Tears are running down their faces."

When Gus Theodosis returned to report that there was no more split-pea soup, Levine reacted as if he had just heard some discouraging news about the future of his kneecaps. "You're *kidding*," he whined.

The waiter suggested chicken-and-rice soup. This option seemed to appall Levine.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry," Levine said, shaking his head.

I tried to make him feel better by saying that I wasn't really hungry.

"It's not *you* I feel sorry for," he said. "I *dream* about that split-pea soup."

After some coaxing, Levine settled for a cup of the chicken-and-rice. He finished it quickly. It was time to go to work. On his way to pay the check, he passed an acquaintance who had just taken a seat at the counter. "Whatever you do," Levine told him, "don't order the split-pea soup."

It was a quarter to eight—fifteen minutes before curtain time—and the carillon at St. Malachy's, the Actors' Chapel, on West Forty-ninth, was playing an ecclesiastical hymn that for some reason sounded exactly like "There's No Business Like Show Business." As Levine approached the Ambassador Theatre, heading toward the music, a young woman who was wearing a trenchcoat and carrying a briefcase stopped him. She said, "Excuse me, but could you tell me where that music is coming from?"

"That's St. Malarkey," Levine said.

The young woman stepped back, as if examining Levine from a different angle might explain something. Then she nodded emphatically—pointing her chin in the air, lowering it to her chest—and continued walking toward Broadway.

At the Ambassador, Levine found a spot near the side entrance and removed his violin from its case. He was wearing his houndstooth fedora, a green cotton sports jacket, and a peach-colored T-shirt that bore a closeup photograph of Morris the Cat. Before addressing the violin with the bow, he said, "This is ri*dic*ulous. *No*body's *lis*tening." Then, as the theatregoers arrived, he began to play amelodically, as if tuning his instrument. He did this for twenty or thirty seconds, during which it occurred to me that he had at last achieved the pinnacle of discord. He had a cheerful look on his face. In a loud, stagy voice, he said, "Now for my second number. That first number doesn't do a thing. Every orchestra in the country plays that for its first number. I tried it. It goes *no*where." The church bells at St. Malachy's continued to chime. "Wait. I got a ringing in my ear. Does anybody else have that? I went to the doctor. I said, 'Doctor, I got a ringing in my ear. What should I do?' He says, 'Don't answer.' Great doctor. Henny Youngman's doctor. For my second number, that beautiful French tune 'Assassination.' Used to be called 'Fascination.' Now *I* play it."

For the next twenty minutes, Levine chattered and played, played and chattered. His technique is to play just enough of a tune to make recognizable that which is being disfigured. Then he comments upon his act of transmutation.

"Did you happen to see those motions I was making while I played, with the fingers and arms and hands? Do you know that if you can't play, those motions mean *nothing*? Now, here's another song you're not gonna like."

The unwritten agenda for the evening called for Levine to make two appearances at the Ambassador—before the first act and during intermission, forty-five minutes later—and then to work his way down to Shubert Alley, with stops at the Biltmore ("Whodunnit"), the Imperial ("Dreamgirls"), the Majestic ("42nd Street"), and the Broadhurst ("Amadeus"). From there, he would cruise back uptown to the Broadway Theatre to serenade the homeward crowd from "Evita" ("Evita, come back! Evita, where are you going? Look, Evita! Look at the way they're walking out on me! I'm emptying the whole theatre. Help, Velveeta!"), back down to the Uris, and finally to the Circle in the Square, where the manager, William Conn, makes Levine feel welcome by allowing him to perform in the lobby.

" 'Sunrise, Sunset'? Nope, that's one I don't know. You stumped me. You're entitled to twenty-eight requests. Also, you get the hat. Take my hat. Anything you want. Take a quarter. No, wait. I'm not finished. I got eighty numbers. Wait! Hey, is anybody listening at all? I know a lot of music. I know every piece of music that was ever written. I just can't *play* any of it. Actually, I happen to be a very fine player. I just *sound*

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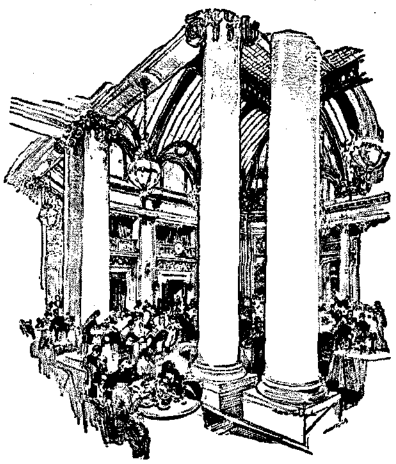

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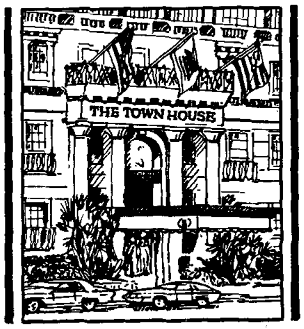

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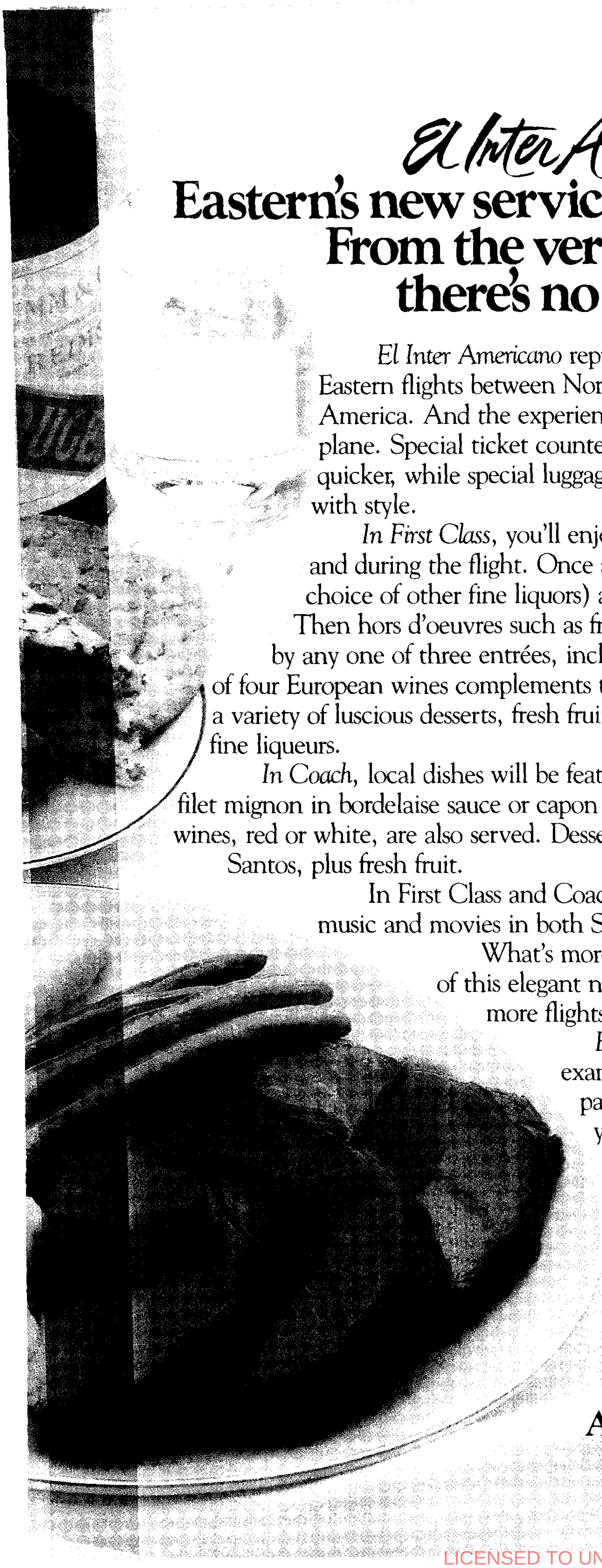

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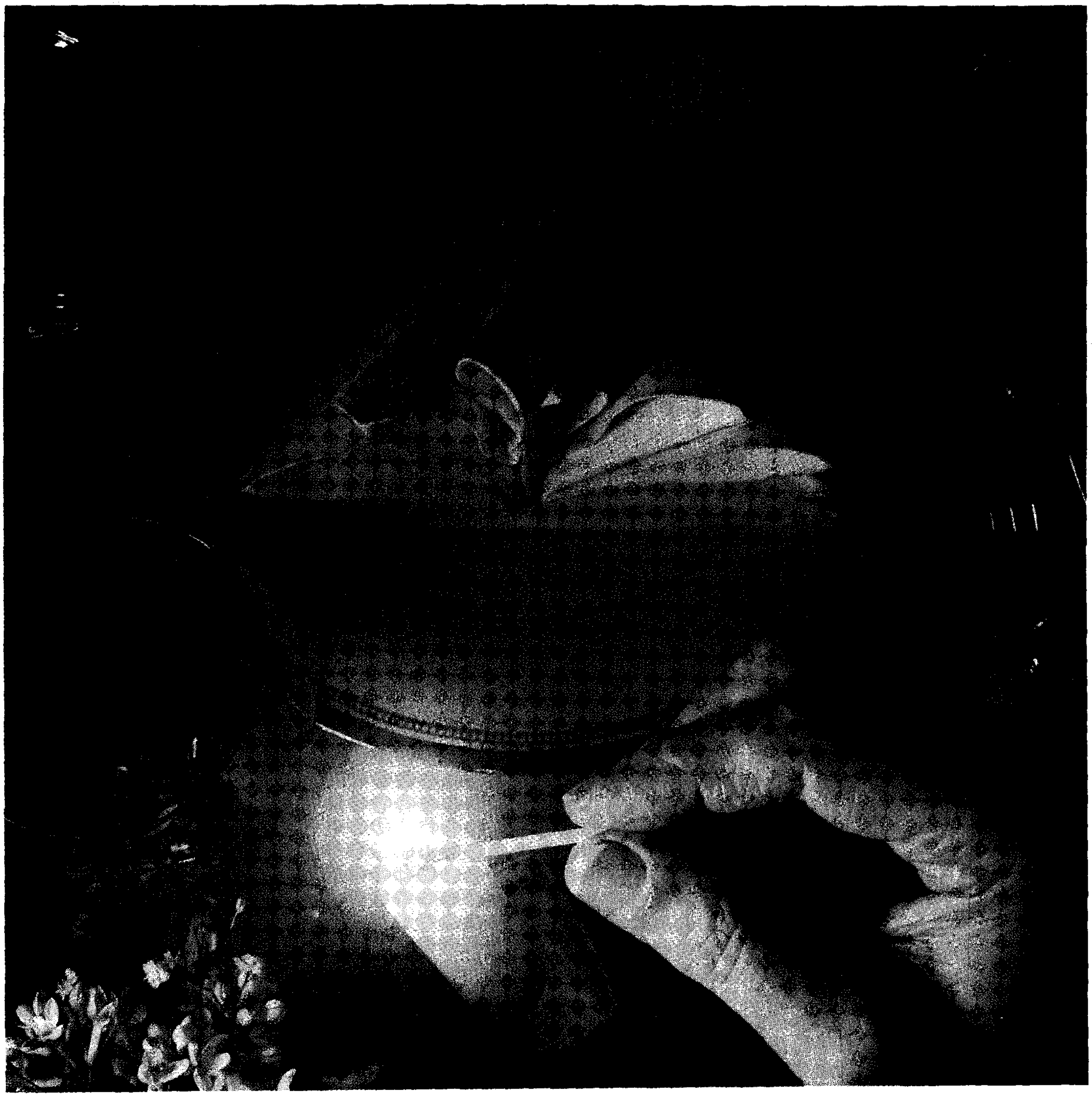

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†Two center-city locations

bad. Now, as the applause fades with the people . . .”

Between these theatre engagements, Levine conducts vital peregrinations. He takes a brief detour into the Colony Record Shop, he stares into the window of On Parade, he visits Circle Magic, where he converses with the proprietor, Sy Sussman (a.k.a. Sy Sands: “Sy Sands is my name, deception’s my game; nice to meetcha”), he drops by the lobby of the Edison Hotel to make calls from one of the pay phones. Levine likes the telephone, because he is such a fluent talker. As a telephonist, he employs a range of gifts as vast as those he brings to the violin. Once during a long-playing conversation, I listened mutely on my end as he dilated upon these topics: the creative genius of the rock star Meat Loaf, differential calculus, his plans to leave his body to an all-women’s medical school, how long he can hold his breath underwater, old left-wing politics, the mating habits of the squid, nuclear disarmament, Reggie Jackson, the high calibre of the clientele at Smith & Wollensky’s, the wisdom of Al Capp, mores in Spanish bordellos, mosquito control, the literary art of Rafael Sabatini, fresh underwear, foreign-currency exchange rates in Rio de Janeiro, and how to bet the last race at OTB. Now, just before curtain time:

“What was *that*? That was ‘The Pink Panther.’ *Ev*ery kid’s supposed to know ‘The Pink Panther.’ My lucky night. I get kids don’t know music. But you’re cute. You’ve got professional dimples. Uh, good evening, sir. I’ve been hired to keep this sidewalk clear. What a job I’m doing. That last song was ‘Love Story.’ ‘Love Story’—because I can *feel* it. Not too well, but I get some sort of secondary subliminal indication that it’s true love . . . What’m I talking? You people can see I’m not a well man. You can’t see? I obscure it from you. Where have I *failed* you? What have I done *right*?”

Inside his violin case there was a mashed white carnation, a dollar bill that Levine had put there himself, and some quarters. Levine looked down and said, “Who threw in the dollar bill? Oh, *I* did. Well, then a wee bit of Scottish music in honor of your generous contributions.” He played “Scotland the Brave” and danced a couple of steps at the end.

“Look at this. I’m getting independently poor. Wait a minute. I didn’t finish yet. You’re sleeping at my show? No, if you enjoy not watching me, that’s also O.K. But take your money back. I don’t want your money. I’m looking for contri*bu*tions. Wait. I really haven’t started yet. Let me at least do my final number. Is anybody listening at all? Who would like to buy a violin cheap? I’m just practicing. Wait. *Who* put the dollar in the violin case? Not *my* dollar, the other dollar. That’s a down *pay*ment. I’ll come to your house. I’ll give you lessons. Give me another chance. Wait. Let that man through. He’s a contributor!”

A young couple—he had brown hair, a mustache, and a three-piece suit; she had black hair, a little too much makeup, and a beige leather coat—were standing close enough for Levine to hear him call her Diane. Levine played “My Diane.” She seemed not to notice. “You know that song?” She shook her head. “You don’t know *that*? Here. You win the violin. Anybody doesn’t know that deserves the violin. Who’s your favorite composer? Who’s your favorite decomposer? *Beethoven*?” He played twelve notes of Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony, and then extended a monologue with bits of “The Godfather,” “Tzena, Tzena,” and the score of “My Fair Lady.”

“Now, for my last number . . .”

It was eight o’clock, and the sidewalk was almost empty. The violin case contained two singles and about three dollars in change. Levine’s mood was bright. Two Japanese couples approached, and Levine moved into his Nipponese standards—“Sukiyaki” and “Sakura.” When he finished, he smiled and bowed. They smiled and bowed. As they entered the theatre, having neglected to tip, Levine smiled and bowed again and said, “Thank you. O-hi-o.” He played “Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee.”

“You remember that one. A great number. ‘Hi-diddle-dee-dee, an actor’s life for me.’ From ‘Pinocchio.’ All right, my next offering is ‘Zip Up Your Doodah.’ O.K. What else don’t you want to hear? *Anybody*!”

—MARK SINGER

•

## BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a review by E. W. Ziebarth of “F.D.R.: An Intimate History” in the Minneapolis Tribune*]

It would be a grave error to dismiss this book as simply anecdotal, readable and even delightful, but without substance. In fact, it is basically substantive with the anecdotes serving only to give spice to turn dull soup into the arms and armaments of style glittering in the sun of sound workmanship.

# A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, MARCH 17

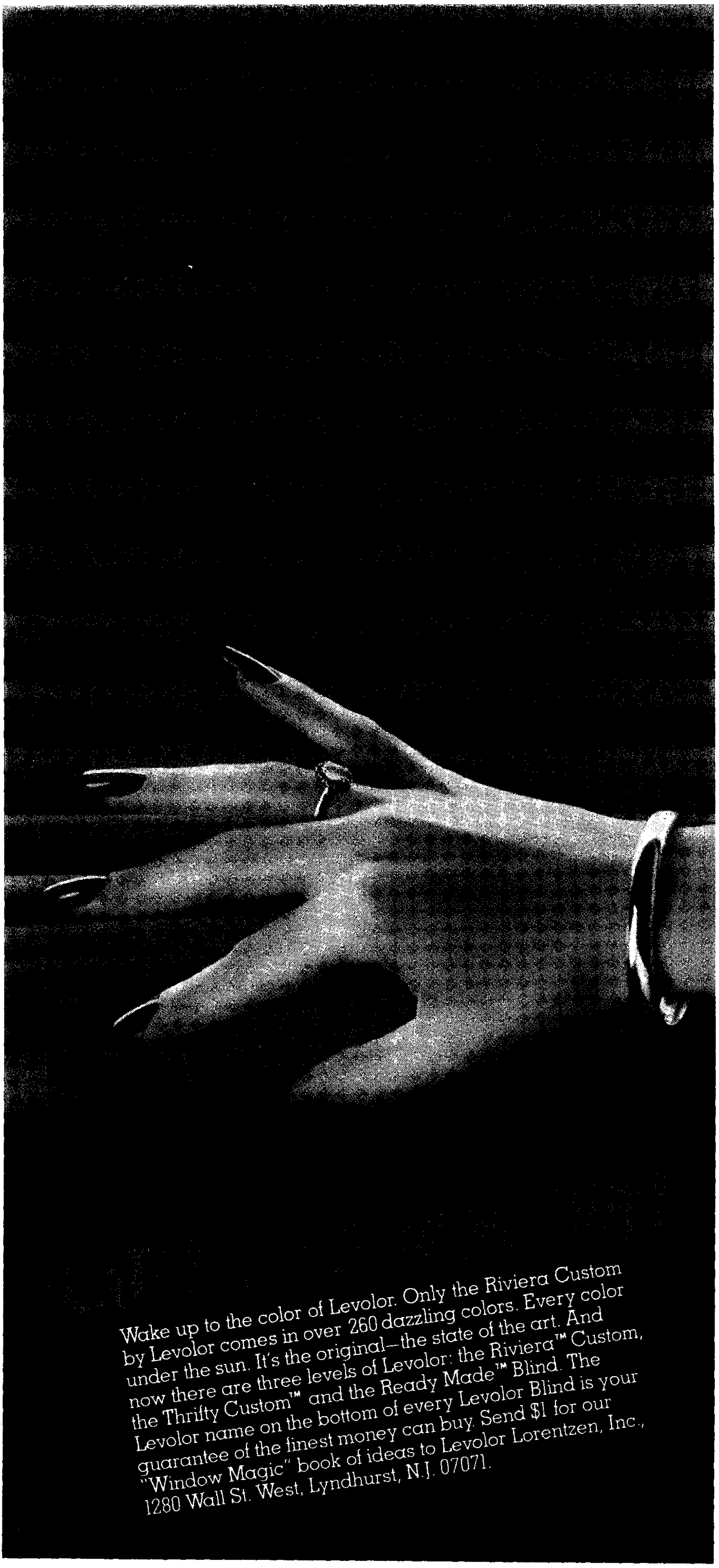
WHILE it is generally accepted that the Democratic contest for the Presidential nomination was under way by February—four contenders formally announced their candidacies in the course of the month—there is a certain artificiality to the setting of any date for the beginning of the contest. The announcement is but one step in a process that has been long under way. And while it is common wisdom now to say that the current contest is uncommonly lengthy, its length is not really unusual. For many years now, candidates have been out on the road for a long, long time, and—would-be nominees have noticed—those who have logged the most miles have often prevailed. It is probably no accident that our last three newly elected Presidents—Nixon, Carter, Reagan—were free to do little but run for the nomination long before they received it. Hamilton Jordan's famous memorandum to Jimmy Carter on how to go after the 1976 nomination was written in 1972, and its implementation began in January of 1973. (Carter announced his candidacy in December of 1974—two months earlier than the formal start of this election's group.) Carter, having noticed that George McGovern could have made more of the Iowa precinct caucuses early in 1972, was getting acquainted with the folks in Iowa early in 1975. McGovern had announced his Presidential candidacy in January, 1971, and had been considering the race ever since 1968, when he made a brief run for the nomination. Edmund Muskie was presumed to be a Democratic candidate—a presumption that he gave every appearance of sharing—from the time he made his wing-chair Election Eve television address in November, 1970. (That turned out to be the high point of his campaign.) John F. Kennedy's race for the 1960 nomination began with his run for the Vice-Presidential spot in 1956, and, according to Theodore Sorensen, his closest aide, the planning was well under way by the spring of 1959—and Kennedy had only four real primary contests. And, while this year's Democratic candidates began making their announcements in February—Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, Walter Mondale, Reubin Askew did so—the campaign had been under way long before. Others—John Glenn, Fritz Hollings, Dale Bumpers, and who-knows-else—are expected to announce soon. The planning for Mondale's campaign began just after Carter's defeat in 1980.

So the longevity of the campaign is not really new. What is new is the amount of attention paid to it by the press so early in the game—and in this the candidates and the press are willing co-conspirators. For the candidates, the press coverage is crucial to their efforts to get themselves known and to convince would-be contributors and supporters that they are on the move and have a chance. There is a sort of backward-reeling logic to the whole thing. A candidate must start early because other candidates start early. The press is paying more attention earlier because it realizes that the early moves of the candidates may have significance and it wants to have been there, and, in truth, because it enjoys the sport. In this, it tends to reflect the somewhat schizophrenic attitude of the public, which (1) complains that the process is too long and (2) is keenly interested in who's going to win.

The other important thing that is new is the nature of the effort that it is assumed must be made early. In an attempt to abbreviate the process, and also deal with some other questions, the Democratic Party in 1981 established the Commission on Presidential Nominations, headed by Governor James Hunt, of North Carolina. The Hunt Commission recommended that the state primaries and caucuses all occur within a three-month "window"—between the second Tuesday in March and the second Tuesday in June. Exemptions were granted for Iowa and New Hampshire, which find it profitable to hold their contests early. (Iowa was permitted to hold its caucuses on February 27th, and New Hampshire its primary on March 6th.) The Commission also adopted some rule changes, including a "winner take more" allocation of the delegates, that worked to the advantage of primary and caucus winners. The states will

*"I'd love to stay, but I must leave. That's life, isn't it?"*

submit their plans to a compliance commission this spring; if a state is ultimately not in compliance, its delegates might not be seated at the national Convention. There is a possibility that the whole idea of the "window" might collapse—if New Hampshire finds itself holding its primary on the same date that Vermont holds a nonbinding contest, it may insist on going earlier, in which case so will Iowa, and perhaps also Maine and some others. New Hampshire and Maine have suggested that they are less interested in having their small number of delegates seated than in the benefits of an early primary: tourism, publicity, and the potential for future Presidential favor. So the candidates and the press may find themselves once again freezing in Iowa in January as some hundred thousand Democrats prepare to cast their caucus votes. But the major fact is that the result of the Democratic Party's effort to shorten the Presidential-selection process was to increase the pressures on the candidates not only to get out there early but to build organizations and raise large amounts of money early. Perhaps this would have occurred in any event as each candidate tried to top the others' efforts. But the change in the scheduling of the primaries and caucuses in 1984 has backed into the nature of the contest the year before. The precise calendar will not be known for some time, but as of now the effect is that the contests will be earlier and more closely bunched. The new calendar will make it a different kind of campaign. In 1976, after Jimmy Carter "won" the January Iowa caucuses (actually, the "uncommitted" slate won, but Carter received more votes than the other candidates), he had five weeks to gather money and recruits to go on to win the New Hampshire primary and bask in the press attention. After New Hampshire, he had two weeks before the next important contest, in Florida, and then a week before the next one, in Illinois. His was a guerrilla movement that was able to concentrate on a few states at a time, borrowing money to tide it over from contest to contest. Under the current schedule, there will be eight days between Iowa and New Hampshire, and a large number of primaries in the Southern and industrial states will follow a week later. This time, therefore, victories in Iowa and New Hampshire could count for far less; the candidates must be ready for the other states. Thus, the cam-



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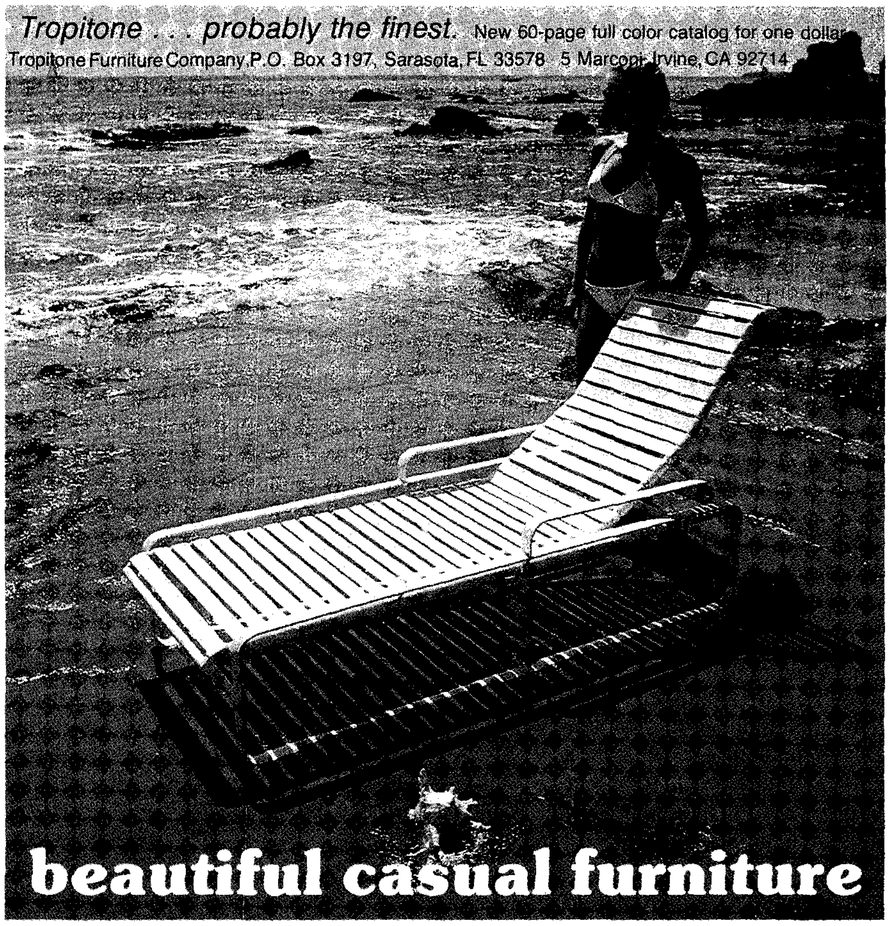
paign has been "nationalized"—it will take place on many fronts concurrently. It is now possible that fifty-one per cent of the delegates, representing twenty-six states scattered all over the country, will be selected by March 27th. If the "window" holds, this will have taken place within twenty-nine days. (In 1980, this point was not reached until four weeks later—after three months of contests.) Mark Siegel, a political consultant and a leading authority on the Party rules, says, "With so many states deciding simultaneously, the strategy of relying on one early state to propel you toward the nomination becomes highly implausible, and the ability of a candidate to compete effectively in many places at the same time becomes the key to success." The pollster Patrick Caddell and others have warned that in its attempt to solve one problem the Democratic Party may have created another: it may have moved the Party perilously close to what is in effect a national primary, which is a singularly poor idea, because it does not permit extended consideration and reconsideration of the candidates, and could become a one-shot media event. Caddell argues that the new system does not protect the Party from a temporarily fashionable candidate, and even suggests that victories in Iowa and New Hampshire could provide more propulsion than before, allowing less time for voter scrutiny of the victors. Thomas Mann, the executive director of the American Political Science Association, who served as a technical adviser to the Hunt Commission, also believes that "front-loading"—the holding of so many contests early—distorts the process to ill effect. "If our system has any advantage," Mann says, "it is that it affords us time to give the candidates scrutiny. These changes take us in the wrong direction." Actually, nobody knows what the effect of the changes will be; what happens will depend heavily on the nature of the contest itself, the way candidates affect each other, and how the public reacts to them. But the "front-loading," if it should ultimately occur, could turn out to be very significant.

The real point is that the calendar itself is political. The candidates and the Party powers try to influence the timing of the state contests to meet their own exigencies. (A group of Southern primaries was set for the same day early in 1980 to help Jimmy Carter.) The Mondale forces want the contests as closely bunched as possible,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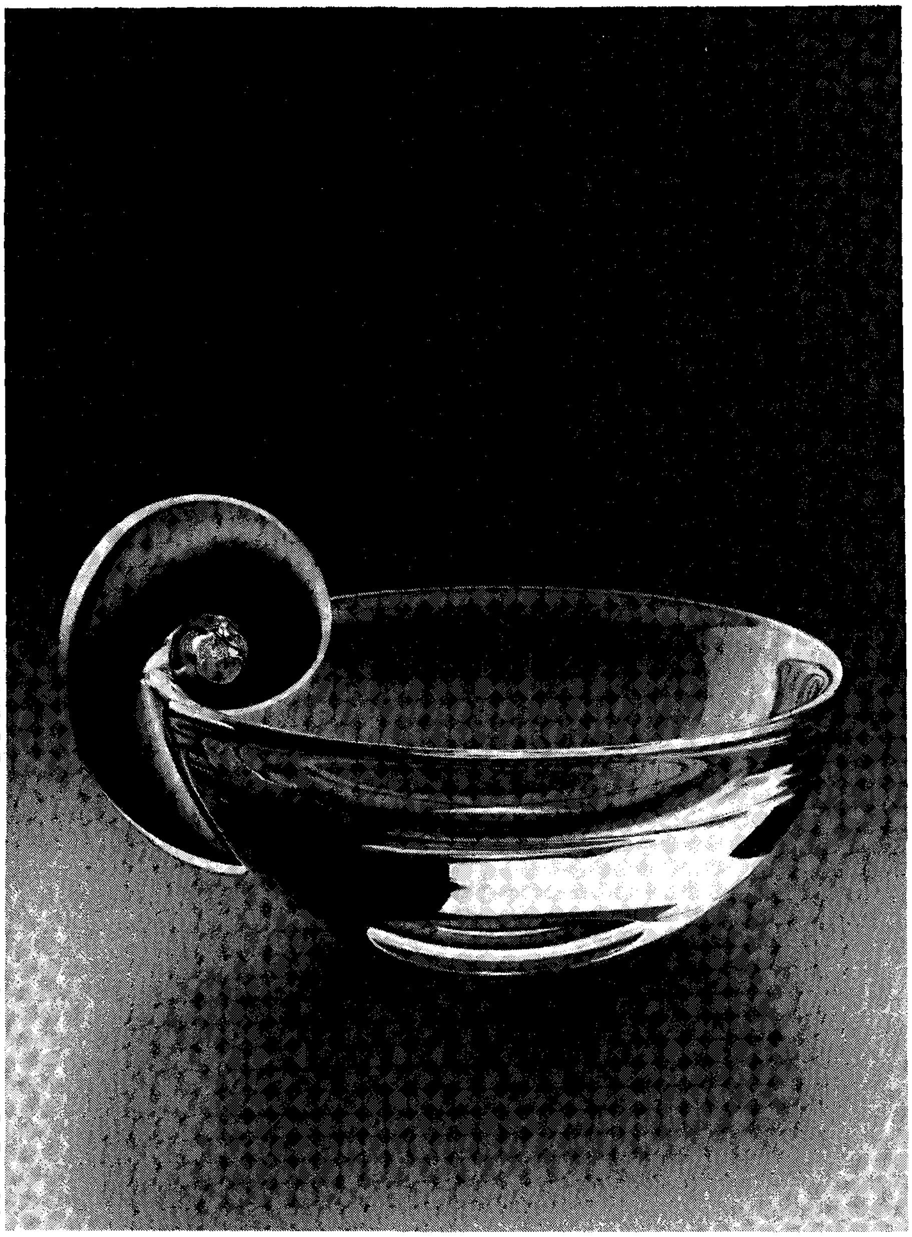
figuring that this would prevent another candidate from getting much mileage out of Iowa or New Hampshire, and play into Mondale's strength, which is national organization. Glenn and Cranston tried to have the contests in their states—Ohio and California—which have customarily come at the end, moved up, in order to give them an early boost, and the Mondale forces tried to head these moves off. Both Glenn and Cranston failed. In the case of Ohio, Glenn apparently failed to do his homework, and, as it happens, the governor, Richard Celeste, is close to Mondale, and so is the leader of the Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) Democratic organization. Ohio will stay at the end of the line. Despite Cranston's efforts, California, which will send twenty per cent of the votes needed to win the nomination, will select only one-third of its delegates early, and the rest in June. This is considered a blow to Cranston. Michigan has moved its caucus to an earlier date, and this, too, suits the Mondale camp's strategy. Yet there are some Party figures who are toying with the idea of trying to slow down the process, because they don't want the nomination locked up too soon. One theory floating about is that, with all the early exposure, the current crop of candidates will seem shopworn by late this year, and the public will be wondering if there isn't anything better. Not everyone agrees that later in the year would be too late to start.

The Democratic Party's effort to abbreviate the process, and also deal with some other delegate-selection questions, began as an attempt to deal with what was seen to be public tedium and with the lack of involvement of Party professionals. An implicit purpose was to ward off long-shot candidacies, such as Jimmy Carter's. (Party reform commissions tend to deal with what is seen as the most recent problem.) But no such exercise takes place in a vacuum, and the outcome of the efforts of the Hunt Commission was a set of rules that were expected to benefit the candidacies of Edward Kennedy and Walter Mondale. The outcome was a victory for the representatives of the two men, who had successfully sought to design a race that favored those most able to mount a large, national campaign early and those who did best in the primaries. It was also a victory for organized labor, which wanted a big hand in deciding who was selected,



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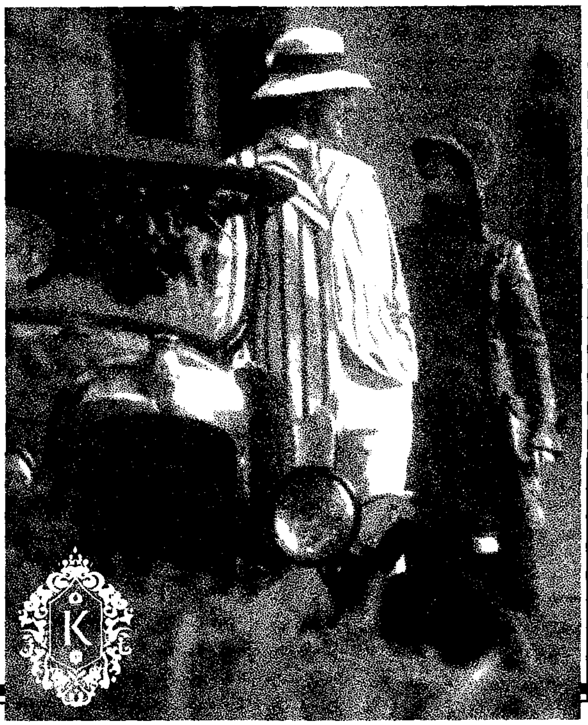

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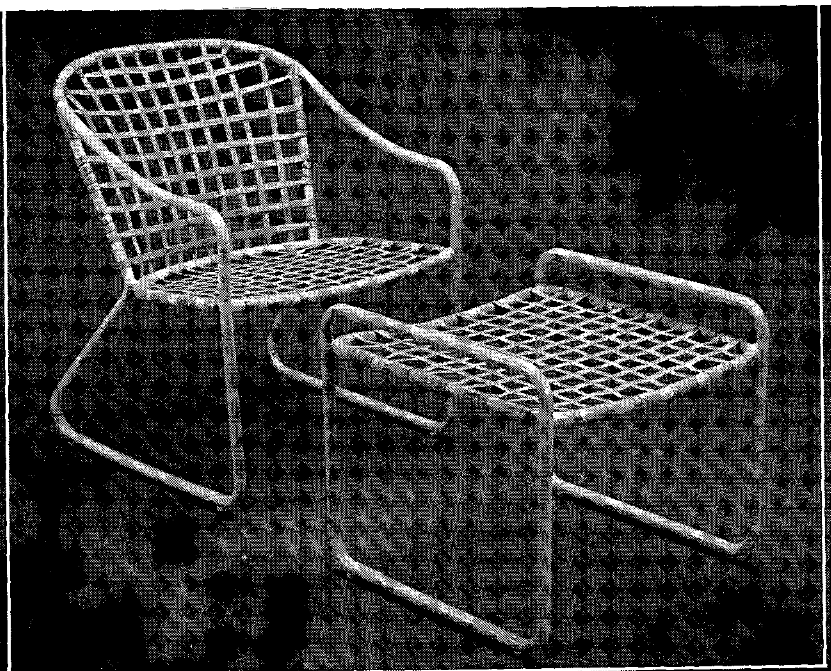

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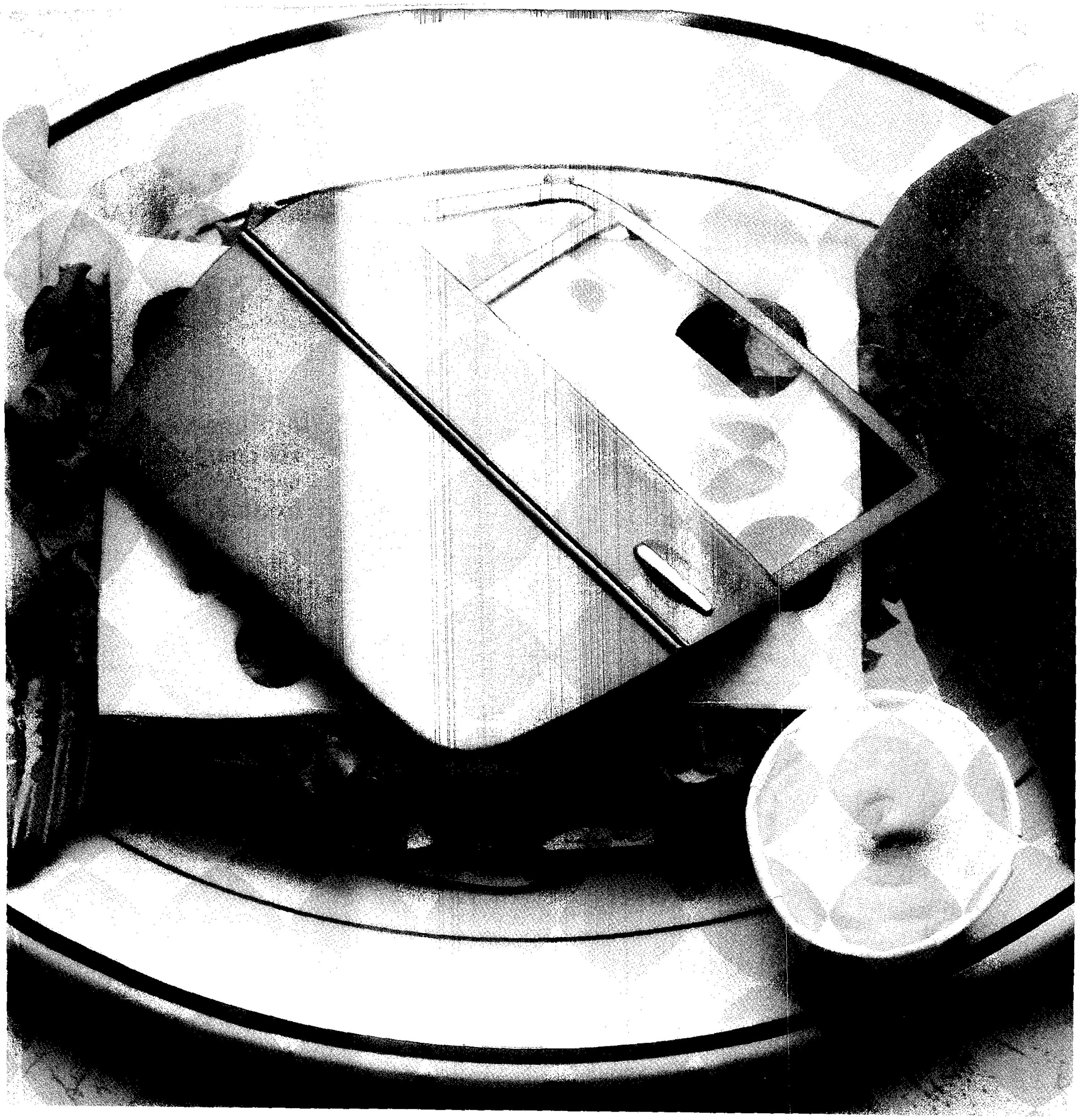
and wanted a consensus candidate. Both the Kennedy and the Mondale forces assumed that Kennedy had an automatic base of thirty-some per cent of the Party; the Kennedy people figured that in a several-candidate field he could prevail, while the Mondale camp sought to reduce the field to two people quickly—Kennedy and Mondale—figuring that in such a race Mondale would prevail. With Kennedy out, the rules are presumed to favor Mondale, who now starts with the largest base.

Another new development that is changing the nature, if not the length, of the Presidential race is the number of pseudo events that are occurring before the official race begins. If a state's political leaders want attention from the candidates—and state political leaders do tend to—they simply stage a preliminary event in which the candidates are invited to participate: a "straw poll;" a fund-raising dinner (often a "Jefferson-Jackson Day" dinner, which is a floating event held by state Democratic Parties any time of the year); a state Party convention. Most dare not refuse, even though no one really has any idea what effect these unofficial events will have on the official contests. But they often yield unofficial polls, which are presumed to affect the picture of how a candidate is doing (and thus to affect the contributors and the activists). There is also, of course, the possible endorsement this year of a Democratic candidate by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The vagaries and the chemistry of the campaign itself, the events that can change everything cannot be foreseen. Nor can the degree to which the outcome may be affected by the number of candidates in the field and the way they take votes from each other. (Carter "won" New Hampshire with twenty-eight per cent of the vote; that is, seventy-two per cent of those who voted in the New Hampshire primary preferred someone else.) People who draw after-the-fact-great-meaning-of-it-alls are inclined to overlook the extent to which a nomination contest was affected by a squeaking victory in New Hampshire (or even a loss that was interpreted as a victory, as Eugene McCarthy's was in 1968), or by an accident, or by the timing of the Michigan caucus.

One effect of both the nationalization and the acceleration of the campaign is that there will be a lot of feedback into the early states of what is happening elsewhere. The Mondale camp's theory is that if, say, Gary



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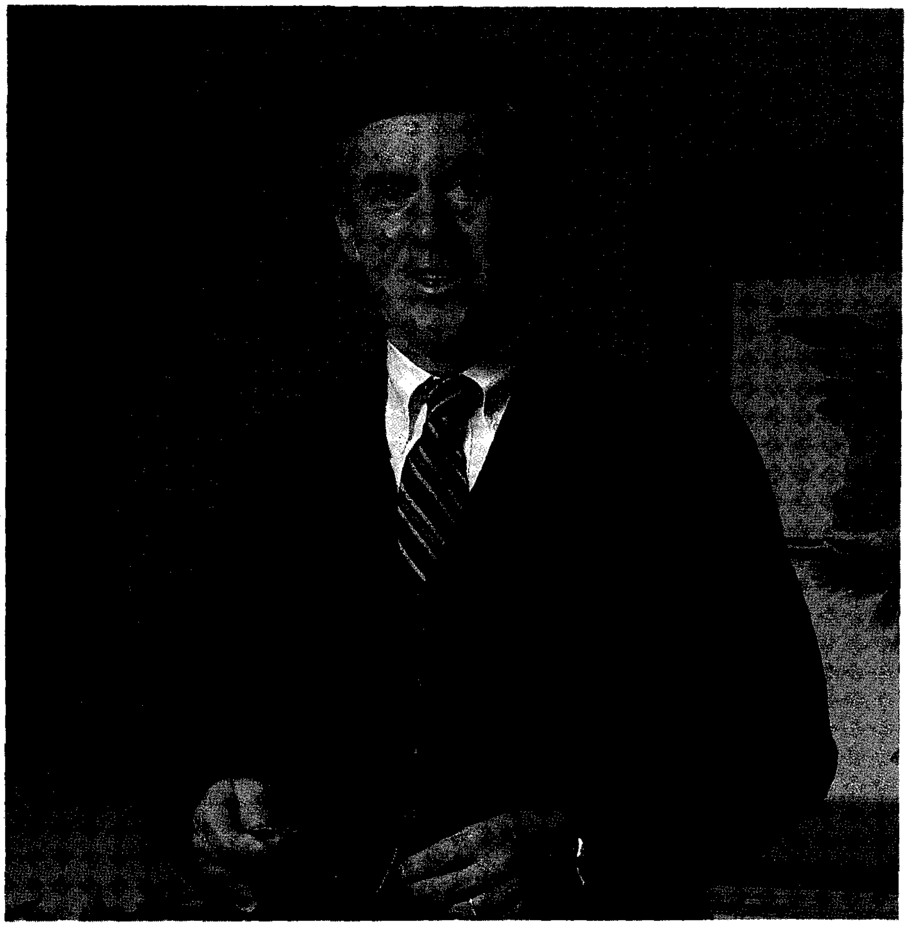

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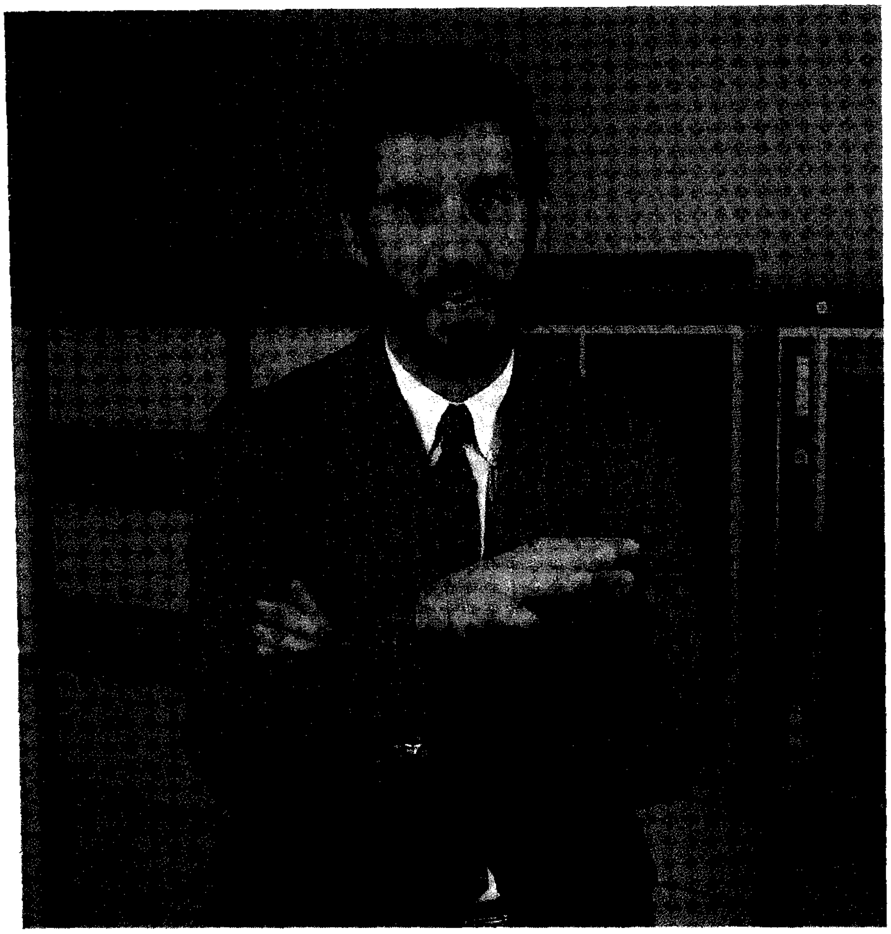

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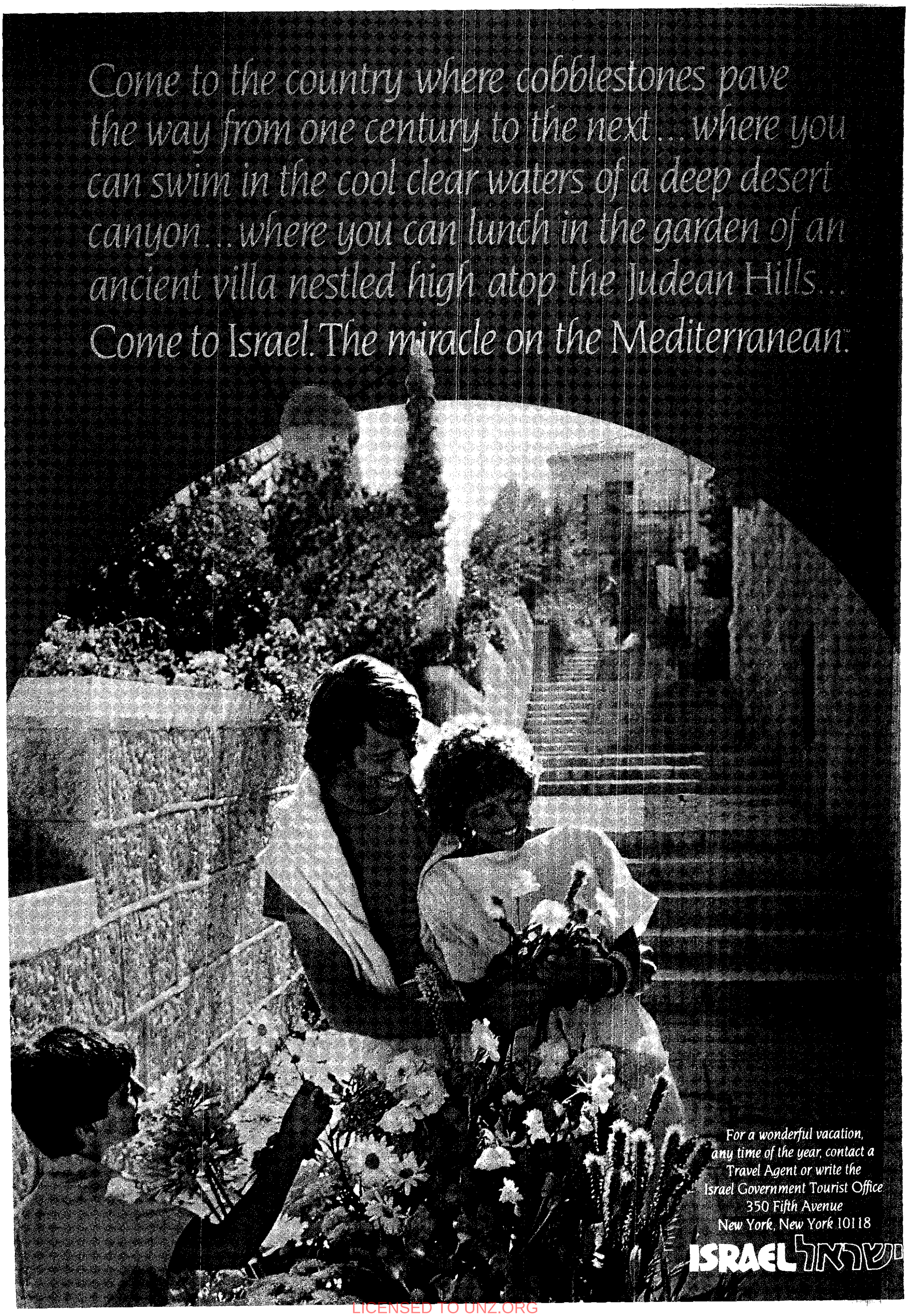

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Hart is doing well at organizing in Iowa (as he is said to be) and he comes in fourth in a straw poll elsewhere, it will affect things in Iowa. So the pseudo events cannot be discounted. Eugene Eidenberg, the former director of the Democratic National Committee, says, "The scorn heaped on candidates for overreacting to a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner misses the point of the campaign. A campaign is a process; it's like a train getting up a head of steam. The process is to reach out to a number of skeptical, uncommitted, reasonably active people and convince them that your nomination is inevitable, through a series of reinforcing events. It's a new form of the old bandwagon."

While the Democratic nomination could be settled unusually early, there is another possibility that some people contemplate: a brokered Convention. The brokered Convention has been a part of political fantasy for a long time—the Democrats haven't even had a second ballot since 1952. Yet some people have been thinking that, given a certain set of events, the nomination contest could result in a hung jury. Moreover, this time there will be a large contingent of Party officials at the Convention, arriving technically unpledged, though they may have made a commitment to a candidate. One motive behind this change was to tie the Party's elected officials more closely to the Convention; many had been staying away, wanting to avoid identification with the platform that the "amateur" activists wrote and not wishing to have to choose one colleague over another. Another motive was to make the Convention more "responsible"—both in its writing of the platform and in its choosing of a candidate—by having a larger proportion of people present who have to deal with the practicalities of politics (that is, get elected). Not for them, the theory went, the exotic candidate, the highly ideological

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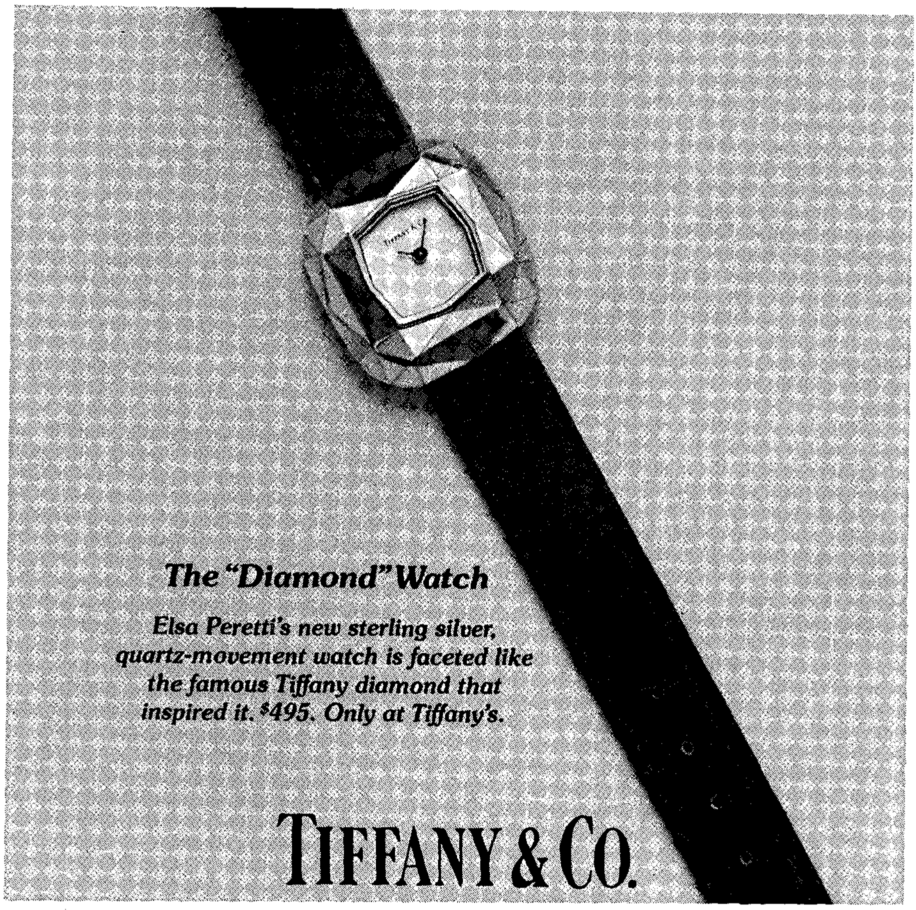
candidate, the candidate from out of the blue. (The Mondale forces figured that the elected politicians would prefer Mondale to Kennedy.) More than one person in Washington permits himself to dream of being anointed by a Convention that could not agree upon any of the entered candidates.

Mondale is currently believed to be in the strongest position to win the nomination—a consensus that rests not just on the fact that he leads the others in the polls but also on the fact that his organization has laid the groundwork carefully. It is the thesis of the Mondale campaign that the more the contest is nationalized, as it has been, and accelerated, as it has been, the better off Mondale is. Therefore, Mondale's people have been encouraging the idea that it is that kind of campaign, attempting to force the other candidates to compete on Mondale's terms. (A collapse of the "window"—early Iowa caucuses, an early New Hampshire primary, which someone else might win, or come close in—is not in Mondale's interests.) The theory is that he will be the best at raising the money, building the organization, and lasting the distance. The more the process is accelerated, the thinking goes, the more the other candidates will come under scrutiny early, and the thesis is that Mondale is the best prepared to withstand the scrutiny—that he is the best long-distance runner. This narrows the other candidates' options, and puts pressure on them to perfect their routines at a much earlier point than before. Few reporters took much notice of Carter as he travelled about in 1975, trying out his themes. Now the candidates have been forced onstage, and there is less time to test their lines, less margin for making mistakes. (Some of Carter's former aides believe that if he had been subject to this much scrutiny this soon, he wouldn't have made it to the nomination.) When it began to be known in August of 1979 that Edward Kennedy might indeed challenge Carter, that was considered the last possible moment for him to get moving, and the most serious problem his campaign had at the outset was that it lacked a rationale. So now, a year before the first official events, the candidates are busily touching up their self-portraits, working out their rationales, rehearsing their responses to the predictable questions, lining up the supporters and the money, and, behind the smiling façade of brotherhood ("I'm going to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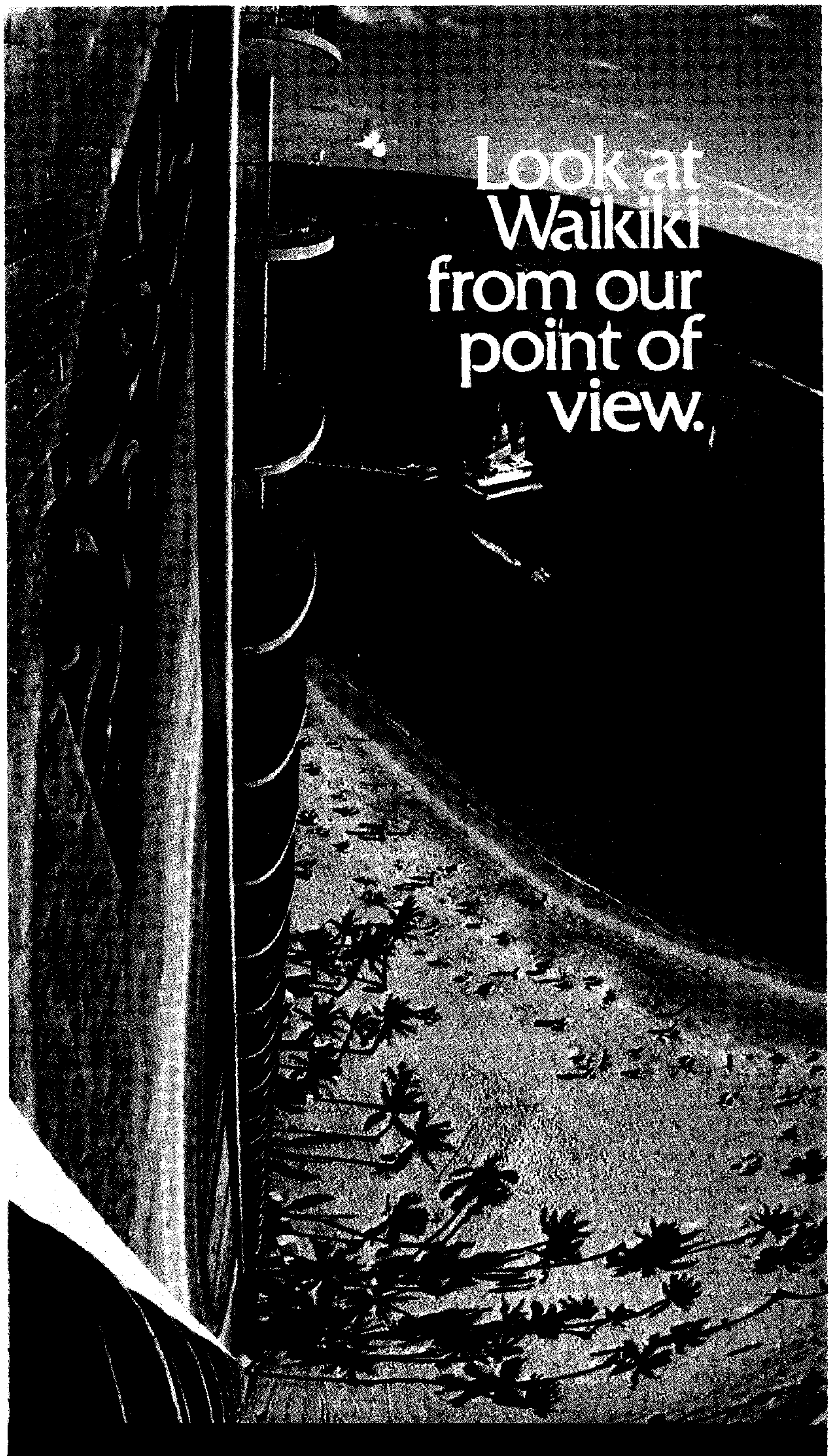
run a positive campaign"), drawing their knives against each other.

The list of those who have announced their candidacies or will do so shortly does not include all those who would like to have the nomination and are thinking of making their moves later. The dream of becoming President doesn't die hard; it doesn't die at all. Morris Udall says, "The only cure for Presidentialitis is embalming fluid." Udall is one of those who are having trouble letting go of the dream. He came close enough in 1976 to defeating Jimmy Carter in New Hampshire (with enough justification for thinking that if some other candidates hadn't been in the race he'd have won), and came close enough or actually defeated him in enough other states, to still rehearse the war in his mind and in conversation. Though Udall toyed with entering the nomination contest for 1984, and then, for a variety of reasons, decided not to, he does entertain the idea of a brokered Convention turning to him. The reasons for not entering included health—Udall has Parkinson's disease, and he and his advisers concluded that they would have to spend much of their time explaining the nature of the disease. And, because of the disease, and arthritis, Udall moves slowly and with obvious difficulty. Many of the cadre who helped him in 1976—a long time ago—have moved on. Moreover, had he run, Udall, a man to whom much respect and affection flows, would have found himself knocked about as one of the crowd, subjected to the indignities and scorn that are inflicted on all Presidential candidates, even as we eagerly seek to know who'll win. (But once a new President reaches the White House, of course, the apotheosis begins.) The dream also lives for George McGovern, who still thinks of entering the race later this year if the current candidates stumble. Robert Strauss has gone through bouts of Presidentialitis in the past couple of years but has seemed to conclude that, qualified as he may consider himself to be, he is not the type to make the run for it; yet he still gives off signs that he would just love to be nominated. In the meantime, Strauss dispenses advice to and raises money for various candidates, taking care to keep himself in good standing in various camps. There is talk of several people's running as favorite sons, or entering the contest later. And, inevitably, there is the talk about whether Kennedy is really out of the race—the kind of talk that has



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arisen around Kennedy since 1968, when his brother Robert was shot. Kennedy's withdrawal last December was made largely for the reasons he stated then: his children, and particularly his youngest son, Patrick, were opposed to his making another race—were fearful for his life. But there were other reasons as well: his own ambivalence, which had also preceded his entry into the 1980 campaign; the certainty that Chappaquiddick was not yet behind him; the awareness that, being newly divorced, he would have no privacy; the knowledge that there are many years left to him in which to run. Kennedy is a great tease, and clearly doesn't mind either the speculation or the candidates' pursuing his blessing (and hoping thereby to inherit his following), but his friends believe he is to be taken at his word that he is out of the race for good this time.

As the various candidates work on their rationales, one thing that makes the exercise harder than it has been in a good many years is that there is no great issue dividing the Democrats. James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, says, "There is less factionalism in the Democratic Party than at any time since 1964." The movement toward a consensus became apparent when the Party met at its midterm conference in Philadelphia last year. The candidates largely talk to the same experts, and their stated goals are quite similar: they will all call for a slowdown in the military buildup, a fairer tax system, and a cutback in the tax cuts still scheduled to occur. They will all emphasize more money for education and for training in science. (We will be hearing often about how many more scientists per capita Japan turns out than the United States does.) They will all try to avoid talking about things that could be characterized as "big-spending" programs, but will talk about rearranging the emphases, within budgetary constraints. They will be talking about stimulating new industries and "restructuring" old ones, and about business-labor-government partnerships. They will be talking about arms control. They will be talking about the "inequity" of the Reagan Administration's domestic program and about its record on environmental issues. The fact is that, for all its heterogeneity, the Democratic Party enjoys an unaccustomed consensus—shaped both by the times and by the

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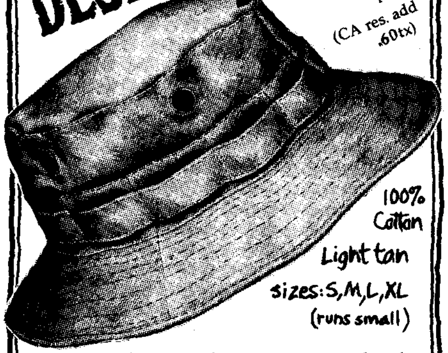

actions of the Reagan Administration (just as the Republicans in 1980 formed their consensus in reaction to the Carter Administration). There will be differences of degree among the candidates, and a few substantive differences—in fact, the candidates will strive to create differences. Not all of them support the domestic-content bill backed by the United Auto Workers, which would require that all cars sold in the United States contain a certain percentage of United States parts and labor—a proposal that many say would set off a new trade war and would not really solve the automobile industry's problems. (Mondale, Glenn, Cranston, and Hollings support it; Hart, Bumpers, and Askew do not.) Some quirky issues may arise along the way—they usually do—but the rationales and the self-portraits will probably have more to do with style than with substance.

It is a commonplace in the talk about Presidential politics these days to assume that if Reagan runs again, and if there is a recovery in the economy and Reagan achieves some sort of arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union, the Democratic nomination won't be worth much. The Democratic candidates themselves say that such conditions might make victory more difficult but far from impossible. They say that even if there is a recovery unemployment will still be high and memories of unemployment fresh. (The defection of blue-collar voters from the Democratic Party was critical to Reagan's victory.) They count on the fact that environmentalists, who include many independents and moderate Republicans, will be up in arms about the Reagan Administration, and that blacks will continue the pattern, which emerged in the off-year elections of 1981, of voting in unprecedented numbers. There is also the "Who knows?" factor: the possible scandal, the important slip of the tongue, evidence of Reagan's lack of grip on the job, the unpredictable event. The experienced politician realizes that there are only so many calculations one can make; after that the fates take over. Besides, it is not exactly unheard of to lose an attempt for the Presidency only to win at a later date. And there is always the chance of ending up as the Vice-Presidential nominee.

I HAVE been talking with some of the candidates, seeing how they assess their situations at this point, checking the state of their self-por-

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### *The fringe.*

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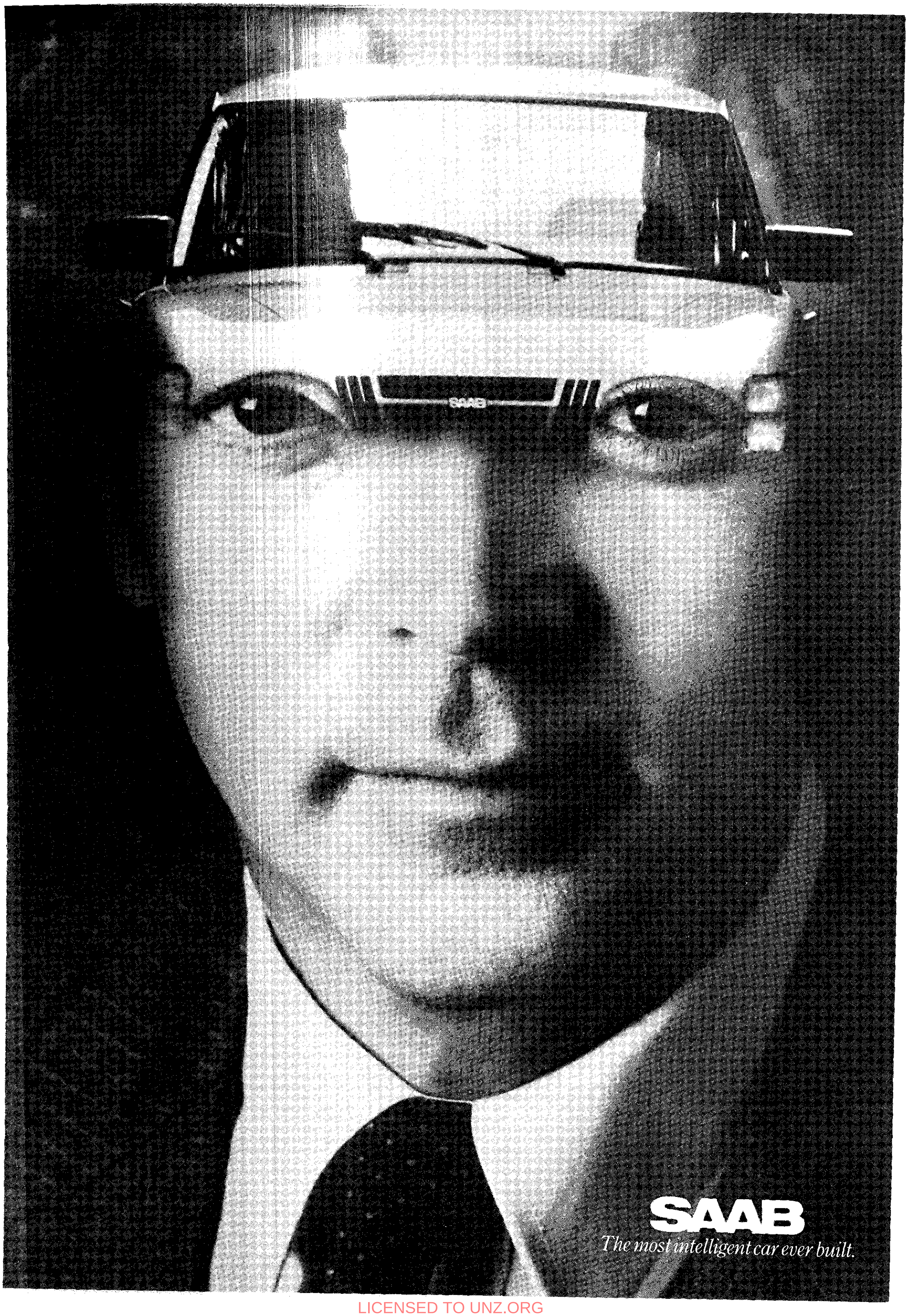
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traits. They are in various stages of formulating their rationales, but all of them are eager to present themselves as winners. And all of them are coping with the series of hurdles that the press places before them—the tests that it has decided they must meet: this one can't speak well; that one is too skinny (Alan Cranston is actually trying to gain weight); that one doesn't have a good organization. Once a hurdle is surmounted, a new one is hauled out and put in place. That keeps the campaign interesting.

That Alan Cranston, who the consensus had it was a most improbable candidate, is farther along in building an organization and raising money than the consensus would have expected should really be no surprise. Cranston is a cheerfully dogged politician: he actually loves to campaign and do the scut-work of politics; he has no difficulty in asking people for money, and has been doing it with considerable success for years. He is a denial of the idea that a liberal can't be politically tough. Every Presidential race has at least one "Why not?" candidate; Cranston is a "Why not?" candidate. He figures that he is as smart as the rest, as able as the rest. Moreover, he has a special motivation: as a Californian, he has had plenty of time to develop a disdain for Reagan. Cranston's strategy is to try to identify himself more closely than the others with the nuclear-freeze movement, in the hope of attracting a cadre of committed activists. The other candidates will, of course, try to prevent that—all of them having endorsed the idea of a joint U.S.-Soviet freeze on nuclear weapons (some have signed freeze proposals that had diametrically opposite philosophical bases), and all of them making the case for arms control. Cranston's idea is that if the major (or currently major) candidates are clumped in the center, taking votes away from each other, he might get through on the left rail. Like Hart, Cranston has to try to convince the press of two things: (1) that he can win, but (2) that, because of his low name recognition, he should not be expected to show up well in the polls until next year. That is, he and Hart must try to keep expectations high and low at the same time. Cranston says, "Those of us without the name recognition matching Mondale and Glenn can't expect to make great progress on that score until after Iowa and New Hampshire. So I don't expect any change in the polls until after those

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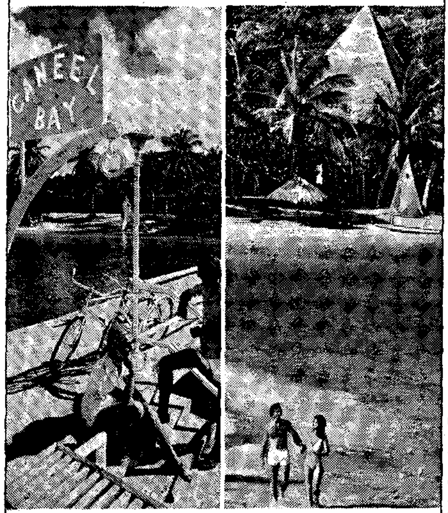

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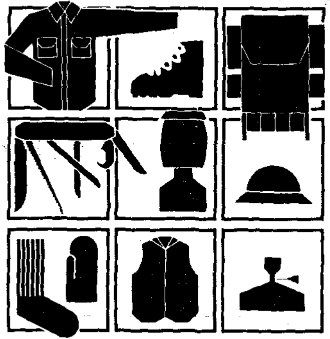

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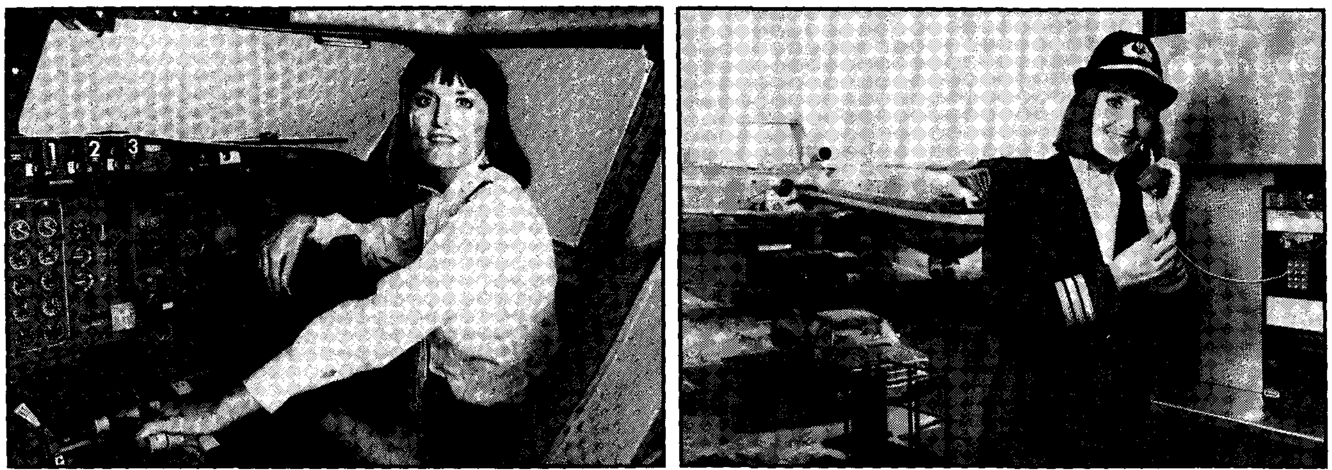

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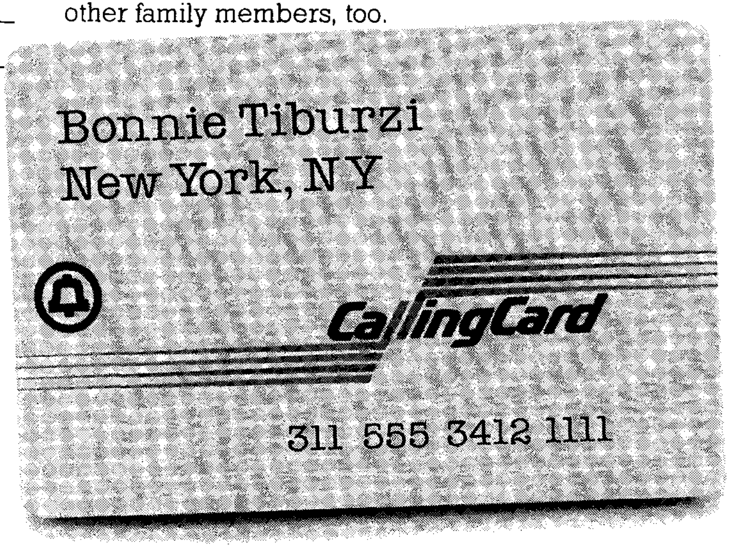

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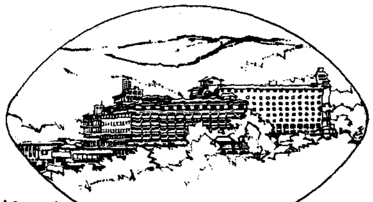

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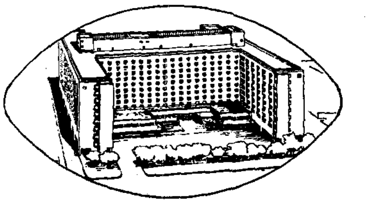

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first two primaries. The polls now are name recognition; you don't need it everywhere, but you need it in those early key states. With time and attention and energy, you can acquire it in key areas."

When I talked with Cranston in February, in his Senate Minority Whip's office, tucked into the labyrinth under the Capitol Dome, he listed his advantages as he sees them, including his strength in California—"almost twenty per cent of the votes needed for the nomination and election." He added, smiling, "That's better than Minnesota or Colorado." Cranston has been showing a penchant for the needle in this campaign; he is wont to tell people that he does not have the name recognition of some of the others because he was not Jimmy Carter's Vice-President or an astronaut. When Cranston won a straw poll at a state Party convention in Sacramento in January, this was generally ascribed to a home-state wish not to embarrass one's own senator. But Cranston worked hard to win that vote, and is just as determined to win the test in California next year. (However, California's failure to decide to hold its nomination contest early reduced the advantage of that primary for Cranston.) Cranston pointed out that when he was reëlected to the Senate in 1980 he ran ahead of Reagan in California and 1.6 million votes ahead of the Carter-Mondale ticket. Cranston said, "I know my message is attracting a great deal of support. My announcement statement expressed the view that a President should focus on one or two questions or else he wastes his time and power. Otherwise, as time slips away, he leaves the White House without accomplishing anything of enduring importance. I believe the power of the President's mind and the office should be focussed on the two key issues of the time: the arms race, before it destroys us, and the economy." Cranston acknowledged that the focus on the arms race is part of his political strategy, "but," he added, "it fits my own passions and concerns." While he says that he will stress these two issues, he also talks about the others on the Democrats' agenda: education, training, science ("This year, Japan will graduate twice as many engineers as we, even though they have half the number of people"), productivity, a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation (most of the candidates have adopted Felix Rohatyn's idea for

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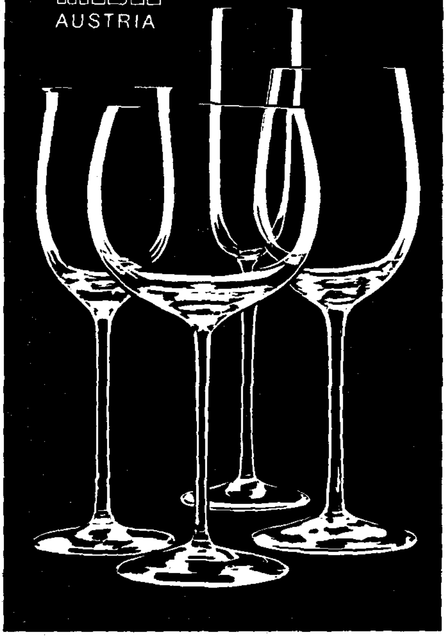

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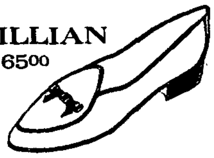

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this). Then, unasked, Cranston anticipated one of the hurdles that have been placed before him: he is sixty-eight. "One other matter is energy," he said. For a moment, I thought he was talking about the substantive issue, but he quickly set me straight. "I've got more of that than anyone, and I think that will pay off," he said. Cranston, a sprinter who runs in track meets, continued, "I have covered more ground than *anyone*; I'll bet that in the last year I covered more than Mondale. You watch who gets worn down in the course of this year." He laughed when he said this—a dig at Mondale, who in 1974 pulled out of the Presidential race because he said he didn't have the burning desire that it takes to run. Cranston said, "I happen to enjoy it. If you don't, it can be a terrible drag. Since I have stamina, I think my age can be an advantage. With age comes wisdom, and your values and principles become stronger." Then Cranston spoke what have become the stock lines he uses to deal with this hurdle: "I'm younger than Reagan." Reagan is seventy-two. "I'll always be younger than Reagan. I'll be younger than Reagan in '84. I happen to be a few days younger than Yuri Andropov, whom I look forward to negotiating with."

Cranston has a confident nature, and he seems determined to simply run the other candidates into the ground. His political career is based on an inability to accept the consensus that the odds are against him. There is a certain smiling relentlessness about him. As a senator, and then as the Democratic Whip, he has never minded making the calls at whatever hour to round up the votes. At this point, this early point, Cranston seems to be making more progress per investment of time than any of the others who are striving to be the alternative to Mondale: in raising money, in building an organization, in getting endorsements, in reaching Democrats who bring intensity to their politics. "For a year, I studied the practicality of running," he says. "I wasn't sure at the outset that I could get anywhere by talking about arms control in the South. I found that I could. George Wallace told me, 'You'd better talk about it; we're spending ourselves silly, and might blow ourselves up.' "

OF the presumed major candidacies, John Glenn's seems at this point to be having the most difficulty finding its rationale and its foot-

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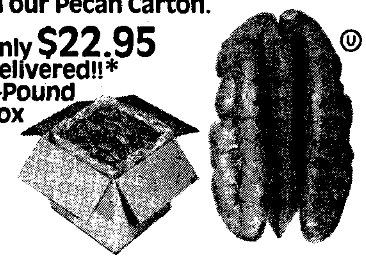

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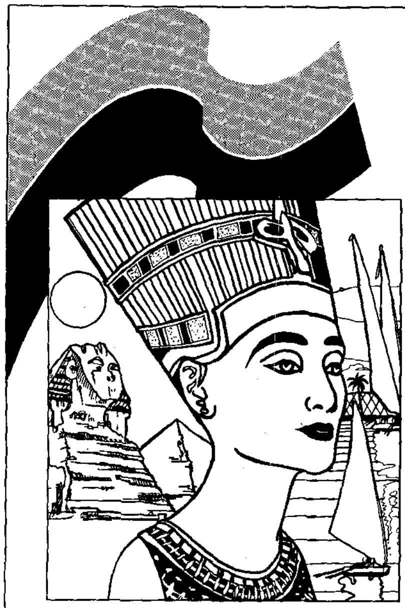

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ing. The rationale that others have applied to Glenn's candidacy is that he is an authentic American hero with an Eisenhoweresque visage; a middle-roader; a soothing presence. All this may be true, but Glenn doesn't seem to know what to do with it as yet. Glenn's formal entry into the campaign has been deliberately delayed, his aides say, in order to give the other candidates more time to be chewed up by the process and the scrutiny, and in order to make a smooth start. (His formal entry is now contemplated for April.) But in fact Glenn has had *trouble getting his campaign organization in order*, and, for all the talk of Glenn's potential as a candidate, some *of the best political organizers*—free-lancers—took a look at the Glenn set-up and walked away. This point is not a minor one having to do simply with the technicalities of political organizing. One of the most important aspects of a Presidency, as we have seen time and again, is the President's taste in people, his ability to attract and utilize talented people. And there is a pattern of campaign staffs moving into the White House.

Glenn's rationale appears to be his persona. (Someone who watches politics closely said to me recently, "I don't know what he does. I don't associate him with any active verbs.") Glenn still has trouble delivering a speech that will stir an audience, but on television he appears calm and reassuring, which could be far more important. He has a stock line about how he is not seeking the Presidency to satisfy his ego: "I've had the ticker-tape parades." This, of course, serves to remind people of the ticker-tape parades. And his advisers appear to be planning to use the ticker-tape aura, plus the persona, to put him across.

An encounter with Glenn is pleasant, and an interview agreeable—but vaguely dissatisfying. The feeling is that one is dealing with a man who has worked out his paragraphs but not with someone who has a searching mind that is grappling with hard questions. The issue of Glenn's intelligence has been raised: he was intelligent enough to become an astronaut, but that requires one kind of intelligence and politics another. It is true, as Glenn likes to point out, that he won in Ohio in 1980 by over a million and a half votes (albeit against a nonentity) while Reagan was carrying the state by nearly half a million votes. A number of politicians who have observed Glenn at close range say that

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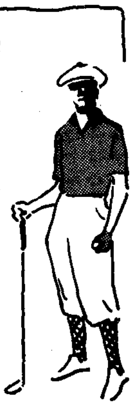

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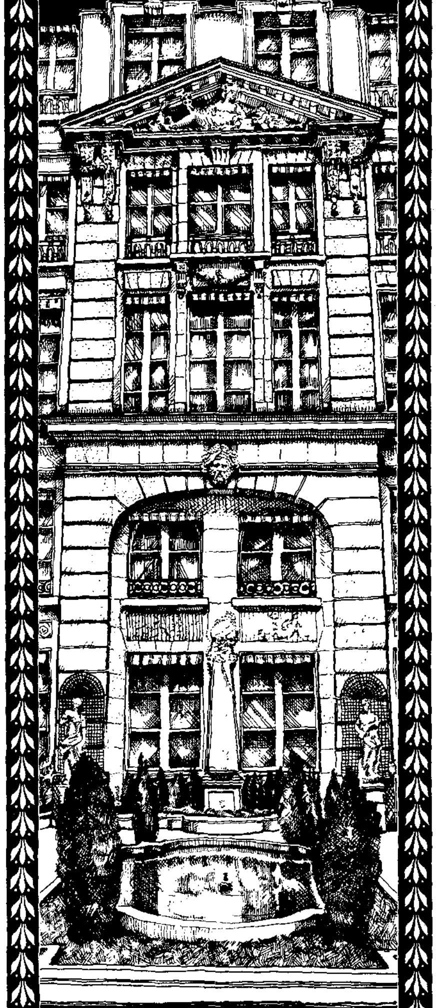

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what he lacks is political feel: the sense of how to make a series of moves that take you where you want to go; the "peripheral vision" that a politician needs—the ability to sense what may be coming at you from all angles. Glenn is a bit of a political loner. He has a nonpolitical side that makes him appealing as an individual but lacking in certain political skills: the ability to negotiate, to be flexible enough, to recognize that your opponent on one issue today may be your ally on another one tomorrow. A President needs to be a good politician, to have a zest for working out the political equations, to sense what's coming, to have a feel for implications. The coming tests will indicate whether Glenn has these characteristics in sufficient quantity.

When I spoke with Glenn, in late February, in his office, in the Dirksen Senate Office Building, he was relaxed and low-keyed. He went through his paragraphs. "It's almost un-American that we see opportunities reduced rather than expanded," he said. "I am running for a cause, not for ego, though my ego is as big as anyone's. But I've had the ticker-tape parades. On the international scene, we should be pushing arms control; we should be pushing trade policy. We have a changing international situation and we see all this going on and we're not reacting to it." He cited his own background, including not only the space program but also business ("I had four businesses, one of which went bankrupt, so I know both sides of the business world"). He pointed out that he had been in the Senate for eight years, six of them on the Foreign Relations Committee. But Glenn will have a problem in the area of foreign policy. He now urges the approval of the SALT II arms-control agreement, which was reached by the Carter Administration but never came to a vote in the Senate, in large part because of surrounding events; the chimeric Soviet "brigade" in Cuba and then the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, coupled with substantial opposition within the Senate, caused the Senate Democratic leaders and President Carter to set the treaty aside in 1980, an election year. The treaty's supporters believed that if it had been brought to the Senate floor at the right time, with sufficient effort, it could have been passed. The fact that John Glenn expressed grave doubts about the treaty and voted against it in the Foreign Relations Committee contributed sig-

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nificantly to its fate. Glenn said at the time that he was concerned about the treaty's verifiability, because of the loss of some monitoring stations in Iran, but says that *now* he is satisfied that new verification facilities have been established. At the time that Glenn was voicing his complaints, Harold Brown, then the Secretary of Defense, and representatives of the Joint Chiefs of Staff did their mightiest to assure Glenn that the new facilities would be available when they were necessary.

In my talk with Glenn, he spoke of the necessity of improving the training of scientists, of providing more education, of scaling back the Reagan tax cuts (he would eliminate the third year of the three-year tax cut and the indexing of tax rates to inflation which is to follow). However, he supported passage of the Reagan tax-cut bill when it went through the Senate. He spoke of the need to design a defense policy that fits a well-thought-out foreign policy—"not just what the last salesman talked to you about." Glenn has opposed the MX missile. (Before conservative audiences, however, Glenn says, "I strongly reject the notion that we should balance the budget largely by making wholesale cuts in defense spending.") Glenn is small-town, Protestant, Ohio; he might easily have been a Republican. While his political style may lack edge, it is completely natural for him to link what he says must be done with some old-fashioned "verities"—the importance of an educated citizenry, the expansion of opportunities. He is good-humored about the hurdles that have been placed before him. The first was that he is a dull speaker, as was apparent when he thudded in giving the keynote address to the 1976 Democratic Convention. Glenn says that he has overcome this, but there is evidence to the contrary. He says that his organization will be seen to be in place. I asked him the question that is on a number of people's minds about him—whether he is seasoned enough to withstand the trials of a national campaign. Glenn replied, "Oh, it's of a different magnitude for everyone. No one has really been through it or has any great insight that any one of us doesn't have. I've been in some past programs that required some stick-to-itiveness. It's of a different magnitude from what you run into in a Senate campaign; it's the same thing except more intense. The amount of detail on the issues that the press expects, and the national de-

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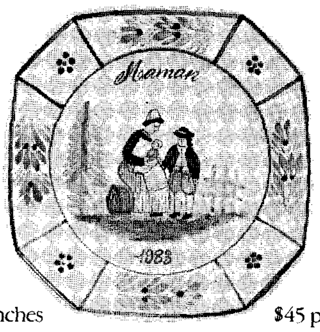
mands— is that a major hurdle? I guess yes."

GARY HART, who is forty-five, has developed a rationale: that it is time for a new generation of leaders (he, of course, is of the new generation), and that he is the "issues" candidate. His approach seems to be to present himself as the John F. Kennedy of the nineteen-eighties—attractive, young, fresh. Perhaps he always did so, but it is noticeable now that he stands with one hand in his pocket—J.F.K. style. And recently he announced that Theodore Sorensen would be his national co-chairman. Hart is intelligent and thoughtful, and has been conscientiously addressing himself to issues and new approaches for some time now. However, given the consensus within the Democratic Party, it is difficult for him to distinguish himself substantively from his competitors to any great extent. So he refers frequently to the fact that he put out "issues papers" for the Democratic candidates last year, and frequently claims to have been the first to propose a certain idea; he often says that his Presidency would be "innovative and experimental." It is true that Hart has now developed furthest the idea of "military reform"—the idea that military weapons should not be more costly or complicated than necessary—but he is far from the only one to have espoused it. And there are certain ambiguities in Hart's approach. He likes to say that what separates him from the other candidates is that his proposals are more "specific" than theirs, but—perhaps aware from his experience as the manager of McGovern's 1972 campaign that specificity can kill a candidate—he has already backed off from at least one major specific. He used to propose a consumption tax, which would tax spending—but there are many complications with this idea, and Hart now says that he might support something along the lines of the "Fair Tax," a much simplified progressive tax espoused by Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, and Representative Richard Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri. Hart stresses the point that he is an independent politician, and cites some votes he has cast. And in his announcement speech he said he would try to break the grip of the "narrow, negative agendas and special-interest government in Washington." In an apparent swipe at Mondale, who enjoys the support of several of the Democratic constituency



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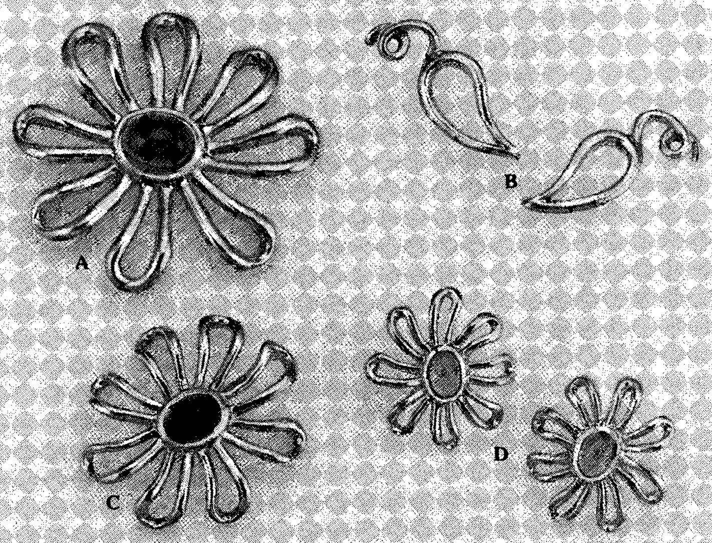
groups, Hart said, "A President who owes his election to narrow interests risks an Administration that is owned by them. . . . A President must do more than negotiate, bargain, and compromise with an array of interests." But under questioning by reporters afterward he indicated that he did not consider labor, blacks, or ethnic groups to be "narrow, special interests." He has said that he would welcome the endorsement of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., of the National Education Association, of environmental groups, of women's groups, of blacks. His stated refusal to take money from political-action committees (PACs) for his campaign was part of his effort to indicate his independence of the interest groups. When Hart made his announcement, he assumed that he would get the jump on Mondale, who, unlike Hart, had been making campaign financing a major issue. But a Washington *Post* reporter immediately called the Mondale camp, which said it would take the same position. The Mondale camp was tickled that it got into Hart's lead; the Hart camp was not. Such things become very important in campaigns. In fact, Reubin Askew had announced that he would not take PAC money before the other two did, but this was not reported in the Washington papers, so no one heard the tree fall. This often happens in campaigns: the candidate makes a statement, the statement isn't reported, and then the candidate is criticized for not having spoken out. Actually, PACs don't contribute much money in primaries—they are reluctant to choose sides. As between Mondale and Hart, Mondale probably gave up the most, since he stands a good chance of getting the endorsements of the N.E.A. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The major contribution of these groups, however, will be manpower, not money.

Over lunch recently, Hart stressed that he had talked in his speech of "narrow interests," not "special interests." He said, "I don't think there's any contradiction between decrying the narrow interests, the increasing fractionalization and the increasing tendency of certain groups to target their contributions, and distinguishing those groups that are able to see beyond their particular interests; labor has always been concerned with health and housing. The danger isn't women or labor; it's the growing number of national associations of this and national associations of that." How this



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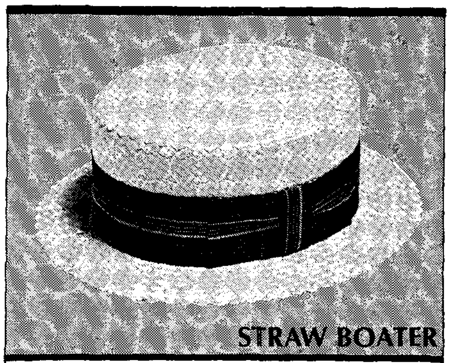

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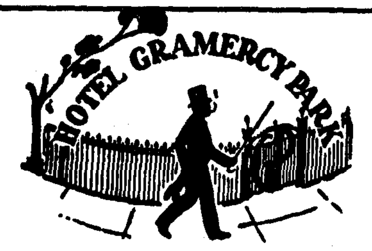
separates him from Mondale is unclear. Hart, like Glenn, is a bit of a loner in the Senate. He can be quite charming and agreeable, but there is a certain coolness in his style that goes beyond reserve; he keeps some part of himself back even from those few of his colleagues who know him well. And while politicians accept opportunism as an ingredient of their profession, many of Hart's colleagues feel that he has this characteristic in what may be excessive measure. They find his elbows a bit too sharp. Even for a politician, he seems to be inclined to the maneuver—how one gets the edge here or there—so that even his emphasis on substantiveness, on issues and issues papers, comes across, correctly or not, as a bit of a maneuver. The way he has positioned himself on military questions is a case in point. Hart went to divinity school and then law school after he graduated from college, and thus did no military service. And he was, of course, the manager of McGovern's "dovish" Presidential campaign. Then, after he entered the Senate, in 1975, he joined the Armed Services Committee, and in December of 1980, at the age of forty-three, he took the unusual step of obtaining a commission in the Naval Reserve. (Because of his age and lack of previous service, he had to receive a special waiver from the Navy.) During his campaign for reëlection in 1980, he appeared in an ad driving a tank. Hart worked hard to push approval of the SALT II agreement and still espouses it, and he will stress in the campaign his credentials on arms control. However, last year Hart turned down the leaders of the nuclear-freeze movement when they asked him to be the sponsor of a congressional resolution. (They then went to Kennedy, who agreed to.) Hart explains that by that time he had offered his own proposal, called STOP, which called for the United States and the Soviet Union to pursue negotiations to reduce the number of nuclear arms and find ways to prevent their use. There were several pro-arms-control Democrats who had misgivings about the freeze proposal, and Hart believed that it might prevent the necessary development or modification of weapons systems. Hart stresses his participation in arms-control convocations last year, and says that he now endorses the freeze "as part of a broader and more comprehensive package."

In describing the 1984 race, Hart said, "My sense is that this is a differ-



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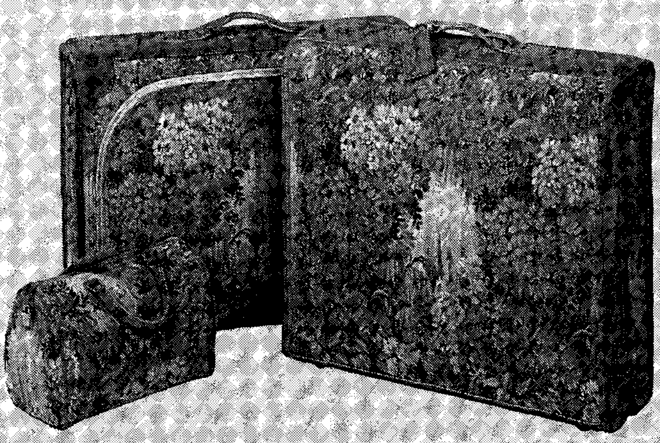
ent nomination race and will be a different general election. The left-right difference will be less important than the forward-backward difference. The question is whether to go forward with a new generation of purposes and ideas, with someone willing to be innovative and experimental, or whether to rely on past programs. I think the nomination will get down to a future-past race. It may not be described that way, but that's what will be going on." Hart offered an analogy to John Kennedy in 1960: "He was criticized by the Adlai Stevenson–Eleanor Roosevelt wing as too conservative, and by the Lyndon Johnson wing as too liberal, but the real point about his campaign is that it was the future. It wasn't a specific attitude about him, but it was thematic. The difference between 1984 and 1960 is that although the most important thing is to give them themes, themes will not be enough."

Hart has been working hard at building an organization, and that is something he knows how to do. "By late spring," he said, "we'll have a Hart for President committee in every state." He said, "I'm reaching across the spectrum to all age groups, interests, ideologies." And he added, "The core group is in its twenties to mid-forties, generally middle- to upper-middle-income—teachers, paraprofessionals of all races. I'm beginning to inherit a post-Great Society generation of black and Hispanic leaders who have a feeling of political independence that hasn't been described yet." He said, "I think somewhere in the first thirty days of the campaign I have to emerge as one of the two or three serious contenders—that will motivate contributors and our workers and supporters in the states—and I think that in the first forty-five days the race will narrow to two people." Hart has not done particularly well at the all-candidate pageants that have taken place so far, but he seems unfazed. (A straw poll that will be taken April 9th at a state convention in Springfield, Massachusetts, will be considered highly important, and Hart has worked hard in the state.) He just goes on building his organization. The question that remains about Hart is whether he will be able to provide the spark that will give that organization something to work with.

DALE BUMPERS, Democratic senator from Arkansas, is the wild card, the unpredictable element, in the



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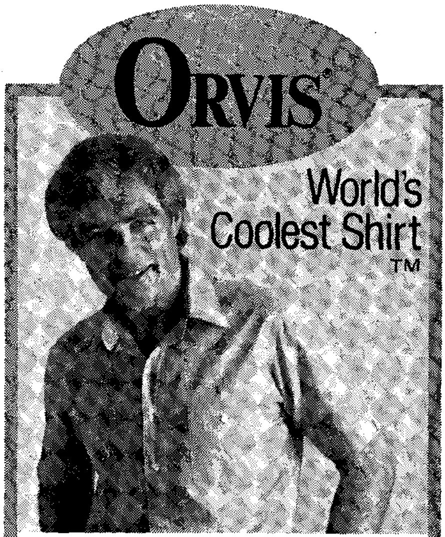

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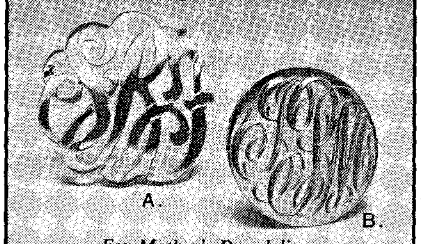
campaign. If he runs—he has been somewhat ambivalent, but he probably will—he has the potential to upend the calculations of the others. He is a man of great personal appeal: real, humane, whole, and down-to-earth. He conveys the sense that he is speaking from conviction, and, though no political naïf, not simply from calculation. When he talks about being upset about a certain issue, one has the sense that he really is upset about it, not just using it. He has taken difficult political stands: as governor of Arkansas, he raised taxes; as a senator from Arkansas, he has opposed (vehemently) Senate moves to strip the courts of jurisdiction over school busing and prayer in the schools. He has managed to formulate his arguments in a way that persuades a constituency that would not be inclined to agree. The big question about Bumpers is how he would do in the national arena, where he has never been tested. It is also to be seen how disciplined and orderly—and deep—his thinking is, the extent of his range. Bumpers is an intelligent man, familiar with the issues, and he sees himself as not so much an innovator as a motivator, and he sees the ability to move people—to lead—as being at the heart of the Presidency. What interests a number of people here about the potential of a Bumpers candidacy is that he might, through a combination of personal magnetism and political shrewdness, get across as the appealing unconventional candidate. Some political professionals think that with the right moves Bumpers just might get himself at least in the top tier of the candidates. Through a combination of a compelling speaking style and a strong message, he has done well at the candidate parades thus far, and has some able political professionals ready to go to work for him.

Bumpers has actually been thinking about running for the Presidency for a long time. Bumpers and Jimmy Carter were elected governors of their states in the same year, 1970—as was Reubin Askew. There had been little affection on the part of either Askew or Bumpers toward Carter (all rivals as the symbol of "the New South"); in fact, there was little on the part of any of Carter's fellow-governors, which should have been a sign of problems to come. But Carter made more of the opportunity quickly. Bumpers and Askew believed in their hearts that they were better men. Bumpers thought about running for the Presidency after he was elected to the Sen-



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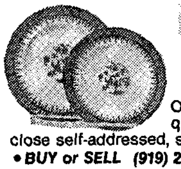

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ate, in 1974, but realized that Carter was already well under way. Bumpers, who is popular with the Washington press corps, noticed that he was among those "mentioned" as possible candidates in 1984, and began to take the matter seriously some time ago. His hesitation in entering had to do with figuring out whether there was still time; with whether he really wanted to put himself through the gruelling pace; and with figuring that he had better think through what kind of Presidency he wanted to offer before he got into the race, and think through some of the things he wanted to say, and how to say them, because there would be no time to do so afterward. Besides, the longer he waited, the fresher he would seem by comparison with the others. But he was also being advised that even if he did plan to run an unconventional candidacy—a candidacy whose success was predicated on simply sweeping others away at a few important events—he could wait only so long.

I talked with Bumpers in his office, in the Dirksen Senate Office Building, in February, to get the drift of his thinking at that point. He said, "We've had too many failed Presidencies. One of the primary reasons, I think, is that people have wanted it too badly. When people say to me 'Do you want to be President?,' that's a hard question to answer in twenty-five seconds or less. My answer is 'I don't want to be President unless I can assume office unfettered and unbeholden to the point where I can govern.' If we've reached the point where you have to go through a quiz and make every right answer for every PAC, then you can't have an effective Presidency. It isn't so much, in my opinion, who's going to say the freshest thing in this campaign, or who comes up with 'new solutions.' It's the person who demonstrates the best sense of history and of the political process, of what's wrong and what to do about it. There's so much public cynicism these days, and I really believe the cynicism is there because of the process, not because of the issues we vote on up here from day to day."

On the subject of the role of the Democratic Party's interest groups—Bumpers could be expected to challenge Mondale for being insufficiently independent—Bumpers said, "I want labor's endorsement, and I want blacks and I want Hispanics and I want the teachers, but if you have to commit to a host of conflicting things in order

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to achieve that, then there isn't any point to being President. I have to believe that there is a common thread that is acceptable and unifying to almost all constituencies; that thread is patriotism—not in the sense of waving the flag but of a patriotic concern about the country. I believe that anybody who can articulate that concern well can draw on it as a tremendous resource to get some things done in this country. You can't convince someone standing on an assembly line that the President's tax program is fair to him; he knows it isn't. You can't convince him that there isn't someone walking these halls with a pocketful of money trying to influence what we do; he knows there is, and he's dead right."

I asked Bumpers what he would do when he appeared before such groups as the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the N.E.A.

He replied, "I would tell them that *their interests lie in the national good*—that they are not incompatible."

He continued, "There are other candidates in the race who feel as strongly about the Reagan Administration as I do. There will be a whole host of issues that we'll agree on. But that's not what people will be making their choice on. They'll be making it on a whole different level. If I didn't believe that, I wouldn't be in this thing."

BY any standard measurement, Walter Mondale is in the lead for the nomination as of now, and most people who have looked at the situation closely believe that the nomination will be his. The reasons for caution on the point are several: people don't like to be caught out in having made a false prediction; the press loves a horse race and is inclined to create one if none exists; and the dynamics of campaigns make nothing a certainty. Mondale has a number of things working in his favor: he has built the best campaign organization and coterie of advisers (drawing upon his years in public life); he has given a lot of thought to hard questions over a long period; he can make a case that he is best prepared to be President; he is a seasoned national politician and is less likely than others to commit the fatal gaffe (or series of gaffes). He is a man of genuine humor, and has developed an effective speaking style. (He does better before live audiences than on television, which causes *him* to tighten up.) He has shown a capacity for raising money, and he is in good

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standing with the Democratic constituency groups that will field manpower in the primary contests. He is not likely to make the mistake that Edmund Muskie did when he was the front-runner, in 1972—the mistake of assuming that an individual politician's endorsement automatically delivers votes. Moreover, Muskie had to run in a party still riven over Vietnam, one in which there was a McGovern on the left and a George Wallace running a rightish populist campaign and a Hubert Humphrey soaking up much of Muskie's support. Mondale faces no such situation. Some people here think that the analogy to Mondale's situation (people persist in finding analogies, even if there aren't any) is the Nixon campaign of 1968. Nixon, who, like Mondale, had been out there collecting chits for years, came into the contest well armed and cut such a wide swath down the middle that no one else really had a chance.

But Mondale, as the front-runner (he has led in the polls since Kennedy pulled out), is under a lot of pressure. He receives the most press scrutiny, and the other candidates play off him. And he does have certain problems: though he is well known as a public figure, he still lacks definition as a public figure; he will have to make it clear that his candidacy does not represent, as others will try to charge, a return to "the old ways;" though he can give a roof-raising speech, full of humor and passion, he still has to overcome a widespread impression that he isn't very exciting; he will have to get it across that he is something more than the sum total of the Democratic Party's interest groups—that he can govern. The Mondale camp has taken some steps to indicate that his will not be a cautious campaign, that Mondale will take risks; but not all of these moves have turned out quite as planned. The decision to refuse PAC money was taken in part because Mondale has made campaign-finance reform one of his issues and in part to indicate that he is not a captive of the interests. He spoke at a dinner sponsored by a homosexual-rights organization last September, to show that he was willing to do so. (He had left the stage at an event in San Francisco in 1977 when some gay activists took over.) To be sure, homosexual-rights groups are seen to be increasingly politically active, but Mondale's appearance was widely written off in the press as simply another move to gain

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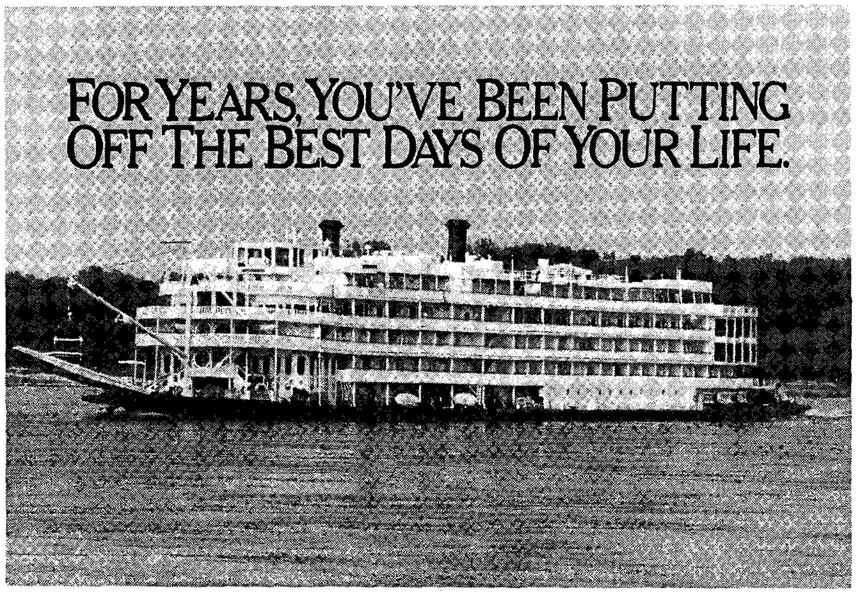

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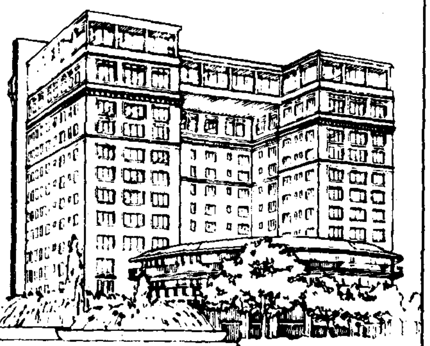

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the support of an interest group rather than seen as the act of courage it was intended to be seen as. His involvement in the Chicago mayoralty race this year was another move to show that he was not all caution—and one that somewhat misfired. The idea was to show, by his support of Richard M. Daley, the son of the late Mayor, that he was willing to go against the Chicago political machine, headed by Mayor Jane Byrne. Daley had worked closely with the Carter-Mondale organization in 1980, after Byrne had first said she would endorse Carter and then turned around and endorsed Kennedy. (The Carter-Mondale ticket carried the state primary handily.) There was an old bond, and an interest in seeing Byrne out of office, so Mondale and his people encouraged Daley in his challenge to Byrne, and made a commitment to support him. The problem was that the candidacy of Harold Washington, a black congressman was not foreseen, and when Washington won, capitalizing on the split between Byrne and Daley, he and several of his black allies were unforgiving. (Had Mondale backed off after Washington came in, this undoubtedly would have been attacked as a sign of weakness.) So Mondale, who has as good a record as anyone in supporting issues of concern to blacks, has had to work to repair the damage. Black leaders are divided over whether to run a black candidate for President, on the theory that this would increase their leverage—Jesse Jackson is eager to run—or whether this risks taking votes away from the candidate who has been most sympathetic to their cause. (Andrew Young and Coretta Scott King are supporting Mondale.)

Another thicket that Mondale has had to work his way through is how to handle his relationship with Carter. There had been much discussion in the press to the effect that Mondale's association with Carter would be one of his political burdens. Then, when Mondale gave an interview in which he replied to questions about some of his differences with Carter during his Vice-Presidency, this was put down in some quarters as rank opportunism—sometimes by the same people who were critical of his association with Carter in the first place. The plain fact is that most of the differences Mondale listed—and others—were known in the course of the Carter Administration. And Mondale had been talking about some of them for some time: his opposition to the "mechanical" mon-

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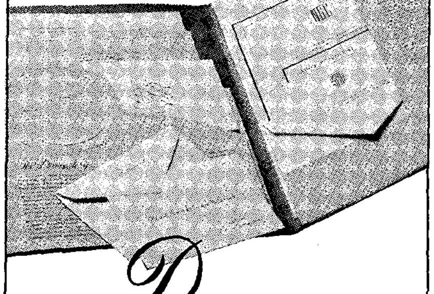

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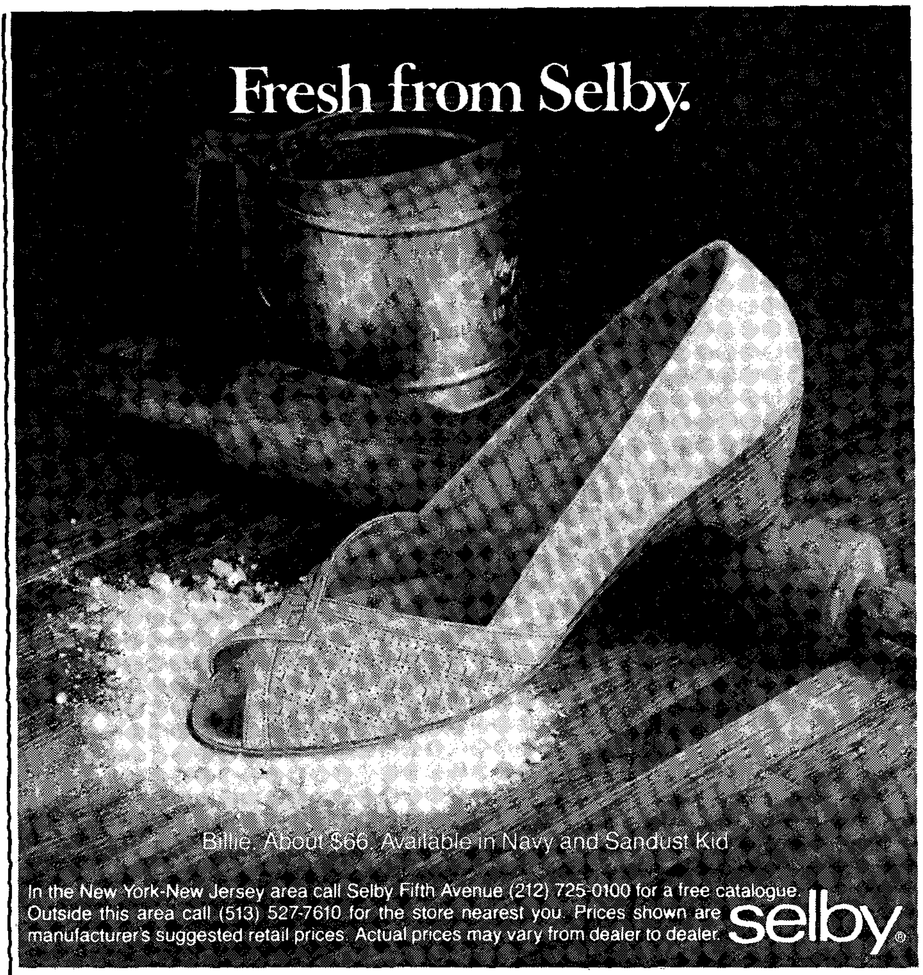
ey-supply approach of Paul Volcker, who had been appointed Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board by Carter; his opposition to the MX missile. And one of the differences—that Mondale opposed the imposition of an embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union after the invasion of Afghanistan—was made known by Carter himself in his recent book. Mondale says time and again that he is proud to have served in the Carter Administration, proud of many things it did, and certain that it will stand up well in history. Mondale and his adviser James Johnson say that Mondale could not go through a Presidential campaign refusing to talk about the positions he took as Vice-President. Mondale professed some irritation about this subject when I talked with him recently, in his law office in Washington. He said, "When I was Vice-President, I think I understood properly what my role was: to advise the President, to offer private criticism, and to support the President and carry out tasks I was given to do. And it included supporting positions I didn't agree with. I knew going in that there was a limit morally: that if there was something I could not support morally, I wouldn't do so. Now I'm running for President, and people have a right to know me and how I stand on important questions. If people ask me where I stood on some things, how can I refuse to answer? People have a right to know where I stood on tough issues and, if there were differences, what those differences were. I've said that I am proud to have served as Carter's Vice-President, and I am. I thought this through: there was no honorable way I could seek the Presidency without answering questions about the Vice-Presidency."

Mondale's most thorough attempt to define himself was in his announcement speech, into which he put a great deal of effort. Because Mondale is the front-runner, the speech is worth going into. Mondale says that the speech defines his thinking at this stage, and that he will be making speeches further defining some of his ideas—for example, on restructuring the economy. In the speech, delivered in St. Paul, Minnesota, Mondale described his roots in small communities of Minnesota, and the philosophy of community and family which was part of his growing up, and the progressive traditions of his state. And then, to show that he is as modern in his thinking as the rest, he talked of the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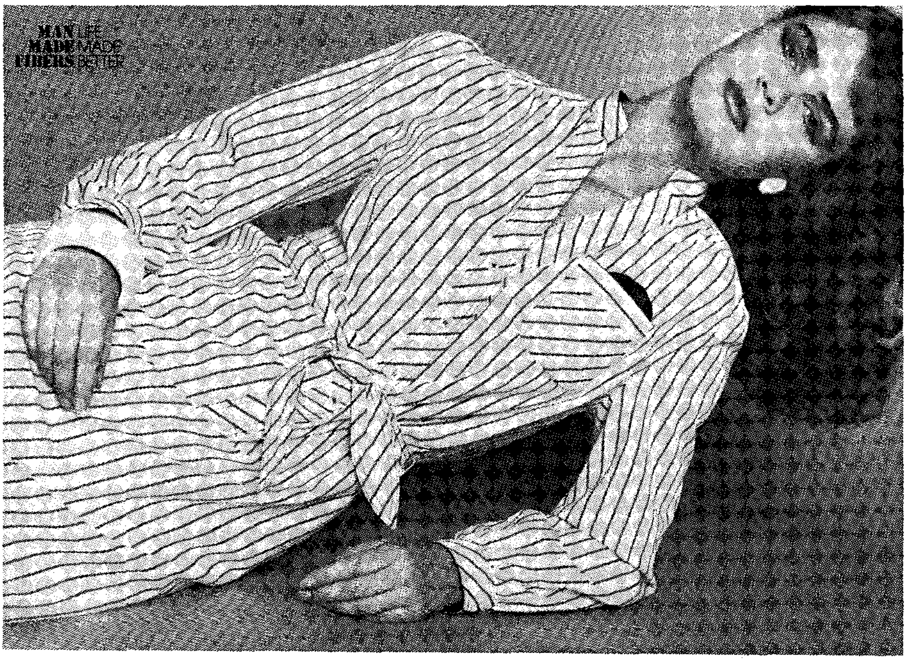
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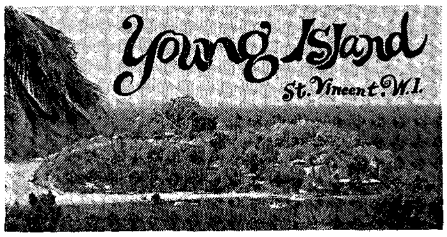

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need to meet new challenges: through economic growth (including high technology; restructuring basic industries; entrepreneurship; job retraining; and new relations between business and labor) and through a new emphasis on education and education standards, as well as on science and foreign languages. In foreign policy, he talked of the importance of having military effectiveness but also economic strength, energy independence, moral authority—through emphasis on human rights and a willingness to "see the world as it really is." (Mondale has spoken often of what he sees as the misguided policy on the part of the Reagan Administration in El Salvador: an unwillingness to understand other peoples' history, an excessive dependence on military solutions to political problems and readiness to paint everything in East-West terms.) He talked of the importance of restoring our international competitiveness. (His rhetoric on trade has sometimes had the flavor of "Yellow Peril" protectionism—this appeals to labor audiences—but he has cooled the tone recently. Again, Mondale's effort to show that he was "tough" misfired somewhat.) In his announcement speech, he talked about the importance of arms control, which he has been stressing for some time, and of blocking the spread of nuclear weapons. And then he asked for something else: "I ask the American people to give their best"—stronger families, tougher discipline, coöperation, sacrifice. And he called for "realism": "There is a long haul ahead. Politicians must stop peddling quick fixes." He attacked the Reagan Administration's economic and environmental policies, and called for social justice—a subject that has been at the heart of his concerns for years. ("To earn public trust, our government must be on the side of the vulnerable.") He offered a specific plan for reforming campaign financing. He stressed his readiness for the job and, in a clear swipe at Reagan, said, "The American people understand that we also need a President who knows what he's doing." His long experience and training, the idea that he is equipped for the Presidency—this is one of Mondale's major themes, and thus he concluded, "I have the experience. I know where the talent is. I know the White House. I know how to shape a government. I know how to manage. I know the Congress. I know how to defend this country. I know how to search for

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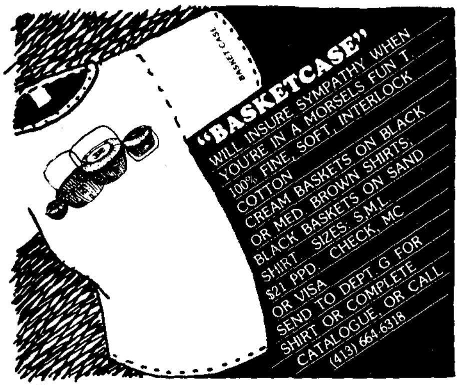

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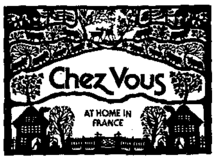

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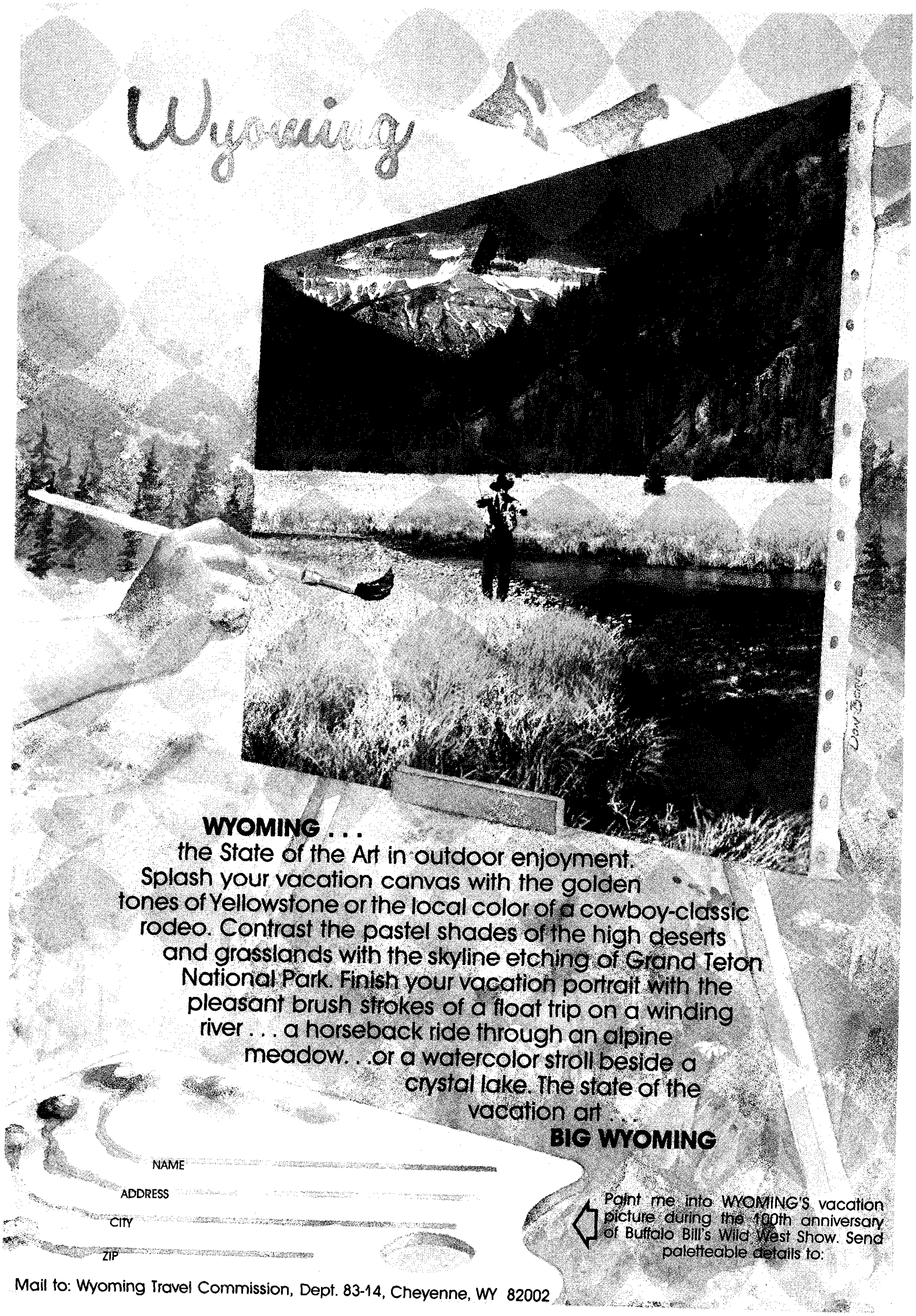

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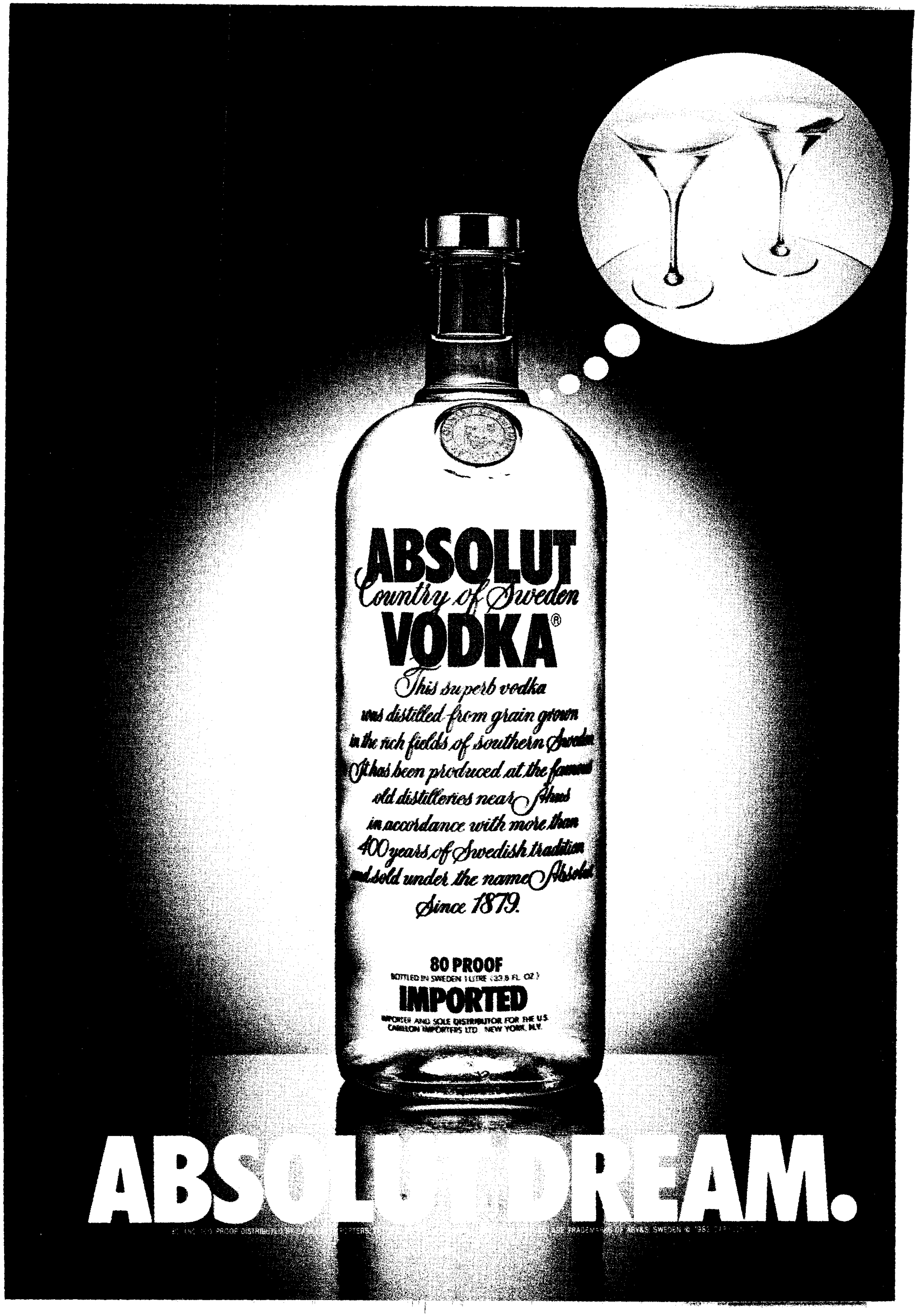ABSOLUT
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peace. I know who our friends are. I'm onto our enemies. I know our people. And I know myself: I am ready. I am ready to be President of the United States."

In our recent conversation, he told me, "I've tried very hard to make a case about where I want the country to go. I want a mandate, not just a victory. My kickoff speech was my attempt to define my mandate. You know, it's not speaking style, though that's a factor. It's what you say, how people feel about you—whether in a period of distrust, and even cynicism, you can restore trust. Without that, you're not going to win a mandate, and victory without a mandate is hell." Mondale's experience in serving in a White House under a President from whom public support had ebbed is a sharp and painful memory. "Also, you're not going to sustain yourself emotionally through the next two years without talking about the things that you really believe in, that you really want to do. You can't just do it by hackwork. It's what you're saying to people and that people are listening—that's the main point."

I asked Mondale about the question of whether he was too closely tied to the interest groups to be able to govern—how he could avoid the trap of the special-interest state. (Carter campaigned saying, "I owe the special interests nothing," and making promises to them all the while, and was soon swallowed up in the special-interest state.)

"That comes back to what I've just been talking about," Mondale replied. "If I win a mandate—and if that's what my announcement speech started, and I am perceived as having been authorized to get there—I can govern. If I win only with the special-interest groups, then all I can do is broker. If I really want to get something done about education and science, then I have to get some appropriations changed, and some structures changed, and I also have to get some people out there working harder. If I can get the trust, then I can lead. While government does a lot through appropriations and structures, fifty per cent of it is motivation—of teachers and administrators and the rest. In education, I'd be pressing for tough standards. I'd be trying very hard to move the whole educational process to another level of productivity. I am seeking the Presidency of the United States. I don't want to be the President of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. or the Chamber of Commerce." (There's not much chance of the latter.) He continued, "If I get the mandate that I began to define, I can go to all my friends and say, 'This is what I asked to do. This is what the public supports. This is what I need to do to get from here to there. This is the outline of my plans and my priorities.' That makes me President of the United States."

Some of Mondale's critics say that he is weak—not one for making tough decisions, offending potential supporters, doing something very difficult. If this is true, it will come across in the long campaign. I asked Mondale whether he would be willing to say no to a request from the groups that supported him.

"Sure," he replied. "All groups are the same: we tend to make up a list of all the things that will be ideal for us. A lot of it will be valid; some of it will be too much. I'd be saying what my priorities are amid competing demands, within a tight budget. Another thing to keep in mind is that these groups are not monolithic. The idea of brokerage—that you can gather together the strings and run this country—is not true. That comes back again to the mandate. A President of the United States is not just a technician; he's a political leader. Unless he's seen as strong, he can't lead, can't negotiate with enemies, can't deal with friends. A President must lead; he must also listen—and the notion might dawn on him occasionally that he's wrong. The notion of leadership is to keep the country with you on broad policies and national objectives."

I asked Mondale if he found any difficulties in being the front-runner.

He has a stock, jokey answer that goes "I've tried all the other positions; I prefer this one." He has a serious answer as well: "First, it is helpful in that it gives me an opportunity to be heard. Second, if I'm going to take the heat of the Presidency I have to stand the heat of being the front-runner."

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

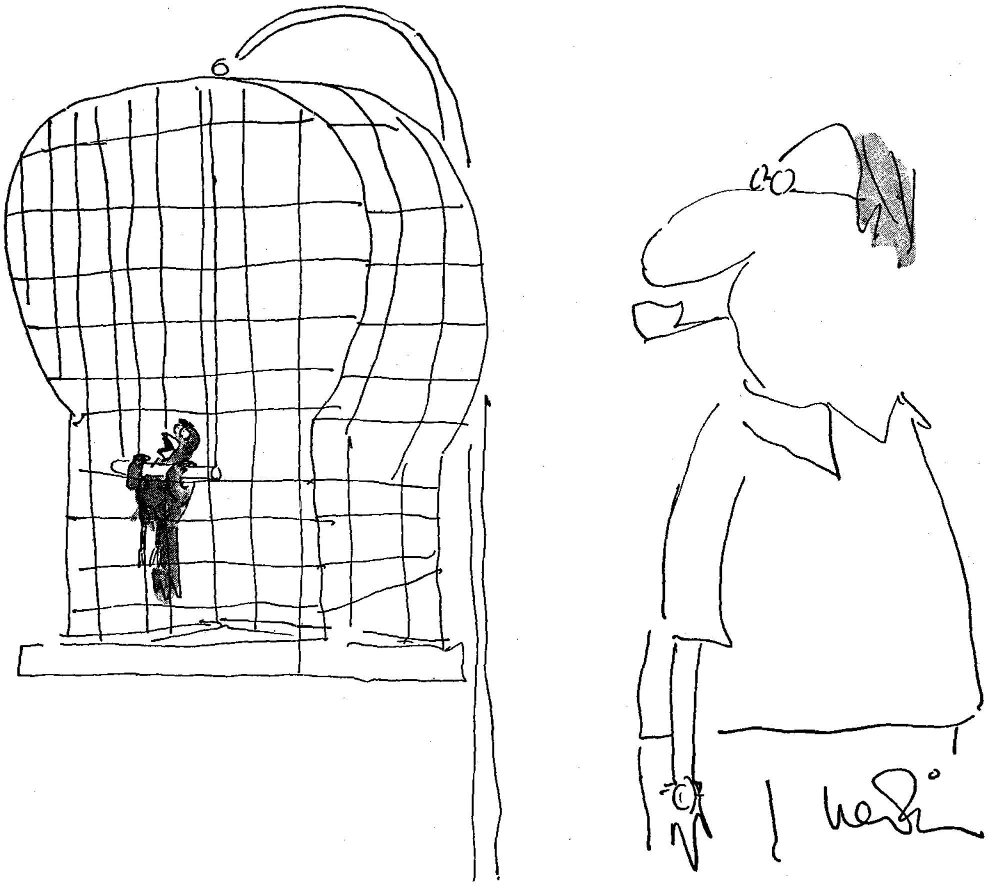
March 18

Rebecca West died in London, at the age of ninety, on March 15th—the day that the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his budget in the House of Commons. The news was given at the end of the usual marathon report on the fiscal changes and the way they would affect everybody, and for many people the feeling that their inner lives had been suddenly made infinitely poorer drove the material world from their minds. In the flood of tributes of the last three days, someone remarked regretfully that Rebecca West consistently wrote and lived as though she were immortal, and therefore never felt pressed to give us the promised sequel to "The Fountain Overflows" or, it seems, to tie up the ends of the autobiography on which she had long been said to be working. Immortality was somehow what we credited her with, too, so that the years passed by for her without our noticing. She had been bedridden for some time, but her mind still danced. The last of her splendid book reviews in the *Sunday Telegraph* appeared in October. "1900," also published last year, was a characteristically arbitrary commentary on the great events and the dominant figures in every field at the opening of the century, sometimes affectionately recalled as echoes of the way they had appeared to her seven-year-old self and to her sisters in their quiet home in Richmond. The book dazzles with the familiar wit and with the wonderful, surprising phrases that she selects to light up a face, a scene, or a whole chapter of history. To her friends, the flat in Princes Gate was a steady point of illumination on the London map, showing that a woman was still at work there, just as Colette's blue lamp used to signal to passersby in the gardens of the Palais-Royal who lifted their eyes to her window. The vast moral view of the universe on which Rebecca West reported passionately from her many lookout posts is being given us again in the gradual reissue, which delighted her, of her entire out-of-print work by Virago, the youthful all-women publishers of women writers. It seems a fitting parting salute to the young Rebecca, who was early to launch her feminist thunderbolts against the monstrous regiment of men.

Rebecca West lived surrounded by the marvellous pictures and fine furniture that she and her late husband, the scholarly banker Henry Andrews, had brought together. He was a tall, stooping man of great sweetness of character, whose mark appears in much of her writing, and who was perhaps the only human being who called her Cicily, the name by which she was christened—Cicily Isabel Fairfield—before she rechristened herself, with a flash of genius, out of "Rosmersholm." Sitting among their precious things, she sometimes wore dark trouser suits brightened with gold jewelry, and the outfit gave her an elegant, rather Chinese look. Her eyes were still astonishingly brilliant, though their sight had long begun to fail; the voice remained as incisively clear as the beautiful small, and ever smaller, handwriting. Anyone who listened to it was reminded that as a girl she set out to be an actress. She enjoyed telling guests dramatically gothic tales woven around the behavior of the strange and wonderful eccentrics who appeared to gravitate inexorably toward her employ as cooks or secretaries. She lived, or liked to think she lived, in constant domestic storm and strife, in the middle of which she sat writing, ever writing. It seemed appropriate that in 1980 she had a ringside seat for the siege of the Iranian Embassy, a few doors away from her flat, though she missed the finale, when the police evacuated all the tenants and she had to retire indignantly to her club.

In "Elegy," an essay on the death of D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West described her first meeting with him, in Florence, and noted that he made friends "as if he were a wise old philosopher at the end of his days, by taking notice of one's personality, showing that he recognized its quality and giving it his blessing." She might have written it of herself. She had innumerable generous ways of giving her blessing. Some years ago, a younger woman writer who was going through a bad time of trouble and anxiety received a parcel from a London store. It contained a terrine of foie gras, a large bottle of perfume, and an exquisite French scarf of gray-green taffeta. The accompanying card read, "I thought you needed a bit of spoiling. Love, Rebecca." It is for the little things we remember this week, as well as the great ones the obituaries have been listing, that we send our love back to Rebecca.

—Mollie Panter-Downes



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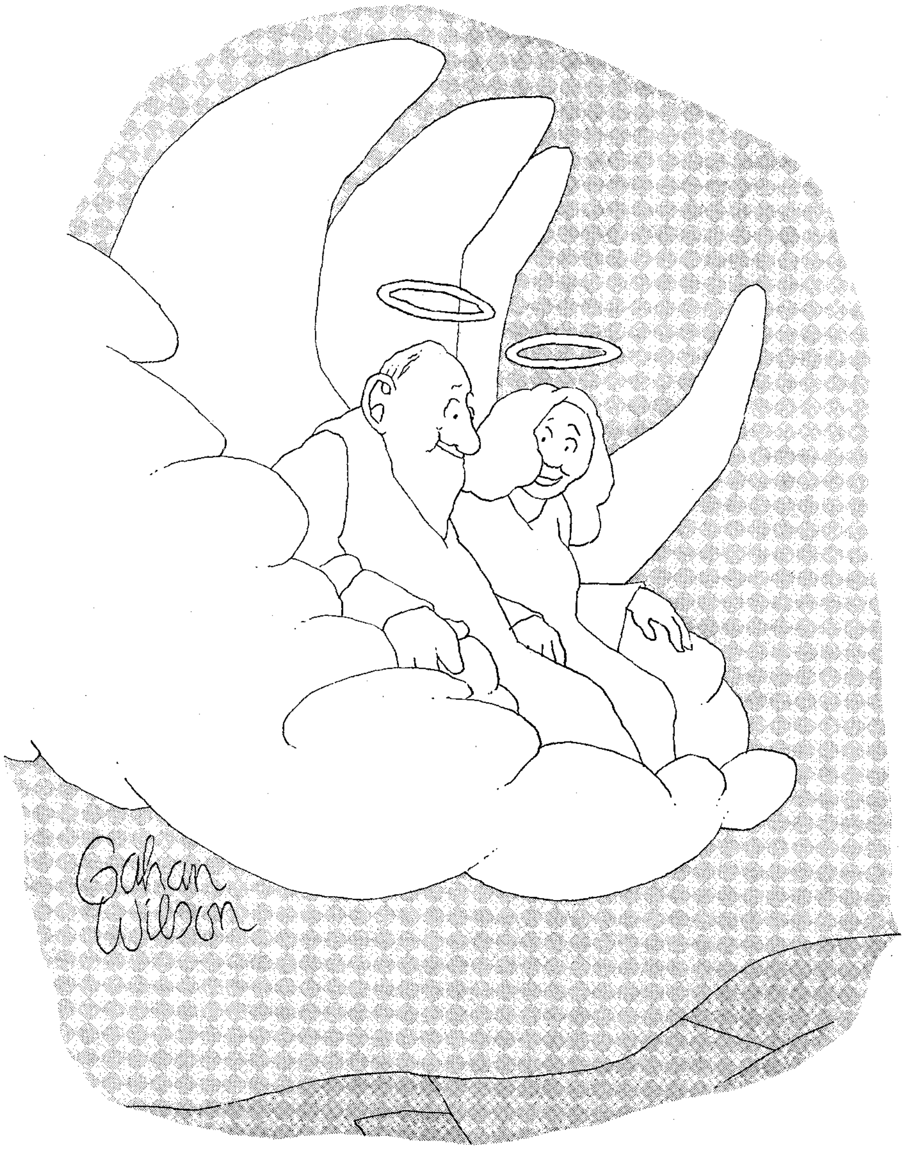
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *New World Symphony*

Hans Werner Henze's Fifth Symphony was composed, twenty years ago, for the New York Philharmonic's first season at Lincoln Center and was first conducted by Leonard Bernstein, its dedicatee. The orchestra revived it this month under Christoph von Dohnányi. I had not heard it live before. (There is a fine Berlin Philharmonic recording, conducted by the composer, on Deutsche Grammophon.) It was exciting to hear the piece in New York, for it is a symphony about this city as it struck a romantic tone-poet who sings of his life freely, fluently, generously, passionately. In Henze's "Essays," there is a page headed "1962, Fifth Symphony," which begins, "Let me be brief! The human spirit is in a glorious state when it reveres, when it worships, when it exalts and is exalted by some object; but it must not stay long in that condition—generalizing chills it, idealizing brings exaggeration." Some Goethean life-into-art reflections then break into a Whitmanesque paean:

> Manhattan mon amour . . . Doves of Gurre, gulls, crying round the outcrops of shiny, Abruzzi-colored metal on skyscraper walls, rain on the asphalt. Fairytales, all the nightmares of childhood, all avenues end in the ocean, ancient Europe drifts in like a *myth. Salt breeze, tang, vice, raids,* minorities, clavichords, Edwardian rooms . . . Electric-hued nylon, gangs, God, Neon, jeans, bangs, hot dogs, cops. W.H. and dear C. in the Village . . . Silks, gold, ebony, subway shafts, black velvet, *maraviglioso fior del vostro mare* . . .

Much of Henze's music is about being in love—with a place, a person, an idea, or all three at once. The romance of this city needs to be sung. The exhilaration of first impressions here fades easily into harassed routine. Dirt and noise soon dull it. When a longing for grass, healthy trees, birdsong grows unbearable (finches sing on my Broadway terrace but cannot sound the full-throated dawn chorus to which Londoners wake), it is time to rediscover New York's different allurements: to walk over Brooklyn Bridge again; read Whitman; hear Roberto Gerhard's Fourth Symphony, "New York" (another Philharmonic commission, but unplayed here since 1967), Elliott Carter's Symphony of Three Orchestras (which the Philharmonic is reviving next season), and Henze's Fifth Symphony. Henze *was* brief: his symphony lasts under twenty minutes. Like Gerhard's and Carter's symphonies, it is picturesque—packed with vivid, varied incident and scored in bright colors. Musical logic gives order to the phantasmagoria evoked by the composer's essay: the first movement is a sonata-form construction, the second a stretch of song in which alto flute, viola, and English horn are unaccompanied solo singers, and the finale a moto perpetuo that is also a set of variations on the second-movement song.



*"I'm so glad we're over California!"*

Mr. Dohnányi, the conductor-elect of the Cleveland Orchestra, did not exactly get the Philharmonic to play rapturously, but the performance was sharp, clean-cut, impressive. He is a Henze specialist—he gave the premières of Henze's operas "The Young Lord" and "The Bassarids"—who finds the pathway through the composer's generously luxuriant sound-thickets and is good at clarifying form. The concert began and ended in G major, with Haydn's Symphony No. 88 and Dvořák's Eighth Symphony, Opus 88. I had not before heard Mr. Dohnányi conduct standard repertory—only Franz Schreker's "Der Ferne Klang," the Henze operas, and (on records) Schoenberg's "Erwartung" and Berg's "Wozzeck" and "Lulu." Grove declares, rather unkindly, that "he is more successful in works requiring intricate conducting technique than in those calling for a purely musical approach," but the Haydn showed him a poised classicist, alert to the marvels and surprises of the score. The string force was reduced, but the woodwinds were doubled. The interpretation was linear, not bulky, and very different from Szell's six-cylinder recording with the Cleveland. I enjoyed the work so much that I regretted we were given the first movement only in half measure, without the repeats. The Dvořák was more controversial: an odd, neurotic reading—the transformation of a work commonly described as lyrical, flowing, and happy into something abrupt, violent, and Expressionist. Dvořák's biographer Otakar Šourek says, in a preface to the study score he edited, that the symphony shows "no traces of the tough, turbulent defiance and bitter anguished yearning that fill the preceding symphony, the D minor . . . as if here only a contented and joyful soul were singing, proud of the goal attained and the means of attaining it, as if it wished to communicate a feeling of happy satisfaction with its own achievement and the fresh impressions awakened by a loving communion with the countryside." The symphony also has its dark moments but, as another biographer, John Clapham, remarks, "despite its deep shadows, is one of the composer's happiest creations." Not in Mr. Dohnányi's performance, however, which was a thing of harsh, sudden contrasts, strain, and formal striving. The Philharmonic needs little encouragement to play with hard, forceful tone. The strings were steely, and the brass was aggressive. It was a charmless but not an uninteresting performance. It held one's attention on every turn the music took, and challenged one to hear the familiar work as something sterner, less smilingly serene, than ever before.

BERND ALOIS ZIMMERMANN'S Violin Concerto, first played in 1950, had its American première this month at a Brooklyn Philharmonic concert conducted by Lukas Foss in the Opera House of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This is a strenuous piece, not long (about eighteen minutes) and not particularly likable. But after some effort and some work at it (there's a rather stark recording on the Candide label, coupled with Henze's early Violin Concerto, of 1947) one can discern the features and the merits of the composer whose later works are so potent and whose history—he ended his life in 1970—and musical personality are so moving. Zimmermann was born in 1918, eight years before Henze. Both of them had swiftly to absorb after 1945 the Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Hindemith that Hitler had denied them, and seem now to have packed two decades of excited discovery into

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The Parable of The Button

BUSINESS
IS GOOD.

by Al White

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS that a great sadness fell upon the Land. For the Great Lords who sat in Washington on the Potomac had caused a great snafu to be laid upon the People, to cause them much Hardship. Pain and suffering ran throughout the Land, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. For all believed that all was lost, even unto their Mercedes and Cadillacs.¶Truly, "Times are Bad!", cried the Media. "Ye are all about to go Down the Drain!" And Lo!, the People so hearing did so believe. And they donned sackcloth and ashes, and they spoke to one another with lowered voices and much wringing of hands.¶But one there was amongst them named Albert the Idiot, who was weak of mind, as was he hard of hearing and dim of sight, so that through his infirmity he was not able to see, nor hear, nor understand how bad the times were in the Land, so stupid was he.¶And Albert went forth, and he fashioned for himself a small shield of metal, and he emblazoned upon it the words "Business is Good," and he bound the shield to his mantle, that all might look upon it.¶And as he travelled through the land, the people raised their heads up from their wailing and gnashing of teeth. And they mocked at him, and scoffed, saying, "Wherefore do ye wear such a sign upon your breast saying "Business is Good". But Albert replied humbly, saying, "I wear this sign because Business is Good." And they were confounded.¶And one who wailed mightily spake up to him, saying, "Wherefore is your business good, but we are in such distress?" And Albert replied, "Thou knowest my eyes fail me, therefore I cannot read the Times of New York that proclaims misery in the Land. Thou knowest I hear but dimly, therefore cannot I hear the mighty warnings of McNeil and Lehrer. Thou also knowest I am slow of mind, and therefore do not comprehend what Wise Men say in their cloisters of Cambridge and Chicago. So is my heart not burdened down, and my work joyful."¶So hearing this, the multitude raised their voices, and cried aloud, Albert, Albert! Make for us one of your Magic Buttons, that we might also be shed of our great despair. And Albert spake humbly, saying, It's not magic, boys. You just gotta believe.

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the compositions of a quinquennial. Zimmermann's gritty concerto, with its sudden spans of traditional sweetness amid earnest neoclassical scrubbing, its abrupt tempo switches, its rumba-rhythm episodes, points to the pluralistic style he later handled so surely.

The soloist was the German violinist Christiane Edinger, efficient, assured, insistent. The Brooklyn Philharmonic is a band of virtuosi, its roster studded with names familiar from Manhattan's new-music concerts; Benjamin Hudson is the concertmaster. A fleet Haffner Symphony began the concert: too fleet, for many of Mozart's miracles were sped through rather than sounded. The Academy's Opera House—New York's handsomest hall and one of the easiest to reach (2, 3, 4, and 5, A, B, CC, D, GG, M, N, QB, and RR, and Long Island Rail Road trains all stop near its doors)—has this year acquired a new concert shell, designed by Christopher Jaffe. For the first part of the concert, I sat centrally in the "orchestra," or platea, and felt that, new shell or not, the sound lacked boldness and intimacy. For the second half, consisting of the Eroica, I moved up to the first of the two balconies. Everything came to life. The woodwinds lifted their voices above the strings. In the trio of the scherzo, one heard the horn calls move from player to player across the platform. It was an Eroica of clear, living lines, not of massed sonorities. (How telling the drum part when played as Richard Fitz played it!) Mr. Foss was not so much "conducting" as coördinating a group of committed, eager players, attentive to one another as chamber musicians are. It was a heroic and stirring performance.

HENRY HERFORD, the Scottish baritone who won last year's International American Music Competition, gave a recital this month in the Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street Y. Of American music, he sang three songs by Arthur Shepherd, six songs by Charles Ives, and Conrad Susa's slight, agreeable cycle "Hymns for the Amusement of Children." He began with a Schubert group (done in German). English and French cycles formed the core of his recital: Britten's "Songs and Proverbs of William Blake" and Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles." Of both he gave polished, detailed, and very successful performances—and that despite far from un-

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flawed vocalism. The upper fourth of his range was often loose and fluffy, the tone not secure, forward, or unfailingly steady. Lines that should have been smooth and even were not. And yet one listened, and listened with enjoyment, reflecting the while that presence, personality, lively musical instincts, rhythmic verve, clever timing, and a feeling for words and their sense are assets perhaps more important to a songster than a carefully cultivated voice. David Bispham, that great champion of American contemporary song at the beginning of our century, urged singers to avoid at all costs the reproach of "*Vox, et præterea nihil*." (But he united verbal liveliness to a wonderfully clear, forward, true, firm voice.) Precepts set out in his autobiography, "A Quaker Singer's Recollections," should be followed more often. Learn Italian, French, and German, he says, but above all learn English:

> To all American singers I say, sing your songs in well-chosen English if singing to an English-speaking audience, and sing them so that every one understands your words; enunciate so clearly that the audience can tell even how every word is spelled. Get away from this foreign-language fad, and you will find yourself nearer the heart of your public.

Mr. Herford could do with more *vox* of the kind Bispham displays on his records and with a shade less reliance on physical effects (winsome cocking or slow, soulful shaking of the head; enacting the strut of each fowl in Ravel's barnyard a trifle too fully). Nevertheless, in an age when levels of accepted vocal competence are lower than those of instrumental, when most young lieder singers are dull, when many of them (unlike Mr. Herford) remain score-bound, when Phyllis Curtin and Donald Gramm seem to be just about the last of the great American line (the wonderful Joan Morris being something different), he gave a recital that was constantly engaging.

—ANDREW PORTER

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# THE THEATRE

## *Friends*

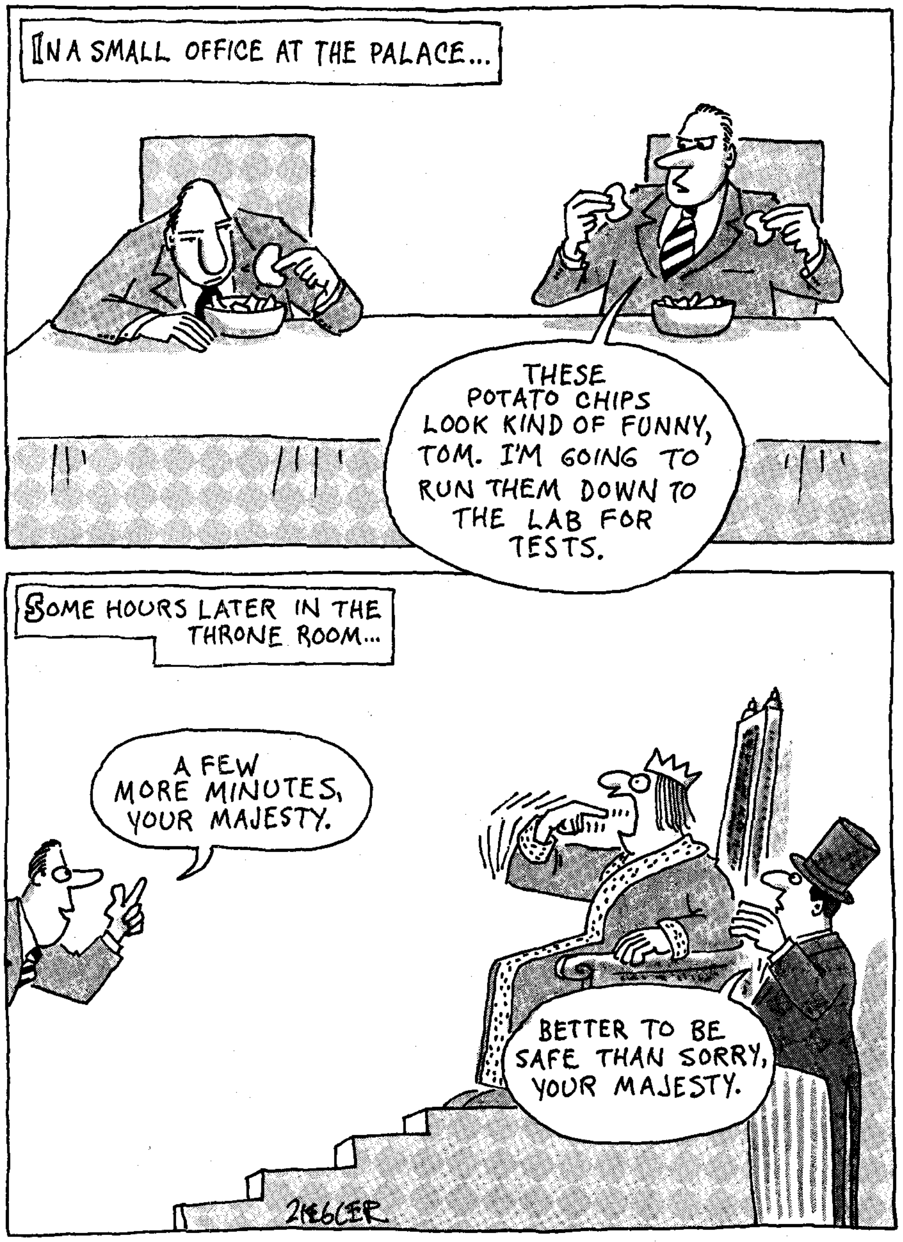
TWO old troupers from over the water—Marcel Marceau and Charles Aznavour—are paying welcome visits to Broadway. There are notable differences between them, including the fact that one of them is professionally silent and the other is professionally capable of making himself heard with ease through a foot-thick wall, but they also have many attributes in common: they are both small men, fine-boned and exceptionally graceful, putting us in mind at moments of Chaplin, Keaton, and other sad, classic clowns; in middle age, they are both nimbly maintaining careers that were begun in Paris in youth and have since been extended throughout the world; and they are both charmers ruthless in the manipulation of their charm. "Take care!" they seem to be warning us even when they are at their most winsome. "If you don't knuckle under at once, we'll turn the power up by a few amperes and knock you right into the aisle."

Marcel Marceau is at the Belasco, whose many-colored Tiffany-glass décor provides an unexpectedly pleasing foil for Marceau's intense masked whiteness. His repertory is a vast one, and at each performance he makes a selection from it appropriate to his mood, or perhaps to what he imagines the mood of the house to be. By now, we do not look for surprises; on the contrary, it is the shock of recognition that we count on experiencing, and we nod our heads gratefully for it when, like a mild domestic tremor, it arrives.

Here is the simple act of walking against the wind, here is a series of episodes in a public garden, here are the seven deadly sins, here is the mask-maker, and here—a favorite down the decades—is the creation of the world. Later in the program, we are treated to Marceau's alter ego, Bip, who hunts butterflies, serves as a babysitter, dreams that he is Don Juan, and ultimately, alas, commits suicide. At the heart of pantomime is the sublimated anguish of lost speech; even as we are being entertained, we measure that loss and feel for the mute performer the sympathy aroused by any profound, inescapable defect. To be in the presence of an imposed, unnatural silence is in effect to be rendered deaf; if Marceau didn't take care to have music accompany his exquisite unspoken narratives, I wonder whether we wouldn't soon find them unbearable.

ONE might say of Aznavour that he is not so much performing at the Lunt-Fontanne as holding court there. His audiences are abjectly content to sit at his feet and accept the benediction of his ballads of hope, pride, discomfiture, and despair. Like Montand and other European colleagues of his, Aznavour has evidently become convinced that Americans will pay no attention to his voice unless it is amplified to the point where it imposes upon their eardrums not pleasure but pain. Even before the threshold of pain is reached, the brutal jackhammer force of the amplified voice produces a concussive similarity of sound from song to song which is totally false to the sound of the songs as they were written. Too bad that electronics is in the saddle and rules mankind! Aznavour, who is accompanied by a large and capable band, makes up a different program for every performance; despite the amplification, I felt lucky to be at a performance in the course of which he sang, among other standards, "Le Temps," "Happy Anniversary," "I Act As If," "Les Comédiens," and "Yesterday When I Was Young." There are tears in things, as the Romans used to say, and nobody is more skillful than Aznavour at turning those tears into song.

—Brendan Gill


IN A SMALL OFFICE AT THE PALACE...
THESE POTATO CHIPS LOOK KIND OF FUNNY, TOM. I'M GOING TO RUN THEM DOWN TO THE LAB FOR TESTS.
SOME HOURS LATER IN THE THRONE ROOM...
A FEW MORE MINUTES, YOUR MAJESTY.
BETTER TO BE SAFE THAN SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY.
ZIEGLER

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CHURCH PONDERS
GOD'S DESIGN
—*Boston Globe.*

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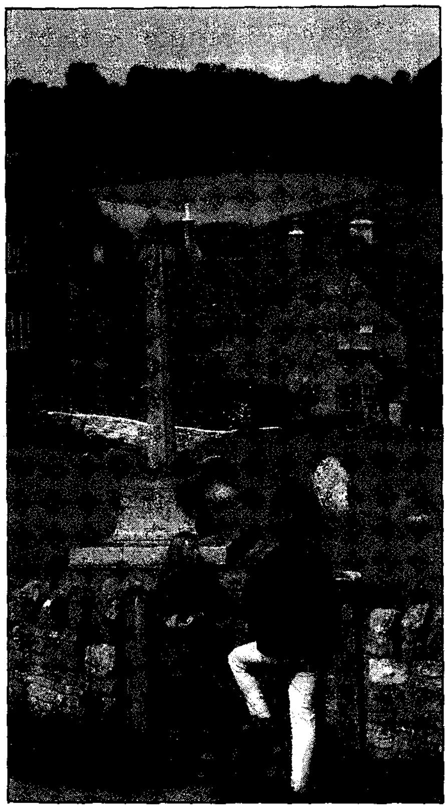

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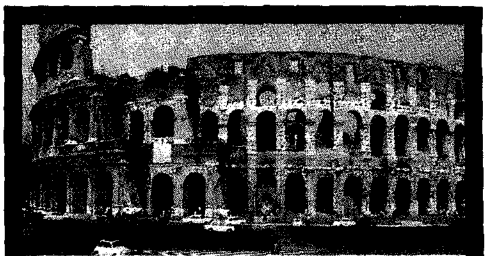

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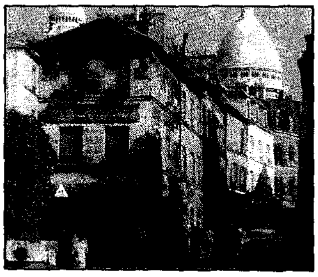

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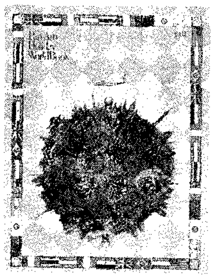

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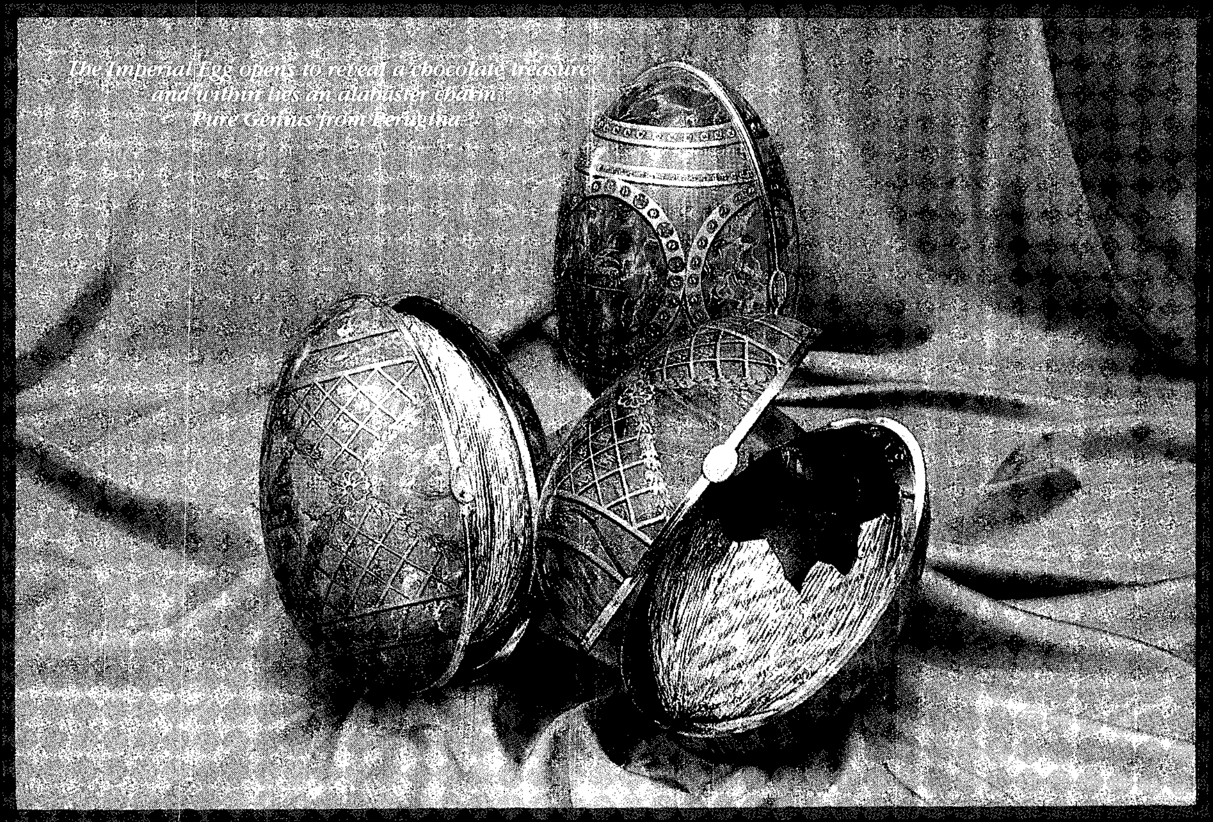
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# BOOKS

## *Ideas of Honor and Aristocracy*

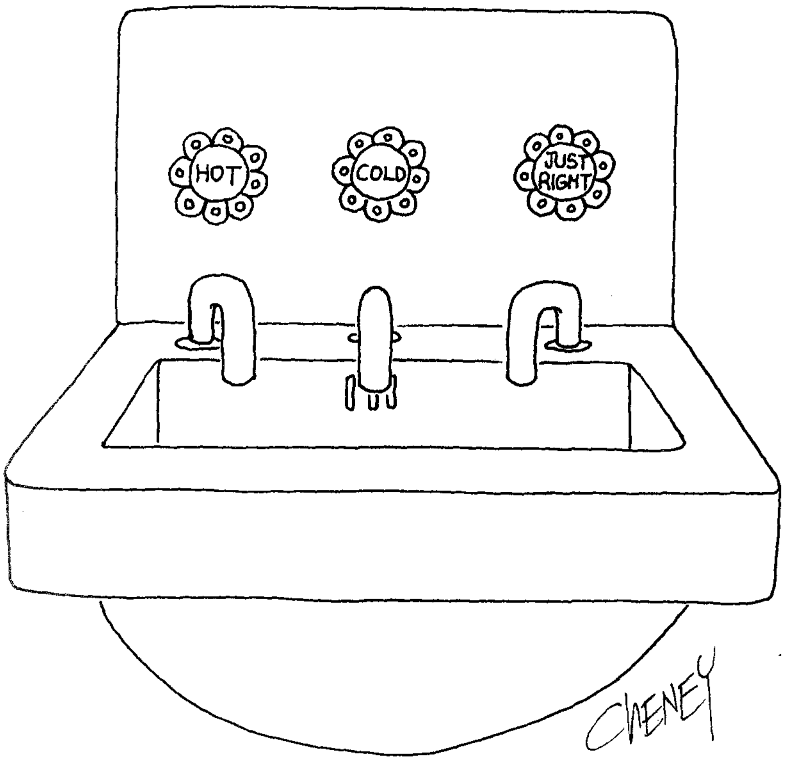
Of books in Danish about the Danish writer Karen Blixen, who wrote under the pen name of Isak Dinesen, I am unable to speak. The best critical study in English is Robert Langbaum's "The Gayety of Vision," originally published in 1964 and republished eleven years later under the title "Isak Dinesen's Art" (University of Chicago). The biography by Parmenia Migel—"Titania" (Random House, 1967)—based on conversations with Karen Blixen and written according to her instructions, is schoolgirlish in its adulation, factually skimpy, and without the detachment, or the acuity, or the moral concern that the form demands. Miss Migel had access to all of Karen Blixen's personal papers and to her African letters and did not have them translated. However, not all the blame for this regrettable book lies at the door of the author. At the time of those conversations, Karen Blixen was old and ill and sustained by admiration, and somewhat taken in herself by what a friend who was often in her house described as a "circus act of proven witticisms and paradoxes, anecdotes and old stories" which she brought out for strangers. She could also turn her attention on a guest with such radiance that he felt he had never before been so articulate or so well understood. In general she regarded her own performance with an irony that Miss Migel's book failed to capture.

In Judith Thurman's "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller" (St. Martin's; $19.95) there is at last a solidly researched and sensible Life. Though it is perhaps overlong, it is well written and well annoated, and it contains a wealth of new information about every aspect and period of her life. The followng sentences are a fair ample of Miss Thurman's prose and of her grasp of both the literry and the factual spects of her biogaphy: "The point of view in 'Out of Africa' is that 'overview' which Karen Blixen called 'the one thing of vital importance to achieve in life.' What we see is a landscape from the air; time and action have been tremendously compressed and telescoped. So when she writes: 'We grew coffee on my farm. The land itself was a little too high for coffee and it was hard work to keep it going; we were never rich on the farm,' we are, in effect, taking in eighteen years of drought, mismanagement, and struggle, the endless petty quarrels with the shareholders and intrigues with bankers, the terrible fluctuations of international coffee prices, and the vagaries of the weather."

The central and quite odd thing about Karen Blixen as a writer is that she was the self-appointed representative of a social class she did not belong to and a way of life that had, in fact, ceased to exist. After the First World War the great Danish noblemen lost their land to taxes and through the new laws against the entailment of estates. The army of servants, upon which, in their great houses, their comfort and pleasure depended, was lost to the factories and the cities. The constitution was reformed, so that women and servants could vote. The political power passed to the lower and middle classes, with the Social Democrats as the ruling power. Though Karen Blixen said that being a socialist was hardly more than fulfilling one's responsibilities to one's fellowmen, she also said, "How depressing it is to go and have tea with an old lady who has no maid to make it for her."

She was not a snob, in the ordinary sense of the word; that is to say, her snobbishness did not extend to working-class people, with whom she was always comfortable, and it was largely a dislike for the middle-class attitudes and moralizing of her mother's family. She disliked democracy not because she believed that the common people were unfit to rule but because it encouraged mediocrity, renounced all ideals that were higher than those that could be attained, and, by blurring distinctions, diminished the richness of existence. She believed, as Miss Thurman says, in a pre-industrial society, where the shared assumptions of the peasant and the aristocrat bound them together in a mutual dependence, just as the stark difference in their fates set them apart. It was a society that gave to each individual his dignity and a role to play in the divine scheme of things. The fact that this society existed almost entirely in her imagination does not make it any less compelling as a background to, and an integral part of, the narrative machinery of her tales. It must have been like a continual toothache to her that she herself, with her deeply felt and poetic concepts of aristocracy, sprang from a class that valued things according to the use they could be put to, and preferred the convenient to the beautiful.

Her maternal great-grandfather was a self-made man, a shipowner who became very rich during the Napoleonic Wars. He married the daughter of a minister on the Isle of Guernsey and built a severe neoclassic mansion for her on a street in Copenhagen lined with the rococo palaces of the nobility. When his daughter Mary—Karen Blixen's grandmother—



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fell in love with her music teacher, he kicked the young man down the stairs and married her off to a widower almost twice her age. Regnar Westenholz, Karen Blixen's grandfather, was the son of the town clerk in Skagen. As a boy he was apprenticed to a merchant in Aalborg and worked his way up until he was a partner in a commodities firm dealing in corn. He made money hand over fist, stood for Parliament, became financial adviser to the king and, briefly, Minister of Finance.

On her father's side, Karen Blixen's ancestors were peasants until the seventeenth century, when they began accumulating land. Her grandfather Adolph Wilhelm Dinesen fought in the 1848 war between Denmark and Prussia, travelled in Italy with Hans Christian Andersen, and enlisted in the French Colonial Army. Disgusted by the fact that (the words are his, I think) "wherever the French turned up in Africa, the trees disappeared, the wells dried up, the inhabitants fled, and all that remained was the desert," he returned to Denmark, bought at public auction a run-down estate with a castle on it, and proceeded by good management to make it profitable. He married the daughter of a general, and they had two sons and six daughters. His wife's sister married Count Krag-Juel-Vind-Frijs, the greatest landowner and first nobleman of Denmark, and any firsthand knowledge Karen Blixen had of aristocratic behavior came to her through her acquaintance with this branch of the family.

Adolph Wilhelm Dinesen gave his name to his younger son, who became Karen Blixen's father. According to the Danish critic Georg Brandes, who knew him, Wilhelm Dinesen was an elusive, passionate, melancholy man—"a dreamer in broad daylight . . . whose being was a little loosely knit" and who was always in search of a more intense experience of his own nature. As a younger son in a country that held to the law of primogeniture, he was expected to make his own way in the world. He fought in the 1864 war between Denmark and Prussia, in which Denmark lost the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, and again in the Franco-Prussian War. He was in Paris at the time of the Commune and wandered among the barricades adding a stone to each one as a symbolic gesture. In imitation of Chateaubriand, he spent three years in the wilds of Nebraska and Wisconsin, hunting and fishing and consorting with Pawnee and Chippewa Indians. Their

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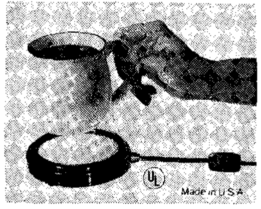

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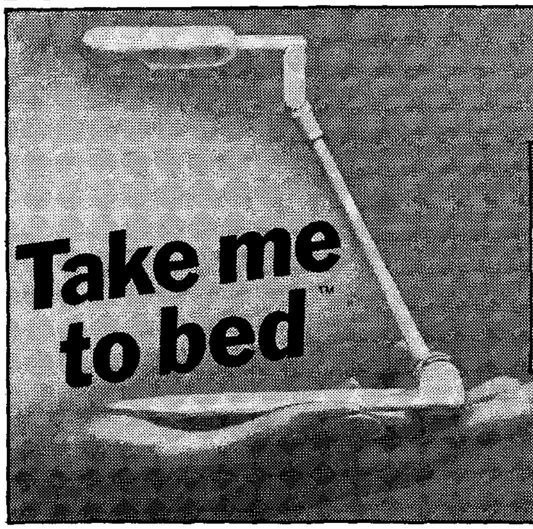
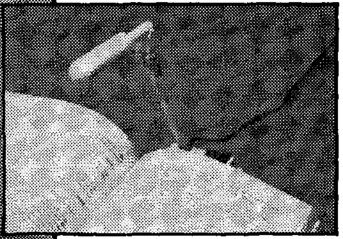
code of honor, their bravery, their reserve, their knowledge of animals and of the wilderness around them all appealed to his romantic imagination. In Constantinople he bought a slave girl for a day, took her to a French dressmaker, and then drove around the city with her in a landau. He had an affair with a diva at the Paris Opéra. In 1879 he returned to Denmark and bought an old house, Rungstedlund, on a large tract of coastal land fifteen miles north of Copenhagen, and, at the age of thirty-five, looked around for a wife.

What his marriage to Ingeborg Westenholz might have been like if his mother-in-law had not interfered quite so much there is no way of knowing. She meddled in the courtship, and as soon as the honeymoon was over she left her house in Jutland and settled down in a house nearby with her two unmarried daughters and began to oversee Ingeborg's affairs. When the first child was born, the women of the Westenholz family closed round the cradle. Wilhelm, feeling pushed aside, picked up his rifle and went hunting. The next child was a girl, whom they named Karen, and he saw to it that she was his. When she was still very small she became the companion of his walks. He taught her to be observant, to recognize the wild flowers and the bird songs, and to delight in her senses. He told her stories about the Indians. He gave her a feeling for masculine pleasures.

As an adult she would not say much about her intimacy with her father, but one of the stories in "Winter's Tales"—"Alkmene"—has many signs of being in essence autobiography. It is about the friendship and love of a little girl and a young man, who is the narrator. "The chief feature of our relations," he remarks, "was a deep, silent understanding of which the others could not know. We seemed, both of us, to be aware that we were like one another, in a world different from us. Later on I have explained the matter to myself by the assumption that we were, amongst the people of our surroundings, the only two persons of noble blood . . ."

The family was enlarged by a third daughter and two sons, but Wilhelm stood by his choice. He was away from home a great deal—at shooting parties on the great estates, or travelling. He got himself elected to Parliament and during the week he lived in a flat in Copenhagen. Behind the closed door of his study he wrote two books: 'From a Sojourn in the United States"





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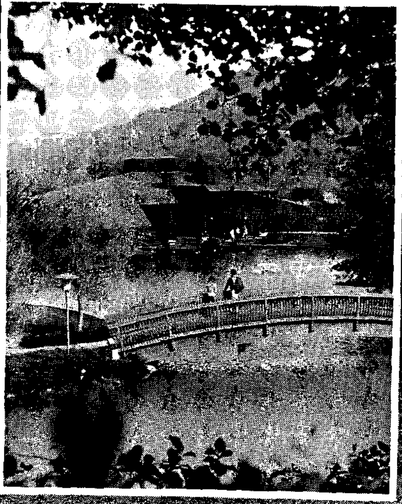

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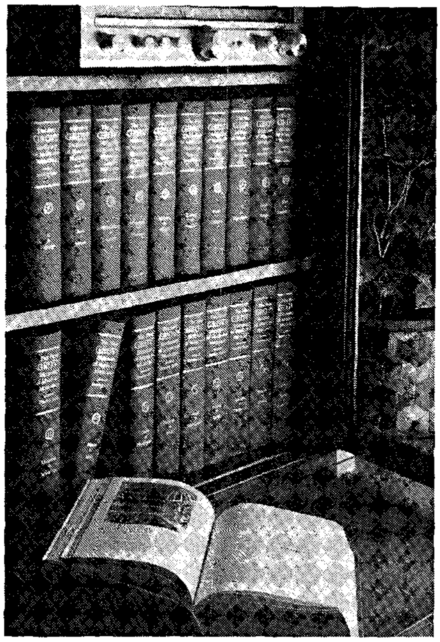

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and (under the pseudonym Boganis, the Indians' name for him) "Letters from the Hunt," now considered to be a minor classic of Danish literature. In this book, Miss Thurman says, great gestures recur over and over. Something impossible is yearned for and realized in symbolic form. A task is set involving great risk and performed as if no effort were required. A high price is demanded and a higher one casually paid. One recognizes the moral climate of Karen Blixen's stories.

Shortly before her tenth birthday something happened; something went wrong. In her father's conversations with her, "allusions to people he had known"—I am quoting from Parmenia Migel—"to an unnamed woman he had loved, reminiscences, warnings, advice, all poured out in a sort of accelerating monologue." Much of it was beyond her comprehension, and confused and frightened her. He attended a session of Parliament but left early and went home to his apartment and hanged himself from a rafter.

The children were at their grandmother's house when the news was broken to them. They were told that he was ill, then that he was dead. Later, their mother said, "You must understand, a man like Father, a soldier and an outdoorsman, could not live with the thought that he would have to continue to exist, throughout many years, as a wreck, a helpless relic of what he once was." When they were older, putting various pieces of evidence together, they concluded that the illness referred to was probably syphilis.

If orphaned children were allowed to deal with their grief in an otherwise unchanged world, they would probably, in time, extricate themselves from it naturally, because of their age. But the circumstances always *are* changed, and it is the constant comparison of the way things are with the way things used to be that sometimes fixes them forever in an attitude of loss.

After the death of Wilhelm, the dominant figure in the family was old Mrs. Westenholz. Earlier in her life she had been converted to Unitarianism and she was also a passionate feminist. At her dinner table the conversation was platitudinous, the food heavy. She was widowed at thirty-four and went into permanent mourning. So wide was the black border that she decided it would be unseemly for her ever again to have a Christmas tree. In the story "Peter and Rosa"—also from "Winter's Tales"—there is a passage that could well have been written with her house in mind: "The daily life of the parsonage . . . was run with a view to the world hereafter; the idea of mortality filled the rooms. To grow up in the house was to the young people a problem and a struggle, as if fatal influences were dragging them the other way, into the earth, and admonishing them to give up the vain and dangerous task of living." It was partly to escape from these deadening influences that she accepted the proposal of marriage of her cousin Bror Blixen. Mrs. Westenholz was the human embodiment of one aspect of the national character; during the eighteen years that Karen Blixen lived on a coffee plantation in Africa she never went home to Denmark without falling into a depression. And as for the effect on her of her father's suicide, she once confessed to her brother Thomas that she had a frightening sense of the fragility of life, a terror of abandoning her soul to something she could lose again; that every moment of happiness she had known in Africa had been colored by a dread of its ending; that it had become a habit, an *idée fixe*, with her "to the point of calculating how much more time was left of something, even if it was only a trip to Nairobi."

Her appreciation of and delight in the African natives who were part of her household or who worked and camped on her farm was not unlike her father's appreciation of the American Indians. In their complicated and indirect patterns of thought and their proud behavior she encountered the nearest approximation she was ever to find of her own ideas of honor and aristocracy.

When the First World War broke out, her husband's loyalties, like her own, were with the British. He volunteered as a noncombatant intelligence officer and was away from the farm for considerable periods at a time. Miss Thurman says that he was, from the descriptions of his friends, "one of the most durable, congenial, promiscuous and prodigal creatures who ever lived." By less sympathetic accounts he was totally uneducated and a boor—but a likable boor. He caught syphilis, probably from sleeping with the Masai women, and infected her with it. Her father's destiny had, as she herself remarked, to a great exten been repeated in her own.

She went home to Denmark fo

treatment. Her Danish doctor believed, mistakenly, that the disease was cured. Throughout the twenties she continued to exhibit symptoms, which were misinterpreted. When it broke out again unmistakably in the thirties, it was beyond arrest. The clinical details —I am quoting from Miss Thurman —are appalling: "The syphilitic degeneration of her spinal cord was localized in those nerves that controlled the stomach and bowels, accounting for her agonizing cramps, her gastric crises, her extreme thinness, and, at least in part, for her anorexia." Other symptoms that occurred in due time were an unsteadiness of gait, an ashen pallor, extreme facial wrinkling, and perforating ulcers. Bror had almost no syphilitic symptoms, and died in 1946 of injuries sustained in a car crash.

She went back to Africa and him. Though their relationship was not quite what it appeared to be from the outside, there was real affection on both sides. When he asked for a divorce so that he could marry a woman he had fallen in love with, she was genuinely upset and for a time put obstructions in his way. She had an eighteenth-century idea of marriage, which allowed him to go on sleeping with other women and her to take as her lover an Englishman who turned up in Nairobi in the spring of 1918—the Honourable Denys Finch Hatton, the younger son of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. Finch Hatton was tall, lean, elegant, and witty. He taught her Greek, played Stravinsky for her, and wanted her to understand modern art. Since his school days, no one had ever been immune to his charm and he was terrified of being bored, depended on, or possessed.

In 1959, during a visit to New York, she spoke at a dinner meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Her subject was "On Mottoes of My Life." In that discourse she said, "The family of Finch Hatton, of England, have on their crest the device *Je responderay*, 'I will answer.' They have had it there for a long time, I believe, since it is spelled in such antiquated French . . . I liked this old motto so much that I asked Denys . . . if I might have it for my own. He generously made me a present of it and even had a seal cut for me, with the words carved on it. The device was meaningful and dear to me for many reasons, two in particular. The first . . . was its high evaluation of the idea of the answer in itself. For an answer is a rarer thing than is gener-

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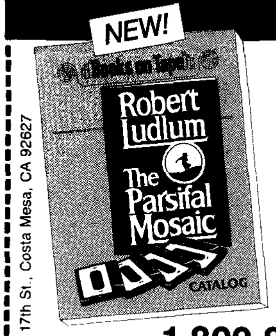

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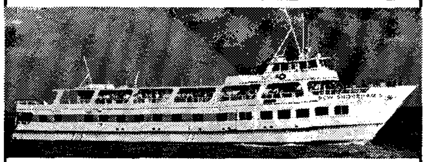

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ally imagined. There are many highly intelligent people who have no answer at all in them. A conversation or a correspondence with such persons is nothing but a double monologue—you may stroke them or you may strike them, you will get no more echo from them than from a block of wood. And how, then, can you yourself go on speaking? . . . Secondly I liked the Finch Hatton device for its ethical content. I will answer *for* what I say or do; I will answer *to* the impression I make. I will be responsible."

Twice she became pregnant and miscarried. The second time she found herself pregnant she sent a cable to Finch Hatton in London in which she used a code name for the child. He cabled back, "Strongly urge you cancel Daniel's visit." Her answer is missing, but he cabled again, "Received your wire and my reply do as you like about Daniel as I should welcome him if I could offer partnership but this is impossible STOP You will I know consider your mother's views Denys." She replied, "Thanks cable I never meant to ask assistance consent only."

Not then but later, at the end of her stay in Africa, with the house dismantled and crates standing around everywhere, she and Denys Finch Hatton had a violent quarrel, possibly because he refused to marry her, possibly because he had taken up with another woman. She cut her wrists after he left the house, but managed to staunch the flow of blood. Three days later his plane crashed and he was killed.

NOTHING in the second half of her life corresponded to the sweep and grandeur of her life in Africa. The crates arrived in Denmark after her and were put away in storage unopened for thirteen years. She had trouble remembering not to leave doors open: in Nairobi her house servants closed the door after her. The sea wind rattled the windows. In winter, darkness fell at three. She accused her mother, unfairly, of treating her like a child; of begrudging her money for cigarettes. She was given her father's old office on the ground floor and an attic room he had used as a study. Silence was enforced on the housemaids so that she would not be disturbed in the task she had set for herself—to write down the involuted stories that she had made up to entertain Denys Finch Hatton and that we know as "Seven Gothic Tales."

They came within an inch of not being published at all. She offered them to the English publisher Constant Huntington. He refused to look at them and advised her to write a novel. Her brother happened to know Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who read them and found an American publisher for them, and probably was responsible for their being taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club, since she was one of the judges. Until that moment the publisher considered that their commercial possibilities were not such as to justify an advance.

After her mother's death in 1939 she continued to live at Rungstedlund. During the German Occupation she closed off part of the house and slept in a garret, where it was warmer and she could see from the window, on a clear day, the coast of Sweden. In the morning she came downstairs and lit the wood fires in the old ceramic or iron stoves by which the house was heated. It had no bathroom until 1960; the maids had to carry water for her bath up a flight of narrow stairs and empty it into the old tub in her dressing room. She liked to have her breakfast in the kitchen, where she could drink coffee instead of tea and listen to the conversation of the fisherwomen, the dairymaids, and the grooms.

During the last fifteen years of her life, the household consisted of the housekeeper and the housekeeper's little boy (whom she tried to appropriate), a chambermaid, a parlormaid, a gardener, the old family coachman—a survivor from her youth—and Clara Svendsen, her devoted secretary-companion, who was ill-paid and sometimes ill-treated. Karen Blixen had a bad temper, particularly when she was unwell, and if something went wrong she took it personally. Her housekeeper said, "I have never thought that she was sweet and nice all the time, or that it was always pleasant to live under her roof. She was, though, a person with stronger feelings than so many others. Therefore there were things which pained her, and when something pains you, it can well make you unreasonable. You can't blame someone for that. I know that some people criticized her for being aristocratically remote and unapproachable, but she was in so many respects much more human than ordinary people could ever dream of being."

Though another woman was now, properly speaking, the Baroness Blixen, she did not discourage people from addressing her by that title. Her childhood nickname, Tanne, had long since been Russianized to Tania. Intellectual

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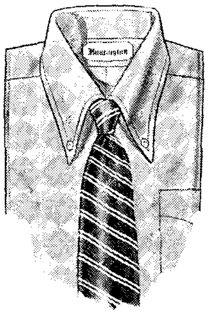

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young men were attracted to her, and she fell passionately in love with one of them—the poet Thorkild Bjørnvig—and he with her. He was the third and last great love of her life. One day he read aloud to her a paragraph from Franz Werfel's "Theologumena": "God speaks only to the oldest souls, the ones most experienced in living and suffering: 'You shall belong to no one and to nothing, to no party, to no majority, to no minority, to no society except in that it serves me at my altar. You shall not belong to your parents, not to your wife nor children, nor to your brothers and sisters, not to them who speak your language, nor those who speak any other—and least of all to thine own self. You shall belong only to *me* in this world.' " She took the book away from him, crossed out the word "God" and wrote the word "I" over it. That he did, in fact, have a wife and child was of no interest to her. When she discovered that he was having a love affair with a young woman of his own age, there was hell to pay.

Her brother Thomas loved her and had all his life been willing to do anything for her, except see her as she wished to be seen. Speaking to Miss Thurman of "Out of Africa" he said with sardonic amusement, "Do you know the epigraph? [*"Equitare, Arcum tendere, Veritatem dicere"*: To ride, to shoot with a bow, to speak the truth.] Well, in fact, my sister couldn't ride or shoot an arrow, and she never told the truth. Her horse was unruly, and she couldn't mount it by herself. She would call her *boys* to help her, but when they couldn't hold him still, she would, on the spot, renounce riding forever, saying, 'Nobody helps me, nobody cares about me, I won't stay here . . .' "

A friend who knew her in Africa said, "People were afraid of Tania. She was likely to do anything. You had the feeling she might suddenly shoot someone."

And *she* said, "If only people would treat me like a lunatic, it would be such a relief."—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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### CLEAR DAYS ON THE CANADIAN TAX SCENE

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

As well the Government hopes to be able to simplify the tax system for small businesses. But sources said the Finance Department is working carefully on this proposal, for fear that any simplification might make the tax system even more complex.

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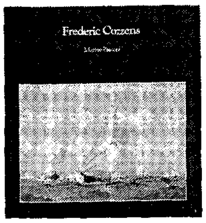

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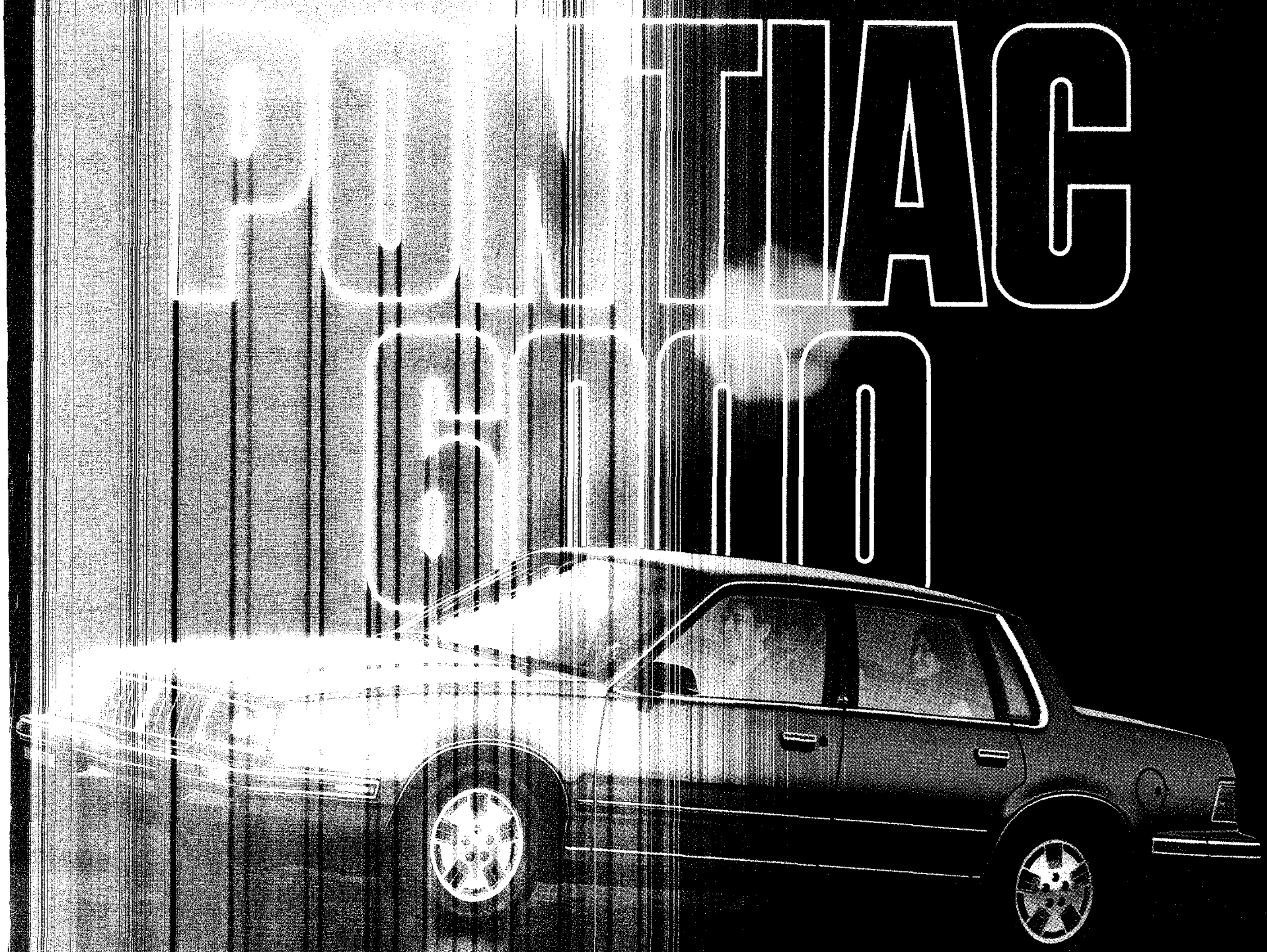

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